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LOS ANGELES

HORACE

Clear was the night the face of heaven serene
Bright shone the moon amidst her starry train.
Epode 15th to Mecænas.

Painted by G. F. Joseph *Engraved by J. Taylor*

Published by Sutchby Evance & Fox,
Jan. 1st 1783.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. XLVIII.

CONTAINING

FRANCIS AND PYE'S VERSION OF HORACE.

LONDON:

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1818.

THE

ODES, EPODES, &c.

OF

HORACE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY

PHILIP FRANCIS, D.D.

AND REVISED BY

H. J. PYE,

POET LAUREAT.

WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES.

VOL. I.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

Page

LIFE of Horace 5

Preface, by Mr. Pye 17

ODES.

Book I 19

—— II 60

—— III 87

—— IV 132

EPODES 156

SECULAR POEM 179

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THE

LIFE OF HORACE.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine Poeta,
Quale sopor fessis. *Virgil.*

If we look into the annals of Rome, we shall find no period so abounding in genius and learning, as that when Augustus, after the battle of Actium and the reduction of Egypt, being left sole and peaceable master of the world, judiciously resolved to polish the minds of his warlike subjects; and make them as famous for civilization and elegance, as they were already for arms. Himself a man of genius, he had discrimination to perceive, and generosity to reward, it in others. In his reign the Roman language attained perfection; and, like the people who spoke it, became strong and majestic. If it be less harmonious and dignified than the Greek, it is generally more concise, and sometimes more forcible. By many, indeed, its inferiority is only acknowledged for the purposes of poetry; in which it wants the various cadence of the dialect, and the expressive force of the compound epithets: the latter, so beautiful in Homer, as to exhibit in a single word more than a subor-

dinate language would delineate in the fullest description. The reign of Augustus has been a theme of panegyric for the Poet, the Orator, and the Historian; and he himself uniformly professed to devote his life to the happiness of his people: yet upon a closer inspection, even in this celebrated era we shall see more to condemn than to admire. It is true, the energy of the Roman character was not absolutely extinguished, nor did the manners of the people exhibit that open depravity, afterwards so conspicuous in the reigns of Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero.

The calm that Augustus created, after the horrors of the revolution, caused his very name to be adored; and men were so far degraded as to rejoice, because they could awake without the fear of seeing their names included in a proscription. Sunk into a state of pusillanimity, the Roman people lost sight, in the amphitheatre and circus, of that freedom and civil right, for which the plains of Cannæ and Pharsalia had been deluged in blood. If any one, in whose breast the ardour of freedom was not entirely extinguished, dared to question the great nephew of Cæsar concerning the tenure of his power, a single glance of the Emperor at his Lictors reduced him to silence. The fine arts of Greece, transplanted round the capital, flourished under his auspices, and strewed with flowers the path he was silently opening to despotism. Tyranny had never a more attractive beginning; all was enchanting—all admired. Augustus took advantage of the illusion, and gave the last stab to the liberties of his country.

It has been said, that if genius is patronized by

a government, however usurped and tyrannical, it will flourish equally well as in a republic of free people. In support of this opinion may be brought the reign of Augustus; under whom lived Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Tibullus; and to mention the first of these, is to mention every thing great and excellent in composition. In him are combined the poet, the critic, the philosopher, and the courtier: and he is the author, of all antiquity, who seems to have made the happiest union of the gentleman and the scholar. From the foundation of the city till the time of Augustus, the Romans had no other lyric poetry than their first extemporary essays, called verses of the *Salii*, which Cato, in his book *de Originibus*, informs us were a collection of songs chanted, as early as the reign of Numa, in honour of the great. Horace, therefore, may be termed the first, and, properly speaking, the only Lyric Poet amongst them. Under him the Muse soared to heaven in bold and high strains of genuine poetry; and seemed to emulate, if not surpass, the loftiest flights of his Grecian predecessors. He combines the gaiety and elegance of Anacreon, with the enthusiasm and sublimity of Pindar. At pleasure he resembles Alcæus, Stesichorus, and Sappho, excelling them in the variety of his compositions and the ease of his manners. 'When (says the classical Urquhart) he takes his lyre, and is seized with the poetic spirit, he is at once either transported into the council of the gods, to the ruins of Troy, or to the summit of the Alps; and his Muse always rises to the subject which inspires it. He is majestic in Olympus, and charming with his mistress.

It costs him no more to paint with traits sublime the soul of Cato or of Regulus, than enchantingly to sing the caresses of Lalagé, or the coquetries of Pyrrha.' The works indeed of this incomparable author are equally the delight of our early and maturer years; and his life, though void of adventure, has been so often the subject of biography, that it is not easy to discover a single circumstance of his existence which at this late period has been unexplored. On the present occasion, therefore, nothing new can be expected; but the contemplation and praise of acknowledged excellence can scarcely produce fatigue by repetition.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born on the 8th of December, A. U. 688, at Venusia, a town on the frontiers of Lucania and Apulia, whence Horace himself (Sat. i. Book ii.) makes it doubtful of which province he is a native. The consulships of Lucius Aurelius Cotta, and Lucius Manlius Torquatus, are rendered illustrious by his birth. His father, Flavius Flaccus, though only a freedman (Sat. i. Book vi.) and a collector of taxes, removed him at the early age of ten years to Rome, in order that he might have the advantage of the most celebrated masters of his time. One of these was Orbilius, whom Suetonius mentions as a man of great severity, but the ablest teacher in the Capital. The father of Horace, though illiterate, was a man of strong natural understanding; and he wisely thought the jargon of philosophy and patriotism, so universally taught by the professors at Rome, ill calculated to implant into the mind of his son those active ideas of honesty and virtue,

for which he himself was so distinguished. He therefore took every opportunity of setting before him the example of persons remarkable for their virtues and their vices, and by expatiating with that eloquence so eminent in the Roman people, on the advantages of the one, and the infamy of the other, by pointing out to him what best deserved his imitation, and what he should avoid as ignominious, he instilled into his infant mind those principles of morality and virtue, which, notwithstanding the corruption of the age, are so conspicuous in many of the writings of Horace. In the sixth Satire of the first Book, we find the poet himself acknowledging with gratitude the care which his father bestowed upon his education, and that he caused him to be instructed in those arts usually confined to the children of senators and knights; preserving him chaste, (the chief honour of virtue) and guarding him not only from depravity, but even from suspicion and reproach.

After having remained eight years under the tuition of his countrymen at Rome, Horace, by the indulgence of his father, and for the purpose of perfecting himself in Greek literature, removed to Athens; where to his extraordinary talents joining an eager and assiduous application, it is no wonder that we find in him the poet, the philosopher, and the scholar. Unfortunately, however, Marcus Brutus passing through that city in his way to Macedonia, took with him several of the Roman students as volunteers to the army. Among these was Horace, who was easily persuaded to accept the office of a Tribune, and to abandon the paths of science for the field of glory. This per-

haps was the only profession for which his habits of study had rendered him unfit, and accordingly we find him at the battle of Philippi, (Ode vii. Book ii.) so far forgetting his duty, as to quit the post assigned him, and escape by a 'swift flight;' having first disgracefully thrown away the shield [1] he had sworn to preserve, but which now impeded his progress. The poet, however, readily acknowledges the baseness of the action, in the Ode to his friend Pompeius Varus, who was also at Philippi, and the companion of his flight. Having thus saved his life, Horace began to think of some means whereby he could support it; for being on the conquered side at Philippi, his property, as was customary in civil wars, became a prey to the victors; he therefore returned to Rome, and concealed himself for some time in the house of Ælius Lamias, depending on his talents as a resource against indigence. He had now, however, the good fortune to be introduced to his great cotemporary Virgil, who, so far from envying his extraordinary talents, procured him the restoration of his estate, and generously spoke in his favour to Mæcenas. This celebrated patron of genius and

[1] Among the ancients, it was reckoned more ignominious for a man to lose his shield than his sword, as the former was of general service to the army, and the latter only beneficial to the soldier himself. To die with the shield on the arm was as glorious, as to lose it was infamous. thus Epaminondas, the Theban, being mortally wounded in the battle of Mantinea, inquired, with a sorrowful countenance, of those who were carrying him to his tent, whether the enemy had taken his shield; and finding they had not, he desired it to be brought to him, when he eagerly kissed it as the companion of his toil and his glory, and expired with a smile.

literature, introduced him to Augustus, who was so captivated by the wit and social humour of Horace, that he became greatly attached to him, and afterwards offered to promote him to the honourable and advantageous situation of his private secretary. This preferment, the poet, unambitious and loving retirement, had the greatness of mind to decline, and the Emperor sufficient generosity not to be offended at his refusal. Horace, however, continued to grow in favour, and not only received great pecuniary rewards, but became the intimate friend of both Mæcenas and Augustus. It is true he repaid their favours by abundance of poetic adulation; yet his wishes were moderate, and his mind free: he was not to be silenced by the frown of the great, or dazzled by the splendour of a mighty empire. Though fully capable of tasting the pleasures of refined society, he seems to have been radically fond of rural retirement: nor has any poet with such feeling energy described his wishes for a life of tranquil repose. At the same time he pleasantly accuses himself of great levity and mutability in his taste; and indeed his whole life and strain of thinking, seem rather to have been under the dominion of temporary emotions than of fixed principles.

Augustus having heard that Sextus Pompey was building ships, levying armies, and making vast preparations for a vigorous war in Sicily, politicly resolved to conclude a peace with Anthony, in order that their united forces might the more easily destroy their common enemy. For this purpose an ambassador was sent on each side to

Brundusium. Mæcenas going on the part of Augustus, took with him several of the literati of Rome, among whom were Virgil and Horace. The latter has given an extremely humorous account of his journey, (Sat. i. Book v.) in which, however, he states the luxury and degeneracy of Mæcenas to be such, that he was usually, though travelling the famous Appian way, two days in accomplishing what his ancestors would have done in one. During this journey too, it is supposed Horace wrote his Ode to C. Asinius Pollio, who was at that time Consul, and who had undertaken to write a history of the civil wars of Rome. The poet advises him to abandon all idea of this work on account of its difficulties, and tells him 'he will have to tread on quicksands, and pass through fires,' justly imagining that he must either be a faithless historian, and conceal the true causes of the war after the death of Cæsar; or, that he would ruin himself with Augustus, if he hinted at the corruption, the treachery, and the murder, through which he waded to the throne, and annihilated the already tottering liberties of a free people.

Though peace was concluded by Mæcenas, and Anthony married Octavia, half sister to Augustus; yet the ambition and mutual animosity of these rival chiefs in a short time again plunged the Roman empire into the horrors of a civil war. As Augustus was usually accompanied in his expeditions by his minister; we find Horace (Ode i. Book v.) professing his readiness to follow his 'dear friend Mæcenas' undauntedly over the dangerous summits of the Alps, through the frightful deserts of Caucasus, and even to the furthest bounds of

the west: at the same time he assures him, it is not interest that prompts him to make this sacrifice of his comfort; for his generous bounty has already given him enough, and he wishes for no more.

In this Epode, Horace also repeats his love of retirement; and this inclination increasing with his age, he almost entirely withdrew himself from the court of Augustus; spending the summer at a small villa on the banks of the Tiber, and the winter at his house at Tarentum, where the air was more mild than at Rome. From this period he passed his life with little variety; continuing, however, to correspond both with Augustus and Mæcenas. The former, as Suetonius informs us, having read several of his Satires and Epistles with great approbation, observed that many of his works were addressed to his Minister, and other friends, but that nothing was inscribed to him, of which he complained in the following manner: 'You must know that I am greatly displeased with you, because your works are not chiefly addressed to me. Do you fear that it may be injurious to your reputation with posterity, if you are thought to have lived in friendship with me?' It was upon this occasion that Horace wrote his first Epistle of the second Book: the most ingenious and celebrated production in that species of poetry, of which antiquity has to boast. The Epistle to Florus seems to have been the last effort of his genius; it was written in his 56th year, yet possesses all the fire and sublimity of his more early productions.

The death of his generous friend Mæcenas, which

happened in the beginning of November, A. U. 745, or B. C. 6, is supposed to have hastened that of Horace, who died on the 27th of the same month, in the 58th year of his age. He was so much reduced as to be unable to sign his will, but with his last words declared Augustus his heir. In the Esquiline mount, near the tomb of Mæcenas, were deposited his remains; and the Emperor erected a noble monument in honour of him, whose genius has shed a more brilliant lustre on his reign, than all his munificent patronage of the arts, or all his ruinous victories.

In the person of Horace there was nothing characteristic of the Roman. He was below the middle size, and extremely corpulent. Augustus compares him, in a letter, to the book which he sent him—a little thick volume. He was grey-haired at a very early age, and luxurious living by no means agreed with his constitution; yet he constantly associated with the greatest men in Rome, and frequented the table of his illustrious patrons as if he were in his own house. The Emperor, whilst sitting at his meals with Virgil at his right hand and Horace at his left, often ridiculed the short breath of the former, and the watery eyes of the latter, by observing that 'he sat between tears and sighs.' In early life Horace seems to have been a disciple of Epicurus, and a professor of the doctrine of *chance* in the formation of things; but in Ode xxxiv. Book i. we find him abjuring this system of philosophy, and embracing that of stoicism; mentioning as one great, though apparently unreasonable motive for recantation, that it thundered and lightened in a pure sky, which was a phæno-

menon not to be accounted for on natural principles, and consequently an irresistible argument in support of an over-ruling Providence.

Horace has been, of all others, the poet for quotation, and the companion of the classical scholar. His Odes are indisputably the best models of that kind of composition in the Latin language; for when many others were extant, Quintilian pronounced him 'almost the only one of the lyric poets worthy of being read.' It has been well observed of him, that he has given to a rough language the tender and delicate modulation of the eastern song. His Odes are pathetic, heroic, and amatory. The seventeenth of the second Book, written during the last illness of Mæcenas, is of the first kind; it possesses all that variety of sentiment and felicity of expression in which he is so eminently superior to his great Theban competitor. Of the heroic, one of the most celebrated is that to Fortune, (Ode xxxv. Book i.) wherein he invokes her with the most insinuating grace, and recommends Augustus and the Romans to her care. The amatory Odes of this inestimable poet evince the polished and delicate taste of which he was so eminently possessed; they contain the refinement and softness of Sappho, combined with the spirit and elegance of Anacreon. In his Ode to Pyrrha, there is a mixture of sweetness and reproach, of praise and satire, uniformly pleasing in all languages; and which Scaliger calls the purest nectar. Horace can equally inflame the mind by his enthusiasm, and calm it by his philosophy. Where shall we see in an uninspired writer, better consolation for poverty, or stronger arguments for

contentment, than are contained in his admirable Ode to Dellius? And his Hymn to the praise of the gods and of illustrious men, may claim the palm, when put in competition with the finest compositions of his Grecian predecessors.

The Satires and Epistles of Horace are full of morality and good sense. In the first Book of the Satires it is his obvious endeavour to eradicate vice; and in the second, to dispel those prejudices which infest the human mind. The Epistles are an appendix to the Satires: they not only exhibit a forcible style of writing, but contain a valuable system of ethics. Socrates refuted before he taught; observing, 'that the ground ought first to be cleared from weeds, before it be sown with corn.' The Satires are the purifiers of passion, and the Epistles are the lessons of virtue to fill up the vacancies in the mind. In the Epistles he steps forward as a vindicator of morality; and, warm in its cause, gives way to all the strength and vigour of his genius. His sentiments are manly and elevated, and his verse suitable to his thoughts, powerful and sublime. The *Curiosa Felicitas* of Horace has become as it were proverbial among the sons of genius; and his name will continue to be held in universal veneration, until the Goths of ignorance shall diffuse a second darkness over the civilized world.

G. D.

PREFACE,

BY MR. PYE,

TO THIS REVISED EDITION.

When it was first proposed to give a small edition of Francis's translation of Horace, it was not deemed necessary to encumber the page with the notes, which would only serve to swell the bulk of the volume, without being of any use to the English reader; as they chiefly illustrate phrases, and establish particular readings in the original, to which they always refer, and therefore can only be intelligible to the Latin scholar, who has a Latin edition before him; and indeed, that edition only which is usually printed with this translation. All the labour of the Editor has been directed towards correcting some of the errors, and re-translating such Odes and such passages in the Satires and Epistles, as seemed to detract from the general merit of the work; for, to give equal excellence to so long and so varied a series of composition as the poems of Horace, seems almost beyond the span of the human intellect.

It however has occurred, that short notes explanatory of the subject of some of the poems, and

of various customs of the Romans to which they allude, would be satisfactory to the reader; and this has been attempted. The Editor has also occasionally given his reasons for altering certain passages in the translation of Francis, and shown how often that gentleman has suffered his better judgment to be led astray by the absurd refinements of the French critics, and especially by Sanadon; many of whose remarks are eminently absurd.

The swelling of the notes to a considerable extent has been carefully avoided. Though in a multitude of counsellors there may be wisdom, in a multitude of words there is not always precision; and when the eye is perpetually drawn down to read long dissertations at the bottom of the page, while only two or four lines of the text are printed at the top of it, no attention whatever can comprehend the connection of the parts, or discover that lucid order which our poet lays down as absolutely essential to every perfect composition.

ODES.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

O THOU, whose birth illustrious springs
From fair Etruria's ancient kings,
Mæcenas, to whose guardian name
I owe my fortune and my fame;
There are, who round the' Olympic goal
Delight the kindling wheel to roll,
And boldly snatch the' illustrious prize
Which lifts earth's masters to the skies.
This man, to honours rais'd supreme,
By Rome's inconstant, loud acclaim; 10
Another, if from Libya's plain
He stores his private barn with grain;
A third, who with unceasing toil
Ploughs cheerful his paternal soil;

Mæcenas, the favourite and chief minister of Augustus, was supposed to be descended from the ancient kings of Etruria. He was so celebrated for his encouragement of Virgil, Horace, and other poets, that even now a patron of literature is often figuratively called a Mæcenas.

Ver. 8. *Earth's masters.*] That is, the Romans; which appears to me the obvious sense, though some suppose it means the gods.

While in their several wishes bless'd,
Not all the wealth by kings possess'd,
Shall tempt, with fearful souls, to brave
The terrors of the foamy wave.
  When loud the winds and waters wage
Wild war with elemental rage, 20
The merchant praises the retreat,
The quiet of his rural seat;
Yet, want untutor'd to sustain,
Soon rigs his shatter'd bark again.
  No mean delights possess his soul,
With good old wine who crowns his bowl;
Whose early revels are begun
Ere half the course of day be run;
Now, by some sacred fountain laid,
Now, stretch'd beneath some bowering shade. 30
  Others in tented fields rejoice,
The trumpet-sound, the clarion-voice:
With joy the sounds of war they hear,
Of war, which tender mothers fear.
  The sportsman, chill'd by midnight Jove,
Forgets his tender, wedded love,
Whether his faithful hounds pursue,
And hold the bounding hind in view;
Whether the boar, fierce-foaming, foils
The chase, and breaks the spreading toils. 40
  An ivy-wreath, fair learning's prize,
Raises Mæcenas to the skies;
Be mine, amid the breezy grove,
In sacred solitude to rove;
To see the nymphs and satyrs bound,
Light-dancing, through the mazy round,
While all the tuneful Sisters join
Their various harmony divine.

But if you rank me with the choir,
Who tun'd with art the Grecian lyre, 50
Swift to the noblest heights of fame
Shall rise thy Poet's deathless name.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS.

ENOUGH of snow, and hail, the' immortal Sire
Hath pour'd tempestuous; whilst his thunders dire,
With red right arm at his own temples hurl'd,
With fear and horror shook the guilty world,
Lest Pyrrha's age return, with plaintive cries
Who saw the deep with new-born wonders rise;
When to the mountain-summit Proteus drove
His sea-born herd, and where the woodland dove
Late perch'd, his wonted seat, the scaly brood
Entangled hung upon the topmost wood, 10
And every timorous native of the plain
High-floating swam amid the boundless main.
We saw, push'd backward to his native source,
The yellow Tiber roll his rapid course,
With impious ruin threatening Vesta's fane,
And the great monuments of Numa's reign;
With grief and rage while Ilia's bosom glows,
Boastful, for her revenge, his waters rose,
But now, the' uxorious river glides away,
So Jove commands, smooth-winding to the sea: 20

It is recorded in History, (*Dion.*) that the night after the name of Augustus was conferred on Octavius Cæsar, there happened an uncommon inundation of the Tiber; to which this Ode probably alludes.

And yet, less numerous by their parents' crimes,
Our sons shall hear, shall hear to latest times,
Of Roman arms with civil gore embrued,
Which better had the Persian foe subdued.
  Whom of her guardian gods, what pitying power
To raise her sinking state shall Rome implore?
Shall her own hallow'd virgins' earnest prayer
Harmonious charm offended Vesta's ear?
To whom shall Jove assign to purge away
The guilty deed? Appear, thou god of day, 30
But gracious veil thy shoulders beamy-bright,
Oh! veil in clouds the' unsufferable light:
Or may we rather thy protection claim,
Sicilian Venus, laughter-loving dame,
Round whom gay Jocus, and the god of love,
Wave the light wing, and hovering playful rove?
  Or whom the polish'd helm, the noise of arms,
And the stern soldier's frown with transport warms,
Parent of Rome, amid the rage of fight
Sated with scenes of blood, thy fierce delight! 40
Hither at length thine aspect gracious bend,
And, powerful, thy neglected race defend:
Or thou, fair Maia's winged son, appear,
And mortal shape, in prime of manhood, wear;
Declar'd the guardian of the' imperial state,
Divine avenger of great Cæsar's fate:
Oh! late return to heaven, and may thy reign
With lengthen'd blessings fill thy wide domain;
Nor let thy people's crimes provoke thy flight,
On air swift-rising to the realms of light. 50
Great prince and father of the state! receive
The noblest triumphs which thy Rome can give;
Nor let the Parthian, with unpunish'd pride,
Beyond his bounds, O Cæsar, dare to ride.

ODE III.

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL SAILED TO ATHENS.

So may the Cyprian queen divine,
And the twin-stars with saving lustre shine;
So may the father of the wind
All but the western gales propitious bind,
As you, dear vessel, safe restore
The' intrusted pledge to the Athenian shore,
And of my soul the partner save,
My much-lov'd Virgil, from the raging wave.
Or oak, or brass with triple fold
That hardy mortal's daring breast enroll'd, 10
Who first, to the wild ocean's rage,
Launch'd the frail bark, and heard the winds engage
Tempestuous, when the south descends
Precipitate, and with the north contends;
Nor fear'd the stars portending rain,
Nor the loud tyrant of the western main,
Of power supreme the storm to raise,
Or calmer smooth the surface of the seas.
What various forms of death could fright
The man, who view'd with fix'd, unshaken sight, 20
The floating monsters, waves enflam'd,
And rocks, for shipwreck'd fleets, ill-fam'd?
Jove has the realms of earth in vain
Divided by the' inhabitable main,

This Ode gives a pleasing picture of the friendship that existed between these great poets, and which appears in many other parts of the works of Horace. Notwithstanding the common reproach of the irritability of poets, contemporary poets of distinguished excellence, in all ages, have generally been friends.

If ships profane, with fearless pride,
Bound o'er the' inviolable tide.
No laws, or human or divine,
Can the presumptuous race of man confine.
Thus from the sun's ethereal beam
When bold Prometheus stole the' enlivening flame,
Of fevers dire a ghastly brood, 31
Till then unknown, the' unhappy fraud pursued;
On earth their horrors baleful spread,
And the pale monarch of the dead,
Till then slow-moving to his prey,
Precipitately rapid swept his way.
Thus did the venturous Cretan dare
To tempt, with impious wings, the void of air;
Through hell Alcides urg'd his course:
No work too high for man's audacious force. 40
Our folly would attempt the skies,
And with gigantic boldness impious rise!
Nor Jove, provok'd by mortal pride,
Can lay his angry thunderbolts aside.

ODE IV.

TO SESTIUS.

Now winter melts in vernal gales,
And grateful zephyrs fill the spreading sails;
No more the ploughman loves his fire;
No more the lowing herds their stalls desire,
While earth her richest verdure yields,
Nor hoary frosts now whiten o'er the fields.
Now joyous through the verdant meads,
Beneath the rising moon, fair Venus leads

The 7th Ode of Book iv. is nearly on the same subject.

Her various dance, and with her train
Of nymphs and modest graces treads the plain; 10
While Vulcan's glowing breath inspires
The toilsome forge, and blows up all its fires.
Now crown'd with myrtle, or the flow'rs,
Which the glad earth from her free bosom pours,
We'll offer, in the shady grove,
Or lamb, or kid, as Pan shall best approve.
With equal pace, impartial Fate
Knocks at the palace, as the cottage-gate,
Nor should our sum of life extend
Our growing hopes beyond their destin'd end. 20
When sunk to Pluto's shadowy coasts,
Oppress'd with darkness, and the fabled ghosts:
No more the dice shall there assign
To thee, the jovial monarchy of wine;
No more shall you the fair admire,
The virgins envy, and the youths desire.

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

While liquid odours round him breathe,
What youth, the rosy bower beneath,
Now courts thee to be kind?
Pyrrha, for whose unwary heart
Do you, thus dress'd with careless art,
Your yellow tresses bind?

This Ode was translated almost verbally by Milton, which was inserted in the first edition of Francis; we approve of the change; for Milton's was in blank verse, which certainly is very incompetent to show the spirit of Lyric Poetry, especially in a literal version: one phrase, however, 'plain in thy neatness,' which is here rendered 'with careless art,' is very happy, and an exact copy of the original.

How often shall the' unpractis'd youth
Of alter'd gods, and injur'd truth,
  With tears, alas! complain?
How soon behold with wondering eyes 10
The blackening winds tempestuous rise,
  And scowl along the main?

While by his easy faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
  Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that you shall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
  Nor heeds the faithless wind.

Unhappy they, to whom untried
You shine, alas! in beauty's pride; 20
  While I, now safe on shore,
Will consecrate the pictur'd storm,
And all my grateful vows perform
  To Neptune's saving power.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

VARIUS, who soars with Homer's wing,
Shall brave Agrippa's conquests sing,
Whate'er, inspir'd by his command,
The soldier dar'd on sea or land.

This Ode is a kind of imitation of the second of the Odes attributed to Anacreon; for of those odes having been written by Anacreon, there is much doubt. The design of this Ode seems to be to apologize for not noticing Agrippa in his verses, who shared the confidence of Augustus with Mæcenas. Perhaps this is the archetype of the Ode ascribed to Anacreon.

But we nor tempt with feeble art
Achilles' unrelenting heart,
Nor sage Ulysses in our lays
Pursues his wandering through the seas;
Nor ours in tragic strains to tell
How Pelops' cruel offspring fell. 10
The Muse, who rules the peaceful lyre,
Forbids me boldly to aspire
To thine or sacred Cæsar's fame,
And hurt with feeble song the theme.
Who can describe the god of fight
In adamantine armour bright,
Or Merion on the Trojan shore
With dust, how glorious! cover'd o'er.
Or Diomed, by Pallas' aid,
To warring gods an equal made? 20
  But whether loving, whether free,
With all our usual levity,
Untaught to raise the martial string,
Of feasts, and virgin-fights we sing;
Of maids, who when bold love assails,
Fierce in their anger—pare their nails.

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Let other poets, in harmonious lays,
Immortal Rhodes or Mitylene praise,

I must agree with Sanadon, in thinking there are two separate Odes joined together, because Tibur is mentioned in both, and the measure is the same. Perhaps it may be necessary to point out to the mere English reader, the distinction between Tiber the river, and Tibur the village; near which Horace's villa was situated, and which is now called Tivoli.

Or Ephesus, or Corinth's towery pride,
Girt by the rolling main on either side;
Or Thebes or Delphos, for their gods renown'd,
Or Tempe's plains with flowery honors crown'd.
  There are, who sing in everlasting strains
The towers, where wisdom's virgin-goddess reigns;
And ceaseless toiling court the trite reward
Of olive, pluck'd by every vulgar bard. 10
For Juno's fame, the' unnumber'd, tuneful throng,
With rich Mycenæ grace their favourite song;
And Argos boast, of pregnant glebe to feed
The warlike horse, and animate the breed:
But me, nor patient Lacedæmon charms,
Nor fair Larissa with such transport warms,
As pure Albunea's far-resounding source,
And rapid Anio, headlong in his course;
Or Tibur, fenc'd by groves from solar beams,
And fruitful orchards bath'd by ductile streams. 20
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
As Notus often, when the welkin lowers,
Sweeps off the clouds, nor teems perpetual showers,
So let thy wisdom, free from anxious strife,
In mellow wine dissolve the cares of life;
Whether the camp, with banners bright-display'd,
Or Tibur holds thee in its thick-wrought shade.
  When Teucer from his sire and country fled,
With poplar wreaths the hero crown'd his head,
Reeking with wine, and thus his friends address'd,
Deep sorrow brooding in each anxious breast; 30
'Bold let us follow through the foamy tides,
Where fortune, better than a father, guides:
Avaunt despair, when Teucer calls to fame,
The same your augur, and your guide the same.

Another Salamis, in foreign clime,
With rival pride shall raise her head sublime.
So Phœbus nods; ye sons of valour true,
Full often tried in deeds of deadlier hue,
To-day with wine drive every care away,
To-morrow tempt again the boundless sea.' 40

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

Tell me, Lydia, prithee tell,
Ah! why, by loving him too well,
  Why you hasten to destroy
Young Sybaris, too amorous boy?
  Why does he hate the sunny plain,
While he can sun or dust sustain?
  Why no more, with martial pride,
Amidst the youthful battle ride;
  And the Gallic steed command
With bitted curb and forming hand? 10
  More than viper's baleful blood.
Why does he fear the yellow flood?
  Why detest the wrestler's oil,
While firm to bear the manly toil?
  Where are now the livid scars
Of sportive, nor inglorious, wars;
  When for the quoit, with vigour thrown
Beyond the mark, his fame was known?
  Tell us, why this fond disguise,
In which like Thetis' son he lies, 20
  Ere unhappy Troy had shed
Her funeral sorrows for the dead,
  Lest a manly dress should fire
His soul to war and carnage dire.

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

BEHOLD Soracte's airy height,
  See how it stands an heap of snow!
Behold the winter's hoary weight
  Oppress the labouring woods below;
And, by the season's icy hand
Congeal'd, the lazy rivers stand.

Now melt away the winter's cold,
  And larger pile the cheerful fire;
Bring down the vintage four-year-old,
  Whose mellow'd heat can mirth inspire; 10
Then to the guardian powers divine
Careless the rest of life resign:

For when the warring winds arise,
  And o'er the fervid ocean sweep,
They speak—and lo! the tempest dies
  On the smooth bosom of the deep;
Unshaken stands the aged grove,
And feels the providence of Jove.

To-morrow with its cares despise,
  And make the present hour your own, 20
Be swift to catch it as it flies,
  And score it up as clearly won;
Nor let your youth disdain to prove
The joys of dancing and of love.

A gentleman who was at Rome during a very hard winter, some years ago, observed that there was then snow on Mount Soracte, which was considered as a very extraordinary circumstance; a proof that the climate of Italy must have changed, as Horace clearly mentions it as a usual consequence of winter.

When o'er the public walks the shade
  Of sober twilight sheds its power,
An assignation whispering made
  In silent evening's favouring hour;
While age morose thy vigour spares,
Be these thy pleasures, these thy cares. 30

The laugh, that from the corner flies,
  The sportive fair-one shall betray;
Then boldly snatch the joyful prize;
  A ring or bracelet tear away,
While she, not too severely coy,
Struggling shall yield the willing toy

ODE X.

HYMN TO MERCURY.

THOU god of wit (from Atlas sprung)
Who by persuasive power of tongue,
And graceful exercise refin'd
The savage race of human kind;
Hail, winged messenger of Jove,
And all the' immortal powers above,
Sweet parent of the bending lyre,
Thy praise shall all its sounds inspire.
  Artful, and cunning to conceal
Whate'er in sportive theft you steal; 10

On a part of this Ode, Sanadon has one of the most extraordinary notes that ever came from the pen of a commentator. He says, 'this character of Mercury (*viz.* his skill in theft) which seems only a matter of diversion, yet is beneficial to mankind, by teaching them a proper vigilance in the care of their goods.'

When from the god who gilds the pole,
Ev'n yet a boy, his herds you stole,
With angry voice the threatening power
Bade thee thy fraudful prey restore;
But of his quiver too beguil'd,
Pleas'd with the theft, Apollo smil'd.
  You were the wealthy Priam's guide,
When safe from Agamemnon's pride,
Through hostile camps, which round him spread
Their watchful fires, his way he sped. 20
Unspotted spirits you consign
To blissful seats and joys divine;
And powerful with thy golden wand
The light, unbodied crowd command;
Thus grateful does thy office prove
To gods below and gods above.

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

STRIVE not, Leuconoë, to pry
  Into the secret will of fate;
Nor impious magic vainly try,
  To know our lives' uncertain date:

Whether the' indulgent power divine
  Hath many seasons yet in store;
Or this the latest winter thine,
  Which breaks its waves against the shore.

The uncertainty and shortness of life, which the Christian Divine urges as a reason to look forward to a future state of existence, the Heathen Philosopher gives as a motive to make the most of the present.

Thy life with wiser arts be crown'd,
  Thy philter'd wines abundant pour; 10
The lengthen'd hope with prudence bound
  Proportion'd to the flying hour:

Ev'n while we talk in careless ease,
  Our envious minutes wing their flight;
Instant the fleeting pleasure seize,
  Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light.

ODE XII.

HYMN TO JOVE.

WHAT man, what hero, on the tuneful lyre,
Or sharp-ton'd flute, will Clio choose to raise
Deathless to fame? What god? whose hallow'd name
  The sportive image of the voice
Shall through the shades of Helicon resound,
On Pindus, or on Hæmus ever cool,
From whence the forests in confusion wild
  To vocal Orpheus urg'd their way;
Who by his mother's art, harmonious muse,
With soft delay could stop the falling streams, 10
And winged winds; with strings of concert sweet
  Powerful the listening oaks to lead.
Claims not the' eternal Sire his wonted praise?
Awful who reigns o'er gods and men supreme,
Who sea and earth—this universal globe
  With grateful change of seasons rules;
From whom no being of superior power,
Nothing of equal, second glory springs;
Yet first of all his progeny divine
  Immortal honours Pallas claims: 20
God of the vine, in deeds of valour bold,

Fair virgin-huntress of the savage race,
And Phœbus, dreadful with unerring dart,
  Nor will I not your praise proclaim.
Alcides' labours, and fair Leda's twins,
Fam'd for the rapid race, for wrestling fam'd,
Shall grace my song; soon as whose star benign
  Through the fierce tempest shines serene,
Swift from the rocks down foams the broken surge,
Hush'd fall the winds, the driving clouds disperse, 30
And all the threatening waves (so will the gods!)
  Smooth sink upon the peaceful deep.
Here stops the song, doubtful whom next to praise;
Or Romulus, or Numa's peaceful reign,
The haughty ensigns of Tarquinius' throne,
  Or Cato, glorious in his fall.
Grateful in higher tone the Muse shall sing
The fate of Regulus, the Scaurian race,
And Paulus, 'midst the waste of Cannæ's field,
  How greatly prodigal of life! 40
Form'd by the hand of penury severe,
In dwellings suited to their small domain,
Fabricius, Curius, and Camillus rose;

Ver. 36. *Cato.*] I think, beside the impropriety of placing Cato between Tarquin and Regulus, it was very improbable that Horace should praise Cato in an Ode written in honour of Augustus; for I have no doubt but Virgil, in the Æneid, means the elder Cato. Altering two letters only, and one particle in the original, I would read

An cat*e*nis
Nobile Lethum
Regul*i an*, &c.

which would make this change in the translation,

'Or glorious in his patriot fall'

leaving out the stop after *fall.*

To deeds of martial glory rose.
Marcellus, like a youthful tree of growth
Insensible, high shoots his spreading fame,
And like the moon, the feebler fires among,
Conspicuous shines the Julian star;
Saturnian Jove, parent and guardian god
Of human race, to thee the fates assign 50
The care of Cæsar's reign; to thine alone
Inferior let his empire rise;
Whether the Parthian's formidable powers,
Or furthest India's oriental sons,
With suppliant pride beneath his triumph fall;
Wide o'er a willing world shall he
Contented reign, and to thy throne shall bend
Submissive: thou in thy tremendous car
Shalt shake Olympus' head, and at our groves
Polluted, hurl thy dreadful bolts. 60

Ver. 52. *Inferior.*] The original has *second*, in contradiction to what the Poet has just said, ver. 18.

'Nothing of equal, second glory springs.'

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

Ah! when on Telephus's charms,
His rosy neck, and ivory arms,
My Lydia's praise unceasing dwells,
What gloomy spleen my bosom swells?
On my pale cheek the colour dies,
My reason in confusion flies,
And the down-stealing tear betrays
The lingering flame that inward preys.

I burn, when in excess of wine
He soils those snowy arms of thine; 10
Or on thy lips the fierce-fond boy
Marks with his teeth the furious joy.
If yet my voice can reach your ear,
Hope not to find the youth sincere,
Cruel who hurts the fragrant kiss,
Which Venus bathes with nectar'd bliss.
Thrice happy they, in pure delights
Whom love with mutual bonds unites,
Unbroken by complaints or strife
Even to the latest hours of life. 20

ODE XIV.

TO THE REPUBLIC.

Ill-fated vessel! shall the waves again
Tempestuous bear thee to the faithless main?
What would thy madness, thus with storms to sport?
Ah! yet with caution keep the friendly port.
Behold thy naked decks; the southern blast,
Hark! how it whistles through thy rending mast!
Nor without ropes thy keel can longer brave
The rushing fury of the' imperious wave:
Torn are thy sails, thy guardian gods are lost,
Whom you might call in future tempests toss'd. 10
What though majestic in your pride you stood
A noble daughter of the Pontic wood,

Sanadon, who is always full of imaginary anecdote, supposes this Ode to be written to dissuade Augustus from abdicating his power. It most likely alludes to some disturbances excited by the republican party.

You now may vainly boast an empty name,
Or birth conspicuous in the rolls of fame;
The mariner, when storms around him rise,
No longer on a painted stern relies.
Ah! yet take heed, lest these new tempests sweep
In sportive rage thy glories to the deep.
Thou late my deep anxiety and fear,
And now my fond desire and tender care, 20
Ah! yet take heed, avoid those fatal seas,
Which roll among the shining Cyclades.

ODE XV.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

When the perfidious shepherd bore
The Spartan dame to Asia's shore,
Nereus the rapid winds oppress'd,
And calm'd them to unwilling rest,
That he might sing the dreadful fate,
Which should the guilty lovers wait.
  Fatal to Priam's ancient sway,
You bear the' ill-omen'd fair away;
For soon shall Greece in arms arise
Deep-sworn to break thy nuptial ties. 10
What toils do men and horse sustain!
What carnage loads the Dardan plain!
Pallas prepares the bounding car,
The shield, and helm, and rage of war.
  Though proud of Venus' guardian care,
In vain you comb your flowing hair;

Sanadon also supposes this Ode to be an allegory; for which there seems no foundation.

In vain you sweep the' unwarlike string
And tender airs to females sing;
For though the dart may harmless prove
(The dart, that frights the bed of love) 20
Though you escape the noise of fight,
Nor Ajax can o'ertake thy flight;
Yet shalt thou, infamous of lust,
Soil those adulterous hairs in dust.
  Look back and see, with furious pace,
That ruin of the Trojan race,
Ulysses comes; and, sage in years,
Fam'd Nestor, hoary chief, appears:
Intrepid Teucer sweeps the field,
And Sthenelus, in battle skill'd; 30
Or skill'd to guide with steady rein,
And pour his chariot o'er the plain.
Undaunted Merion shalt thou feel,
While Diomed with furious steel,
In arms superior to his sire,
Burns after thee with martial fire.
As when a stag at distance spies
A prowling wolf, aghast he flies,
Of pasture heedless: so shall you,
High-panting, fly when they pursue, 40
Not such the promises you made,
Which Helen's easy heart betray'd.
Achilles' fleet with short delay
Vengeful protracts the fatal day;
But when ten rolling years expire,
Thy Troy shall blaze in Grecian fire.

ODE XVI.

TO TYNDARIS.

O LOVELIER daughter of a lovely dame!
Or give my impious satires to the flame,
Or to the Adriatic wave consign;
For, nor the priestess of the Pythian shrine,
Nor the wild bacchanal, nor priest possess'd
Of Dindymene, shake the turbid breast.
Like furious anger in its gloomy vein,
Which neither temper'd sword, nor raging main,
Nor fire wide-wasting, nor tumultuous Jove,
Rushing in baleful thunders from above, 10
Can tame to fear. Thus sings the poet's lay;
Prometheus to inform his nobler clay,
Their various passions chose from every beast,
And fir'd with lion-rage the human breast.
From anger dire the tragic horrors rose,
Which crush'd Thyestes with a weight of woes;
From hence proud cities date their utter falls,
When, insolent in ruin, o'er their walls
The wrathful soldier drags the hostile plough,
That haughty mark of total overthrow. 20
Me too the heat of youth to madness fir'd,
And with Iambic rapid rage inspir'd.
But now repentant shall the Muse again
To softer numbers tune her melting strain,
So thou recal thy taunts, thy wrath control,
Resume thy love, and give me back my soul.

Why the critics chose to suppose this Ode written to Tyndaris, to whom the next is dedicated, they would have done well to explain. In the edition of Francis, the name is boldly inserted in the translation, without any warrant from the original.

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

PAN from Arcadia's heights descends
  To visit oft my rural seat,
And here my tender goats defends
  From rainy winds, and summer's fiery heat;
For when the vales wide-spreading round,
  The sloping hills, and polish'd rocks
With his harmonious pipe resound,
  In fearless safety graze my wandering flocks:
In safety through the woody brake
  The latent shrubs and thyme explore; 10
Nor longer dread the speckled snake;
  And tremble at the martial wolf no more.
Their poet to the gods is dear,
  They love my piety and muse;
And all our rural honours here
  Their flowery wealth around thee shall diffuse.
Here shall you tune Anacreon's lyre
  Beneath a shady mountain's brow,
To sing frail Circe's guilty fire,
  And chaste Penelope's unbroken vow. 20

Ver. 17. *Anacreon's lyre.*] 'Barnes, in his edition of Anacreon, fancies that Tyndaris was famous for singing an Ode of that Poet upon this subject, of which he laments the loss.'

Francis.

However much we may lament the lost Odes of Anacreon, it is great doubt if any of these said to be found (except the fragments) were written by that Poet.

Far from the burning dog-star's rage,
  Here shall you quaff our harmless wine;
Nor here shall Mars intemperate wage
  Rude war with him who rules the jovial vine:
Nor Cyrus' bold suspicions fear;
  Not on thy softness shall he lay
His desperate hand thy clothes to tear,
  Or brutal snatch thy festal crown away.

ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

Round Catilus' walls, or in Tibur's rich soil,
To plant the glad vine be my Varus' first toil;
For God hath propos'd to the wretch who's athirst,
To drink, or with heart-gnawing cares to be curs'd.
Of war, or of want, who e'er prates o'er his wine?
For 'tis thine, father Bacchus; bright Venus, 'tis thine
To charm all his cares; yet that no one may pass
The freedom and mirth of a temperate glass,
Let us think on the Lapithæ's quarrels so dire,
And the Thracians, whom wine can to madness inspire: 10
Insatiate of liquor when glow their full veins,
No distinction of vice or of virtue remains.
  Great god of the vine who dost candour approve,
I ne'er will thy statues profanely remove;
I ne'er will thy rites, so mysterious, betray
To the broad-glaring eye of the tale-telling day.
Oh! stop the loud cymbal, the cornet's alarms,
Whose sound, when the bacchanal's bosom it warms,

Arouses self-love, by blindness misled;
And vanity, lifting aloft the light head, 20
And honour, of prodigal spirit, that shows,
Transparent as glass, all the secrets it knows.

ODE XIX.

ON GLYCERA.

Venus, who gave the Cupids birth,
And the resistless god of wine,
With the gay power of wanton mirth,
Now bid my heart its peace resign;
Again for Glycera I burn,
And all my long-forgotten flames return.

As Parian marble, pure and bright,
The shining maid my bosom warms;
Her face too dazzling for the sight,
Her sweet coquetting—how it charms! 10
Whole Venus rushing through my veins,
No longer in her favourite Cyprus reigns;

No longer suffers me to write
Of Scythian, fierce in martial deed,
Or Parthian, urging in his flight
The battle with reverted steed;
Such themes she will no more approve,
Nor aught that sounds impertinent to love.

Here let the living altar rise
Adorn'd with every herb and flower; 20
Here flame the incense to the skies,
And purest wine's libation pour;
Due honours to the goddess paid,
Soft sinks to willing love the yielding maid.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

A POET's beverage, humbly cheap
  (Should great Mæcenas be my guest)
The vintage of the Sabine grape,
  But yet in sober cups, shall crown the feast:

'Twas rack'd into a Grecian cask,
  Its rougher juice to melt away;
I seal'd it too—a pleasing task!
  With annual joy to mark the glorious day,

When in applausive shouts thy name
  Spread from the theatre around, 10
Floating on thy own Tiber's stream,
  And Echo, playful nymph, return'd the sound.

From the Cæcubian vintage press'd
  For you shall flow the racy wine;
But, ah! my meagre cup's unbless'd
  With the rich Formian or Falernian vine.

Ver. 13. *Cæcubian*] Horace here hints to Mæcenas, as he freely tells Torquatus in one of his Epistles, (as an English poet would say to his opulent friend) I can only give you humble *port;* and therefore if you must have *claret,* you must bring it with you.

ODE XXI. will be found in the Secular Ode, at the close of this volume.

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

THE man, who knows not guilty fear,
Nor wants the bow, nor pointed spear;
Nor needs, while innocent of heart,
The quiver teeming with the poison'd dart,

Whether through Lybia's burning sands
His journey leads, or Scythia's lands,
Inhospitable waste of snows,
Or where the fabulous Hydaspes flows:

For musing on my lovely maid
While careless in the woods I stray'd, 10
A wolf—how dreadful—cross'd my way,
Yet fled—he fled from his defenceless prey:

No beast of such portentous size
In warlike Daunia's forests lies,
Nor such the tawny lion reigns
Fierce on his native Afric's thirsty plains.

Place me, where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms the' inclement year: 20

Place me beneath the burning ray
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.

ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

Chloe flies me like a fawn,
Which through some sequester'd lawn
Panting seeks the mother deer;
Not without a panic fear
Of the gentle-breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees.
If the curling leaves but shake,
If a lizard stir the brake,
Frighted it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees. 10
But not like a tyger dire,
Nor a lion fraught with ire,
I pursue my lovely game
To destroy thy tender frame.
Haste thee, leave thy mother's arms,
Ripe for love are all thy charms.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

Why should we stop the tender tear?
Why blush to weep for one so dear?
Thou Muse of melting voice and lyre,
Do thou the mournful song inspire.
Quinctilius—sunk to endless rest,
With death's eternal sleep oppress'd!

The intention of this ode is obviously not (as Francis supposes) to console Virgil for the death of Quinctilius; but to express the grief, both of Virgil and himself, for the loss of their common friend.

Oh! when shall faith, of soul sincere,
Of justice pure the sister fair;
And modesty, unspotted maid;
And truth, in artless guise array'd; 10
Among the race of human kind
An equal to Quinctilius find?
How did the good, the virtuous mourn,
And pour their sorrows o'er his urn?
But, Virgil, thine the loudest strain;
Yet all thy pious grief is vain.
In vain do you the gods implore
Thy lov'd Quinctilius to restore,
Whom on far other terms they gave,
By nature fated to the grave. 20
What though you can the lyre command,
And sweep its tones with softer hand
Than Orpheus, whose harmonious song
Once drew the listening trees along;
Yet ne'er returns the vital heat
The shadowy form to animate;
For when the ghost-compelling god
Forms his black troops with horrid rod,
He will not, lenient to the breath
Of prayer, unbar the gates of death. 30
'Tis hard: but patience must endure,
And soothe the woes it cannot cure.

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

THE amorous youths with heated breast
Thy windows rarely now molest,

This Ode is newly translated. Dr. Dunkin had rendered it very coarsely in the edition of Francis.

Their songs thy rest disturb no more,
And quiet hangs thy silent door.
Now less and less each hour thy ear
These plaintive strains of love shall hear :—
'Lydia! while slumbers close thine eye,
We freeze beneath the midnight sky!'
But thou in turn, when time's decay
Bids all thy beauties fade away, 10
In the dark streets the wanton crew
With trembling voice shalt shameless woo.
While rage for unappeas'd desires,
And slighted love thy bosom fires;
The amorous train for younger brows
Shall twine the myrtle's verdant boughs,
And all thy wither'd garlands lave
With scorn in Hebrus' wintry wave.

ODE XXVI.

TO HIS MUSE.

While in the Muse's friendship bless'd,
Nor fears nor grief disturb my breast;
Bear them, ye vagrant winds, away,
And drown them in the Cretan sea.
Careless am I, or who shall reign
The tyrant of the frozen plain;
Or with what anxious fear oppress'd
Heaves Tiridates' panting breast.
Sweet Muse, who lov'st the virgin spring,
Hither thy sunny flowerets bring, 10
And let thy richest chaplet shed
Its fragrance round my Lamia's head;

For nought avails the poet's praise,
Unless the Muse inspire his lays.
Now string the tuneful lyre again,
Let all thy sisters raise the strain,
And consecrate to deathless fame
My lov'd, my Lamia's honour'd name.

ODE XXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

With glasses, made for gay delight,
'Tis Thracian, savage rage, to fight.
With such intemperate bloody fray
Fright not the modest god away.
Monstrous! to see the dagger shine
Amid the cheerful joys of wine.
Here bid this impious clamour cease,
And press the social couch in peace.
Say, shall I drink this heady wine
Press'd from the rough Falernian vine? 10
Instant let yonder youth impart
The tender story of his heart;
By what dear wound he blissful dies,
And whence the gentle arrow flies.
What! does the bashful boy deny?
Then if I drink it, let me die.
Whoe'er she be, a generous flame
Can never know the blush of shame.
Thy breast no slavish Venus fires,
But fair, ingenuous love inspires. 20
Then safely whisper in my ear,
For all such trusts are sacred here.

Ah! worthy of a better flame!
Unhappy youth! is she the dame?
Ah, luckless youth! how art thou lost,
In what a sea of troubles toss'd!
What drugs, what witchcraft, or what charms,
What god can free thee from her arms?
Scarce Pegasus can disengage
Thy heart from this Chimæra's rage. 30

Ver. 23. *Ah! worthy,* &c.] If this bashful lover had been of an irascible disposition, this censure of his toast by our poet was likely to renew the scene which he censures in the opening of the Ode.

ODE XXVIII.

A MARINER AND THE GHOST OF ARCHYTAS.

MARINER.

ARCHYTAS, what avails thy nice survey
Of ocean's countless sands, of earth and sea?
In vain thy mighty spirit once could soar
To orbs celestial, and their course explore;
If here, upon the tempest-beaten strand,
You lie confin'd, till some more liberal hand
Shall strew the pious dust in funeral rite,
And wing thee to the boundless realms of light.

GHOST.

Ev'n he, who did with gods the banquet share,
Tithonus, rais'd to breathe celestial air; 10
And Minos, Jove's own counsellor of state;
All these have yielded to the power of fate.

MARINER.

Ev'n your own sage, whose monumental shield,
Borne through the terrors of the Trojan field,

Prov'd that alone the mouldering body dies,
And souls immortal from our ashes rise;
Ev'n he a second time resign'd his breath,
Sent headlong to the gloomy realms of death.

GHOST.

Not meanly skill'd, even by your own applause,
In moral truth and nature's secret laws. 20
One endless night for whole mankind remains,
And once we all must tread the shadowy plains.
In horrid pomp of war the soldier dies;
The sailor in the greedy ocean lies;
Thus age and youth promiscuous crowd the tomb;
No mortal head can shun the' impending doom.
When sets Orion's star, the winds that sweep
The raging waves, o'erwhelm'd me in the deep:
Nor thou, my friend, refuse with impious hand
A little portion of this wandering sand 30
To these my poor remains; so may the storm
Rage o'er the woods, nor ocean's face deform:
May gracious Jove with wealth thy toils repay,
And Neptune guard thee through the watery way.
Thy guiltless race this bold neglect shall mourn,
And thou shalt feel the just returns of scorn.
My curses shall pursue the guilty deed,
And all in vain thy richest victims bleed.
Whate'er thy haste, oh! let my prayer prevail;
Thrice strew the sand, then hoist the flying sail. 40

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

Canst thou with envious eye behold
The bless'd Arabia's treasur'd gold?
Will Iccius boldly take the field,
And teach Sabæa's kings to yield?

Or meditate the dreadful Mede
In chains triumphantly to lead?
  Should you her hapless lover slay,
What captive maid shall own thy sway?
What courtly youth with essenc'd hair
Shall at thy board the goblet bear; 10
Skilful with his great father's art
To wing with death the pointed dart?
  Who shall deny that streams ascend,
And Tiber's currents backward bend,
While you have all our hopes betray'd;
You, that far other promise made:
When all thy volumes, learned store!
The treasures of Socratic lore,
Once bought at mighty price, in vain,
Are sent to purchase arms in Spain? 20

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

Queen of beauty, queen of smiles,
Leave, oh! leave thy favourite isles:
A temple rises to thy fame,
Where Glycera invokes thy name,
And bids the fragrant incense flame.

With thee bring thy love-warm son,
The graces bring with flowing zone,
The nymphs, and jocund Mercury;
And smiling youth, who without thee
Is nought but savage liberty. 10

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

When at Apollo's hallow'd shrine
The poet hails the power divine;
What is the blessing he implores
While he the first libation pours?
  He nor desires the swelling grain,
That yellows o'er Sardinia's plain;
Nor the fair herds that lowing feed
On warm Calabria's flowery mead;
Nor ivory of spotless shine,
Nor gold forth-flaming from its mine; 10
Nor the rich fields that Liris laves,
And eats away with silent waves.
  Let others quaff the racy wine
To whom kind fortune gives the vine;
The golden goblet let him drain,
Who venturous ploughs the' Atlantic main,
Bless'd with three safe returns a year,
For he to every god is dear.
  To me boon Nature frankly yields
Her wholesome salad from the fields; 20
Nor ask I more than sense and health
Still to enjoy my present wealth.
From age and all its weakness free,
O son of Jove! preserv'd by thee;
Give me to strike the tuneful lyre,
And thou my latest song inspire.

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

If beneath the careless shade,
Harmonious lyre, with thee I've play'd,
  Cæsar's voice obedient hear,
And for more than many a year,
  Now the Roman Muse inspire,
And warm the song with Grecian fire;
  Such as when Alcæus sung,
Who fierce in war thy music strung,
  When he heard the battle roar,
Or almost shipwreck'd reach'd the shore. 10
  Wine and the Muses were his theme,
And Venus, laughter-loving dame,
  With Cupid, ever by her side,
And Lycus, form'd in beauty's pride,
  With his hair of jetty dye,
And the black lustre of his eye.
  Charming shell, Apollo's love,
How pleasing to the feasts of Jove!
  Hear thy poet's solemn prayer,
Thou softener of each anxious care. 20

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

No more in elegiac strain
Of cruel Glycera complain,

The Love Elegies of Albius Tibullus have peculiar merit. The English reader will in great measure be enabled to judge of this from the imitations of Hammond.

Though she resign her faithless charms
To a new lover's younger arms.
The maid, for lovely forehead fam'd,
With Cyrus' beauties is enflam'd;
While Pholoë, of haughty charms,
The panting breast of Cyrus warms;
But wolves and goats shall sooner prove
The pleasures of forbidden love, 10
Than she her virgin honour stain,
And not the filthy rake disdain.
So Venus wills, whose power controuls
The fond affections of our souls;
With sportive cruelty she binds
Unequal forms, unequal minds.
Thus, when a better mistress strove
To warm my youthful breast to love,
Yet could a slave-born maid detain
My willing heart in pleasing chain, 20
Though fiercer she than waves that roar,
Winding the rough Calabrian shore.

ODE XXXIV.

A FUGITIVE from heaven and prayer,
I mock'd at all religious fear,
Deep-scienc'd in the mazy lore
Of mad philosophy; but now
Hoist sail, and back my voyage plough
To that bless'd harbour, which I left before.

There seems no reason for the idea taken up by Dacier, Sanadon, and other sagacious critics, that this Ode is ironical.

For lo! that awful heavenly Sire,
Who frequent cleaves the clouds with fire,
  Parent of day, immortal Jove!
Late through the floating fields of air, 10
The face of heaven serene and fair,
  His thundering steeds and winged chariot drove;

When, at the bursting of his flames,
The ponderous earth and vagrant streams,
  Infernal Styx, the dire abode
Of hateful Tænarus profound,
And Atlas to his utmost bound,
  Trembled beneath the terrors of the god.

The hand of Jove can crush the proud
Down to the meanest of the crowd, 20
  And raise the lowest in his stead;
But rapid fortune pulls him down,
And snatches his imperial crown,
  To place, not fix it, on another's head.

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

Goddess, whom Antium, beauteous town, obeys;
Whose various will with instant power, can raise
Frail mortals from the depths of low despair,
Or change proud triumphs to the funeral tear:

Thee the poor farmer, who with ceaseless pain
Labours the soil; thee, mistress of the main,
The sailor, who with fearless spirit dares
The rising tempest, courts with anxious prayers:

Thee the rough Dacian, thee the vagrant band
Of field-born Scythians, Latium's warlike land, 10
Cities and nations, mother-queens revere,
And purple tyranny beholds with fear.

Nor in thy rage with foot destructive spurn
This standing pillar, and its strength o'erturn;
Nor let the nations rise in bold uproar,
From peace arise, to break the' imperial power.

With solemn pace and firm, in awful state,
Before thee stalks inexorable Fate,
And grasps impaling nails and wedges dread,
The hook tormentous and the melted lead: 20

Thee hope and honour, now alas, how rare!
With white enrob'd, attend with duteous care;
When from the palace of the great you fly
In angry mood and garb of misery.

Not such the crowd of light companions prove,
Nor the false mistress of a wanton love;
Faithless who wait the lowest dregs to drain,
Nor friendship's equal yoke with strength sustain.

Propitious guard the prince, who bold explores
His venturous way to furthest Britain's shores! 30
Our new rais'd troops be thy peculiar care,
Who dreadful to the east our banners bear.

Alas! the shameless scars, the guilty deeds,
When by a brother's hand a brother bleeds!
What crimes have we, an iron age, not dar'd?
Through reverence of gods, what altar spar'd?

Oh! that our swords, with civil gore distain'd,
And in the sight of gods and men profan'd—
O forge again, dread queen, the temper'd steel,
And let our foes the pointed vengeance feel. 40

ODE XXXVI.

With incense heap the sacred fire,
And bolder strike the willing lyre.
Now let the heifer's votive blood
Pour to the gods its purple flood;
Those guardian gods, from furthest Spain,
Who send our Numida again.
A thousand kisses now he gives,
A thousand kisses he receives;
But Lamia most his friendship proves,
Lamia with tenderness he loves. 10
At school their youthful love began,
Where they together rose to man.
With happiest marks the day shall shine,
Nor want the' abundant joy of wine;
Like Salian priests the dance we'll lead,
And many a mazy measure tread.
Now let the Thracian goblet foam,
Nor in the breathless draught o'ercome,
Shall Bassus yield his boasted name
To Damalis of tippling fame:— 20
Here let the rose and lily shed
Their short-liv'd bloom; let parsley spread
Its living verdure o'er the feast,
And crown with mingled sweets the guest:
On Damalis each amorous boy
Shall gaze with eyes that flow with joy,
While she, as curls the ivy plant,
Shall twine luxuriant round her new gallant.

ODE XXXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Now let the bowl with wine be crown'd,
Now lighter dance the mazy round;
And let the sacred couch be stor'd
With the rich dainties of a Salian board.

Sooner to draw the mellow'd wine,
Press'd from the rich Cæcubian vine,
Were impious mirth; while yet elate
The queen breath'd ruin to the Roman state.

Surrounded by a tainted train
Of men effeminate, obscene, 10
She rav'd of empire—nothing less—
Vast in her hopes, and giddy with success.

But hardly rescued from the flames,
One lonely ship her fury tames;
While Cæsar with impelling oar
Pursued her flying from the Latian shore:

Her, with Ægyptian wine inspir'd,
With the full draught to madness fir'd,
Augustus sober'd into tears,
And turn'd her visions into real fears. 20

As darting sudden from above
The hawk attacks a tender dove;
Or sweeping huntsman drives the hare
O'er wide Æmonia's icy deserts drear;

This ode was composed as a compliment to Augustus, on the complete establishment of his power, by the defeat of Antonius at Actium, and the death of Cleopatra.

So Cæsar through the billows press'd
To lead in chains the fatal pest:
But she a nobler fate explor'd,
Nor woman-like beheld the deathful sword.

Unmov'd she saw her state destroy'd,
Her palace now a lonely void, 30
Nor with her profligated host
For succour fled to some far distant coast.

With fearless hand she dar'd to grasp
The writhings of the wrathful asp,
And suck the poison through her veins,
Resolv'd on death and fiercer from its pains;

Then, scorning to be led the boast
Of mighty Cæsar's naval host,
And arm'd with more than mortal spleen,
Defrauds a triumph, and expires a queen. 40

ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS SLAVE.

I TELL thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast,
Nor for me the linden's rind
Shall the flowery chaplet bind;
Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond his season loitering grows,
But beneath the mantling vine
While I quaff the flowing wine,
The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows,
While you shall wait, and I carouse. 10

ODES.

BOOK II.

ODE I.

TO ASINIUS POLLIO.

Of warm commotions, wrathful jars,
The growing seeds of civil wars;
Of double fortune's cruel games,
The specious means, the private aims,
And fatal friendships of the guilty great;
Alas! how fatal to the Roman state!

Of mighty legions late subdued,
And arms with Latian blood imbrued,
Yet unaton'd (a labour vast!
Doubtful the dye, and dire the cast!) 10
You treat adventurous, and incautious tread
On fires, with faithless embers overspread:

Retard awhile thy glowing vein,
Nor swell the solemn, tragic scene;

Pollio, who had been originally on the side of Antonius, was, on his death, received into favour by Augustus. He was a great patron both of Horace and Virgil, who has complimented him on the birth of his son, in his fourth Eclogue; in which are several passages that seem taken from the prophet Isaiah.

And when thy sage, historic cares,
Have form'd the train of Rome's affairs,
With lofty rapture re-inflam'd, infuse
Heroic thoughts, and wake the buskin'd Muse.

O Pollio, thou the great defence
Of sad, impleaded innocence, 20
On whom to weigh the grand debate,
In deep consult the fathers wait;
For whom the triumphs o'er Dalmatia spread
Unfading honours round thy laurel'd head.

Lo! now the clarion's voice I hear,
Its threatening murmurs pierce mine ear;
And in thy lines with brazen breath
The trumpet sounds the charge of death;
Now, now the flash of brandish'd arms affright
The flying steed, and mars the rider's sight! 30

Panting with terror I survey
The martial host in dread array,
The chiefs, how valiant and how just!
Defil'd with not inglorious dust,
And all the world in chains but Cato see,
Of soul unshock'd, and savage to be free.

Imperial Juno, fraught with ire,
And all the partial gods of Tyre,
Who, feeble to revenge her cries,
Retreated to their native skies, 40
Have in the victor's bleeding race repaid
Jugurtha's ruin, and appeas'd his shade.

What plain, by mortals travers'd o'er,
Is not enrich'd with Roman gore?
Unnumber'd sepulchres record
The deathful harvest of the sword;

And proud Hesperia rushing into thrall,
While distant Parthia heard the cumbrous fall.

What gulf, what rapid river flows
Unconscious of our wasteful woes? 50
What rolling sea's unfathom'd tide
Have not the Daunian slaughters dy'd?
What coast, encircled by the briny flood,
Boasts not the shameful tribute of our blood?

But thou, my Muse, to whom belong
The sportive jest and jocund song,
Beyond thy province cease to stray,
Nor vain revive the plaintive lay:
Seek humbler measures, indolently laid
With me beneath some love-sequester'd shade. 60

ODE II.

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

Gold hath no lustre of its own,
It shines by temperate use alone;
And when in earth it hoarded lies,
My Sallust can the mass despise.
With never-failing wing shall fame
To latest ages bear the name
Of Proculeius, who could prove
A father, in a brother's love.
By virtue's precepts to control
The thirsty cravings of the soul, 10
Is over wider realms to reign
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain

It is generally supposed that this Ode is not addressed to the celebrated historian of that name, but to a relation of his.

You could to distant Libya join,
And both the Carthages were thine.
  The dropsy, by indulgence nurs'd,
Pursues us with increasing thirst,
Till art expels the cause, and drains
The watry languor from our veins.
True virtue can the crowd unteach
Their false, mistaken forms of speech; 20
Virtue, to crowds a foe profess'd,
Disdains to number with the bless'd,
Phraates by his slaves ador'd,
And to the Parthian crown restor'd;
But gives the diadem, the throne,
And laurel-wreath to him alone,
Who can a treasur'd mass of gold
With firm, undazzled eye behold.

ODE III.

TO DELLIUS.

In arduous hours an equal mind maintain,
  Nor let your spirit rise too high;
Though fortune kindly change the scene,
  Alas! my Dellius, thou wert born to die.

Whether your life in sadness pass,
  Or wing'd with pleasure glide away;
Whether, reclining on the grass,
  You bless with choicer wine the festal day,

Where the pale poplar and the pine
  Expel the' inhospitable beam; 10
In kindly shades their branches twine,
  And toils, obliquely swift, the purling stream.

There pour your wines, your odours shed,
  Bring forth the rosy, short-liv'd flower,
While Fate yet spins thy mortal thread,
  While youth and fortune give the' indulgent hour.

Your purchas'd woods, your house of state,
  Your villa wash'd by Tiber's wave,
You must, my Dellius, yield to Fate,
  And to your heir these high-pil'd treasures leave.

Though you could boast a monarch's birth; 21
  Though wealth unbounded round thee flows;
Though poor, and sprung from vulgar earth,
  No pity for his victim Pluto knows:

For all must tread the paths of Fate,
  And ever shakes the mortal urn,
Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
  On Charon's boat, ah! never to return.

ODE IV.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

Blush not, my Phoceus, though a dame
Of servile state thy breast enflame;
A slave could stern Achilles move,
And bend his haughty soul to love:
Ajax, invincible in arms,
Was captiv'd by his captive's charms:
Atrides, midst his triumphs mourn'd,
And for a ravish'd virgin burn'd,

The love of Phoceus for his servant was obviously honourable; and therefore he did not (as Francis says he did) make one of the number of those seducers of female servants, termed by the Romans, *Ancillarioli.*

What time, the fierce barbarian bands
Fell by Pelides' conquering hands; 10
And Troy (her Hector swept away)
Became to Greece an easier prey.
  Who knows, when Phyllis is your bride,
To what high stock you'll be allied?
Her parents dear, of gentle race,
Shall not their son-in-law disgrace.
She sprung from kings, or nothing less,
And weeps the family's distress.
  Think not a maid so fair, so chaste,
By vulgar sires can be debas'd; 20
To shameless, prostituted earth,
Think not that Phyllis owes her birth,
Who with such firmness could disdain
The force and flattery of gain.
  Yet, after all, believe me, friend,
I can with innocence commend
Her blooming face, her snowy arms,
Her taper leg, and all her charms;
For, trembling on to forty years,
My age forbids all jealous fears. 30

ODE V.

See, thy heifer's yet unbroke
To the labours of the yoke,
Nor hath strength enough to prove
Such impetuous weight of love.
Round the fields her fancy strays,
O'er the mead she sportive plays;
Or beneath the sultry beam
Cools her in the passing stream;

Or, with frisking steerlings young,
Sports the sallow groves among. 10
  Do not then commit a rape
On the crude, unmellow'd grape:
Autumn soon, of various dyes,
Shall with kinder warmth arise;
Bid the livid clusters glow,
And a riper purple show.
Time to her shall count each day,
Which from you it takes away;
Lalage, with forward charms,
Soon shall rush into your arms; 20
Pholoë, the flying fair,
Shall not then with her compare;
Nor the maid of bosom bright,
Like the moon's unspotted light,
O'er the waves, with silver rays,
When the floating lustre plays:
Nor the Cnidian fair and young,
Who, the virgin choir among,
Might deceive, in female guise,
Strangers, though extremely wise, 30
With the difference between
Sexes hardly to be seen,
With his hair of flowing grace,
And his boyish, girlish face.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

Septimius, who hast vow'd to go
With Horace ev'n to furthest Spain,
Or see the fierce Cantabrian foe
Untaught to bear the Roman chain,
Or the barbaric Syrts, with mad recoil
Where Mauritanian billows ceaseless boil;

May Tibur to my latest hours
Afford a kind and calm retreat;
Tibur, beneath whose lofty towers
The Grecians fix'd their blissful seat; 10
There may my labours end, my wandering cease,
There all my toils of warfare rest in peace.

But should the partial Fates refuse
That purer air to let me breathe;
Galesus, gentle stream, I'll choose,
Where flocks of richest fleeces bathe:
Phalantus there his rural sceptre sway'd,
Uncertain offspring of a Spartan maid.

No spot so joyous smiles to me
Of this wide globe's extended shores; 20
Where nor the labours of the bee
Yield to Hymettus' golden stores,
Nor the green berry of Venafran soil
Swells with a riper flood of fragrant oil.

Ver. 18. *Uncertain offspring.*] From a circumstance that occurred during the Messenian war, a certain number of the Spartans were of uncertain parentage, and called Parthenians; they formed the colony of Tarentum in Italy; and Phalantus was one of their number.

There Jove his kindest gifts bestows,
  There joys to crown the fertile plains;
With genial warmth the winter glows,
  And spring with lengthen'd honours reigns;
Nor Aulon, friendly to the cluster'd vine,
Envies the vintage of Falernian wine. 30

That happy place, that sweet retreat,
  The charming hills that round it rise,
Your latest hours and mine await.
  And when at length your Horace dies,
There the deep sigh thy poet-friend shall mourn,
And pious tears bedew his glowing urn.

ODE VII.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

VARUS, in early youth belov'd,
In war's extremest dangers prov'd,
Our daring host when Brutus led,
And in the cause of freedom bled,
To Rome and all her guardian powers
What happy chance my friend restores,
With whom I've cheer'd the tedious day,
And drank its loitering hours away;
Profuse of sweets while Syria shed
Her liquid odours on my head? 10
  With thee I saw Philippi's plain,
Its fatal rout; a fearful scene!

Ver. 11. *Philippi's plain.*] Horace (as has been said in his Life) was a tribune in the army of Brutus at the battle of Philippi. He here, in compliment to his patron Augustus, prides himself on his want of courage on that day. A modern Poet, on a similar occasion, might have mentioned his defeat, but not his cowardice. The words, however, 'dying with my fear,' are interpolations of the translator.

And dropp'd, alas! the' inglorious shield,
Where valour's self was forc'd to yield;
Where soil'd in dust the vanquish'd lay,
And breath'd the' indignant soul away.
But me, when dying with my fear,
Through warring hosts, enwrapp'd in air
Swift did the god of wit convey;
While thee, wild war's tempestuous sea 20
Resorbing, hurried far from shore,
And to new scenes of slaughter bore.
  To Jove thy votive offering pay,
And here beneath my laurels lay
Thy limbs, from toils of warfare free,
Nor spare the casks reserv'd for thee;
But joyous fill the polish'd bowl;
With wine oblivious cheer thy soul,
And from the breathing phials pour
Of essenc'd sweets a larger shower. 30
  But who the wreath unfading weaves
Of parsley or of myrtle-leaves?
To whom shall beauty's queen assign
To reign the monarch of our wine!
For Thracian-like I'll drink to-day,
And deeply Bacchus it away.
Our transports for a friend restor'd,
Should ev'n to madness shake the board.

ODE VIII.

TO BARINE.

If e'er the' insulted powers had shed
The slightest vengeance on thy head,
If but a nail or tooth of thee
Were blacken'd by thy perjury,
Again thy falsehood might deceive,
And I the faithless vow believe.
But when, perfidious, you engage
To meet high heaven's vindictive rage,
You rise, with heighten'd lustre fair,
Of all our youth the public care. 10
It profits thee to be forsworn
By thy dead mother's hallow'd urn:
By heaven, and all the stars that roll
In silent circuit round the pole;
By heaven and every nightly sign,
By every deathless power divine;
For Venus laughs at all thy wiles,
The gentle nymphs behold with smiles,
And, with the blood of some poor swain,
By thy perfidious beauty slain, 20
Fierce Cupid whets his burning darts,
For thee to wound new lovers' hearts.
Thy train of slaves grows every day;
Infants are rising to thy sway,
And they, who swore to break thy chain,
Yet haunt those impious doors again.

Ver. 3. *If but*, &c.] This couplet stands thus in the last edition of Francis; with an alteration much for the worse.

If they had mark'd thy faithless truth,
With one foul nail or blacken'd tooth.

Thee, mothers for their striplings fear,
The father trembles for his heir,
And weeping stands the virgin-bride,
In Hymen's fetters newly tied, 30
Lest you detain, with brighter charms,
Her perjur'd husband from her arms.

ODE IX.

TO VALGIUS.

Nor everlasting rain deforms
The squalid fields, nor endless storms,
Inconstant, vex the Caspian main,
Nor on Armenia's frozen plain
The loitering snow unmelting lies,
Nor loud when northern winds arise,
The labouring forests bend the head,
Nor yet their leafy honours shed:
But you in ceaseless tears complain,
And still indulge this weeping strain. 10
When Vesper lifts his evening ray,
Or flies the rapid beam of day,
The death of Mystes fills your eyes,
And bids the tender passion rise.
  Not for his son the Grecian sage,
Renown'd for thrice the mortal age;
Not for their youthful brother dead
Such sorrows Priam's daughters shed.
At length these weak complaints give o'er,
Indulge the unmanly grief no more; 20
But let us bolder sweep the string,
And Cæsar's new-rais'd trophies sing;
Or sing Niphates' freezing flood,
And Medus, with his realms, subdued;

Whose waves are taught with humbler pride
Smoother to roll their lessening tide;
And Scythians, who reluctant yield,
Nor pour their squadrons o'er the field.

ODE X.

TO LICINIUS MURENA.

LICINIUS, would you live with ease,
Tempt not too far the boundless seas;
And when you hear the tempest roar,
Press not too near the' unequal shore.
  The man, within the golden mean,
Who can his boldest wish contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell
Where sordid want and sorrow dwell,
And in himself serenely great,
Declines an envied room of state. 10
  When high in air the pine ascends,
To every ruder blast it bends:
The palace from its airy height
Falls tumbling down with heavier weight;
And when from heaven the lightning flies,
It blasts the hills which proudest rise.
  With virtue's tranquil wisdom bless'd,
Whoe'er enjoys the' untroubled breast,
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper happiness with fear. 20
If Jove the winter's horrors bring,
Great Jove restores the genial spring;
Then let us not of Fate complain,
For soon shall change the gloomy scene.
Apollo sometimes can inspire
The silent muse, and wake the lyre;

The deathful bow not always plies,
The' unerring dart not always flies.
When Fortune, various goddess, lowers,
Collect your strength, exert your powers; 30
But when she breathes a kinder gale,
Wisely contract your swelling sail.

ODE XI.

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

Be not anxious, friend, to know
What the fierce Cantabrian foe,
What intends the Scythian's pride,
Far from us whom seas divide.
Tremble not with vain desires;
Few the things which life requires.
Youth with rapid swiftness flies,
Beauty's lustre quickly dies;
Wither'd age drives far away
Gentle sleep and amorous play. 10
When in vernal bloom they glow,
Flowers their gayest honours show;
Nor the moon with equal grace
Always lifts her ruddy face.
Thus while nature's works decay,
Busy mortal, prithee say,
Why do you fatigue the mind,
Not for endless schemes design'd?

Sanadon, with his usual critical acumen, has discovered the beginning of this Ode to be serious; but the whole Ode seems to be a good-humored banter on a character, very frequently found in England, who is entirely absorbed in the pursuit of public news.

Thus beneath this lofty shade,
Thus in careless freedom laid, 20
While Assyrian essence sheds
Liquid fragrance on our heads,
While we lie with roses crown'd,
Let the cheerful bowl go round:
Bacchus can our cares control,
Cares that prey upon the soul.
Who shall from the passing stream
Quench our wine's Falernian flame?
Who the vagrant wanton bring,
Mistress of the lyric string, 30
With her flowing tresses tied
Careless, like a Spartan bride?

ODE XII.

TO MÆCENAS.

NUMANTIA's wars, for years maintain'd,
Or Hannibal's vindictive ire,
Or seas with Punic gore distain'd,
Suit not the softness of my feeble lyre.

Nor the fierce broils and savage mirth
Of centaurs deep with wine imbrued;
Nor the gigantic sons of earth
By force Herculean gloriously subdued:

That earth-born race, with dire alarms
Who shook the starry spheres above, 10
And impious dar'd with horrid arms
Boldly defy the' omnipotence of Jove.

You in historic prose shall tell
The mighty power of Cæsar's war;
How kings beneath his battle fell,
And dragg'd indignant his triumphal car.

Licymnia's voice, Licymnia's eye,
  Bright-darting its resplendent ray,
Her breast where love and friendship lie,
  The Muse commands me sing in softer lay; 20

In raillery the sportive jest,
  Graceful her step in dancing charms,
When playful at Diana's feast
  To the bright virgin choir she winds her arms.

Say, shall the wealth by kings possess'd
  Or the rich diadems they wear,
Or all the treasures of the East,
  Purchase one lock of my Licymnia's hair?

While now her bending neck she plies
  Backward to meet the burning kiss, 30
Then with an easy cruelty denies,
  And wishes you would snatch, not ask the bliss.

ODE XIII.

WHOEVER rais'd and planted thee,
Unlucky and pernicious tree,
In hour accurs'd with impious hand
(Thou bane and scandal of my land)
Well may I think the parricide
In father's blood his soul had dyed,
Or plung'd his dagger in the breast
Of his deep-slumbering midnight guest,

Mr. Francis thinks the falling of a tree an inconsiderable subject for an Ode. Horace was of a different opinion, for he mentions the circumstance again in Ode xvii. of this Book, and in Book iii. Ode viii. he says he has established an annual festival in commemoration of it.

Or temper'd every baleful juice,
Which poisonous Colchian glebes produce; 10
Or if a blacker crime be known,
That crime the wretch hath made his own,
Who on my harmless grounds and me
Bestow'd thee, luckless, falling tree.
While dangers hourly round us rise,
No caution guards us from surprise.
All other deaths the sailor dares,
Who yet the raging ocean fears;
The Parthian views with deep dismay
The Roman chains and firm array; 20
The Roman dreads the Parthian's speed,
His flying war and backward reed;
While death, unheeded, sweeps away
The world, his everlasting prey.
How near was I those dreary plains
Where Pluto's auburn consort reigns,
Where awful sits the judge of hell,
Where pious spirits blissful dwell,
Where Sappho in melodious strains
Of cruel calumny complains, 30
Alcæus strikes the golden strings,
And seas, and war, and exile sings?
Thus while they strike the various lyre,
The ghosts the sacred sounds admire;
But when Alcæus lifts the strain
To deeds of war and tyrants slain,
In thicker crowds the shadowy throng
Drink deeper down the martial song.
What wonder? when with bending ears
The dog of hell astonish'd hears, 40
And, in the furies' hair entwin'd,
The snakes with cheerful horror wind,

While charm'd by the melodious strain
The tortur'd ghosts forget their pain,
Nor lions' rage, nor lynxes' flight,
Orion's raptur'd soul delight.

ODE XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

How swiftly glide our flying years!
Alas! nor piety nor tears
    Can stop the fleeting day;
Deep-furrow'd wrinkles, posting age,
And death's unconquerable rage,
    Are strangers to delay.

Though every day a bull should bleed
To Pluto; bootless were the deed,
    The monarch tearless reigns,
Where vultur-tortur'd Tityos lies, 10
And triple Geryon's monstrous size
    The gloomy wave detains.

Whoever tastes of earthly food
Is doom'd to pass the joyless flood,
    And hear the Stygian roar;
The sceptred king, who rules the earth,
The labouring hind of humbler birth,
    Must reach the distant shore.

The broken surge of Adria's main,
Hoarse-sounding, we avoid in vain, 20
    And Mars in blood-stain'd arms;
The southern blast in vain we fear,
And autumn's life-annoying air
    With idle fears alarms.

For all must see Cocytus flow,
Whose gloomy water sadly slow
Strays through the dreary soil;
The guilty maids, an ill fam'd train!
And, Sisyphus, thy labours vain
Condemn'd to endless toil. 30

Thy pleasing consort must be left,
And you of villas, lands, bereft,
Must to the shades descend;
The cypress only, hated tree!
Of all thy much-lov'd groves, shall thee
Its short-liv'd lord attend.

Then shall thy worthier heir discharge
And set the' imprison'd casks at large,
And dye the floor with wine
So rich and precious, not the feasts 40
Of pontiffs cheer their ravish'd guests
With liquor more divine.

ODE XV.

In royal pride our buildings rise,
The useless plough neglected lies;
Ponds, broad as lakes, our fields o'erspread,
And barren plains high wave the head
Above the elm, while all around,
Wafting their fragrance o'er the ground
Where flourish'd once the olive shade,
And its rich master's cares repaid,
The violet and myrtle greets
The sense—a luxury of sweets! 10
While vainly would Apollo's ray
Through our thick laurels pour the day.

Not such were Cato's stern decrees,
Nor Romulus by arts like these
In wisdom form'd the' imperial sway,
And bid the' unwilling world obey.
Though small each personal estate,
The public revenues were great;
Arcades were then by law confin'd,
Nor open'd to the northern wind: 20
The casual turf, where fortune pleas'd,
The private dwelling humbly rais'd;
While awful to the powers divine
Grateful they built the sacred shrine;
And high their public structures shone,
Enrich'd with ornamental stone.

ODE XVI.

TO POMPEIUS GROSPHUS.

When clouds the moon's fair lustre hide,
No stars the doubtful helm to guide;
The sailor mid the raging seas
Suppliant implores the gods for ease;
For ease, the warlike sons of Thrace,
The Medes, whom shining quivers grace,
For ease, that never can be sold
For gems, for purple, or for gold.
For neither wealth nor power control
The sickly tumults of the soul; 10
Or bid the cares to stand aloof,
Which hover round the vaulted roof.
Happy the man, whose frugal board
His father's plenty can afford;

His gentle sleep, nor anxious fear
Shall drive away, nor sordid care.
  Why do we aim with eager strife
At things beyond the mark of life?
Creatures, alas! whose boasted power
Is but the blessing of an hour! 20
To climates warm'd by other suns
In vain the wretched exile runs;
Consuming cares incessant charge
His flight, and board his armed barge;
Or though he mount the rapid steed,
Care follows with unerring speed,
Far fleeter than the timorous hind,
Far fleeter than the driving wind.
  He, who can taste without allay
The present pleasures of the day, 30
Should with an easy, cheerful smile
The bitterness of life beguile;
Should all of future care detest;
For nothing is completely bless'd.
Achilles perish'd in his prime,
Tithon was worn away by time;
And Fate, with lavish hand, to me
May grant what it denies to thee.
  A hundred bleating flocks are thine,
Around thee graze thy lowing kine; 40
Neighing thy mares invite the reins,
Thy robes the double purple stains;
To me, not unindulgent Fate
Bestow'd a rural, calm retreat,
With art to tune the Roman lyre,
To warm the song with Grecian fire,
And scorn, in conscious virtue proud,
The worthless malice of the crowd.

ODE XVII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Why will Mæcenas thus complain,
And kill me with the' unkindly strain?
Nor can the gods, nor I consent
That you, my life's great ornament,
Should sink untimely to the tomb,
While I survive the fatal doom.
  Should you, alas! be snatch'd away,
Wherefore, ah! wherefore should I stay,
My value lost, no longer whole,
And but possessing half my soul? 10
One day (believe the sacred oath)
Shall read the funeral pomp of both;
Cheerful to Pluto's dark abode,
With thee I'll tread the dreary road.
Nor fell Chimæra's breath of fire,
Nor hundred-handed Gyas dire,
Shall ever tear my friend from me:
So Justice and the Fates decree.
  Whether fair Libra's kinder sign,
Or Scorpius with an eye malign, 20
Beheld my birth (whose gloomy power
Rules dreadful o'er the natal hour),
Or Capricorn, with angry rays,
Who shines the tyrant of the seas;
With equal beams our stars unite,
And strangely shed their mingled light.
Thee, Jove's bright influence snatch'd away
From baleful Saturn's impious ray,
And stopp'd the rapid wings of Fate,
When the full theatre, elate, 30

With joyful transports hail'd thy name,
And thrice uprais'd the loud acclaim.
  A tree, when falling on my head,
Had surely crush'd me to the dead;
But Pan, the poet's guardian, broke,
With saving hand, the destin'd stroke.
For thee, let the rich victim's blood
Pour forth to Jove its purple flood;
For thee, the votive temple rise;
For me an humble lambkin dies. 10

ODE XVIII.

No walls with ivory inlaid
Adorn my house, no colonade
Proudly supports a citron beam,
Nor rich with gold my ceilings flame;
Nor have I, like an heir unknown,
Seiz'd upon Attalus's throne;
Nor dames, to happier fortunes bred,
Draw down for me the purple thread;
Yet with a firm and honest heart,
Unknowing or of fraud or art, 10
A liberal vein of genius bless'd,
I'm by the rich and great caress'd.
My patron's gift, my Sabine field
Shall all its rural plenty yield;
And happy in that rural store,
Of heaven and him I ask no more.
  Day presses on the heels of day,
And moons increase to their decay;
But you, with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending Fate, 20

Command the pillar'd dome to rise,
When lo! thy tomb forgotten lies;
And, though the waves indignant roar,
Forward you urge the Baian shore,
While earth's too narrow bounds in vain
Thy guilty progress would restrain.
  What can this impious avarice stay?
Their sacred landmarks torn away,
You plunge into your neighbour's grounds,
And overleap your client's bounds. 30
Helpless the wife and husband flee,
And in their arms, expell'd by thee,
Their household gods, ador'd in vain,
Their infants too, a sordid train.
  Yet destin'd by unerring Fate,
Shall hell's rapacious courts await
This wealthy Lord—
Then whither tend thy wide domains?
For earth impartial entertains
Her various sons, and in her breast 40
Monarchs and beggars equal rest.
  Nor gold could bribe, nor art deceive
The gloomy bands who guard the grave,
Backward to tread the shadowy way,
And waft Prometheus into day;
Yet he, who Tantalus detains,
With all his haughty race in chains,
Invok'd or not, the wretch receives,
And from the toils of life relieves.

ODE XIX.

TO BACCHUS.

I saw (let future times believe)
The god of wine his lectures give,
  Midst rocks far distant was the scene;
With ears erect the satyrs stood,
With every goddess of the wood,
  Listening the' instructive, solemn strain.

The recent terror heaves my breast,
Yet with the' inspiring power possess'd,
  Tumultuous joys my soul have warm'd;
Dreadful, who shak'st the ivy-spear, 10
Thy votary thus prostrate hear,
  And be thy rage, thy rage disarm'd.

Give me to sing, by thee inspir'd,
Thy priestesses to madness fir'd;
  Fountains of wine shall pour along,
And, melting from the hollow tree,
The golden treasures of the bee,
  And streams of milk shall fill the song.

Fair Ariadne's crown shall rise,
And add new glories to the skies; 20
  While I to listening nations tell,
How impious Penthens' palace burn'd,
With hideous ruin overturn'd,
  And how the mad Lycurgus fell.

Indus and Ganges own thy sway,
Barbaric seas thy power obey,
  And o'er the pathless mountain's height,
(Her head with horrid snakes enroll'd,
Which harmless writhe their angry fold,)
  Thy raptur'd priestess speeds her flight. 30

When rising fierce in impious arms,
The giant-race with dire alarms
  Assail'd the sacred realms of light;
With lion-wrath, and dreadful paw,
With blood-besmear'd and foaming jaw,
  You put their horrid chief to flight.

For dancing form'd, for love and wit,
You seem'd for war's rude toils unfit,
  And polish'd to each softer grace:
But dreadful when in arms you shone, 40
You made the fatal art your own,
  In war excelling as in peace.

With golden horn supremely bright,
You darted round the bending light
  Far-beaming through the gloom of hell:
When Cerberus, with fear amaz'd,
Forgot his rage, and fawning gaz'd,
  And at thy feet adoring fell.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

With strong unwonted wing I rise,
A two-form'd poet through the skies.
Far above envy will I soar,
And tread this worthless earth no more.
For know, ye rivals of my fame,
Though lowly born, a vulgar name
I will not condescend to die,
Nor in the Stygian waters lie.
  A rougher skin now clothes my thighs,
Into a swan's fair form I rise, 10

And feel the feather'd plumage shed
Its down, and o'er my shoulders spread.
Swift as with Dædalean wing,
Harmonious bird, I'll soaring sing,
And in my flight, the foamy shores,
Where Bosphorus tremendous roars,
The regions bound by northern cold,
And Libya's burning sands behold;
Then to the learned sons of Spain,
To him, who ploughs the Scythian main, 20
To him, who with dissembled fears,
Conscious, the Roman arms reveres,
To him, who drinks the rapid Rhone,
Shall Horace, deathless bard, be known.
My friends, the funeral sorrow spare,
The plaintive song and tender tear;
Nor let the voice of grief profane,
With loud laments, the solemn scene;
Nor o'er your poet's empty urn
With useless, idle sorrows mourn. 30

ODES.

BOOK III.

ODE I.

Monarchs on earth their power extend,
Monarchs to Jove submissive bend,
  And own the sovereign god,
With glorious triumph who subdued
The Titan race, gigantic brood!
  And shakes whole nature with his nod.

When rival candidates contend,
And to the field of Mars descend,
  To urge the' ambitious claim;
Some of illustrious birth are proud, 10
Some of their clients' vassal-crowd,
  And some of virtue's fame.

Others the rural labour love,
And joy to plant the spreading grove,
  The furrow'd glebe to turn;
Yet with impartial hand shall Fate
Both of the lowly and the great
  Shake the capacious urn.

Behold the wretch, with conscious dread,
In pointed vengeance o'er his head 20
  Who views the' impending sword;
Nor dainties force his pall'd desire,
Nor chant of birds, nor vocal lyre,
  To him can sleep afford;

For the first Strophe of this Ode, see the Secular Ode.

Heart-soothing sleep, which not disdains
The rural cot, and humble swains,
  And shady river fair;
Or Tempe's ever-blooming spring,
Where zephyrs wave the balmy wing,
  And fan the buxom air. 30

Who nature's frugal dictates hears,
He nor the raging ocean fears,
  Nor stars of power malign,
Whether in gloomy storms they rise,
Or swift descending through the skies
  With angry lustre shine;

Whether his vines be smit with hail,
Whether his promis'd harvests fail,
  Perfidious to his toil;
Whether his drooping trees complain 40
Of angry winter's chilling rain,
  Or stars that burn the soil.

Not such the haughty lord, who lays
His deep foundations in the seas,
  And scorns earth's narrow bound;
The fish affrighted feel their waves
Contracted by his numerous slaves,
  Ev'n in the vast profound.

High though his structures rise in air,
Threatening remorse and black despair 50
  This haughty lord shall find
O'ertake his armed galley's speed;
And when he mounts the flying steed,
  Sits gloomy care behind.

If purple, which the morn outshines,
Or marble from the Phrygian mines,

Though labour'd high with art;
If essence, breathing sweets divine,
Or flowing bowls of generous wine,
Ill soothe an anxious heart; 60

On columns, rais'd in modern style,
Why should I plan the lofty pile
To rise with envied state?
Why, for a vain, superfluous store,
Which would encumber me the more,
Resign my Sabine seat?

ODE II.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

Our hardy youth should learn to bear
Sharp want, to rein the warlike steed,
To hurl the well-directed spear
With pointed force, and bid the Parthian bleed.

Thus form'd in war's tumultuous trade
Through summer's heat, and winter's cold,
Some tyrant's queen, or blooming maid,
Shall from her walls the martial youth behold,

Deep-sighing lest her royal spouse,
Untaught the deathful sword to wield, 10
That lion, in his wrath, should rouse,
Whom furious rage drives through the' ensanguin'd field.

What joys, what glories round him wait,
Who bravely for his country dies!
While, with dishonest wounds, shall Fate
Relentless stab the coward as he flies.

With stainless lustre virtue shines,
  A base repulse nor knows, nor fears;
Asserts her honours, nor declines,
  As the light air of crowds uncertain veers; 20

To him, who not deserves to die,
  She shows the paths which heroes trod;
Then bids him boldly tempt the sky,
  Spurn off his mortal clay, and rise a god.

To silence due rewards we give,
  And they, who mysteries reveal,
Beneath my roof shall never live,
  Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail.

When Jove in anger strikes the blow,
  Oft with the bad the righteous bleed: 30
Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
  Vengeance o'ertakes the trembling villain's speed.

ODE III.

The man, in conscious virtue bold,
  Who dares his secret purpose hold,
Unshaken hears the crowd's tumultuous cries,
And the impetuous tyrant's angry brow defies.

This noble Ode has been supposed to have been written by the Poet, at the instigation of Mæcenas, to dissuade Augustus from a plan he had, of removing the seat of empire from Rome to Troy, or its vicinity. The same object is also obvious in Virgil's Æneid. Mæcenas did not do this from superstitious but political motives; and the justice of that policy was confirmed by the consequence of the subsequent removal to the vicinity of Troy, by Constantine.

Let the loud winds, that rule the seas,
Tempestuous their wild horrors raise;
Let Jove's dread arm with thunders rend the spheres,
Beneath the crush of worlds undaunted he appears.

Thus to the flamy towers above,
The wandering hero, son of Jove, 10
Upsoar'd with strength his own, where Cæsar lies,
And quaffs, with glowing lips, the bowl's immortal joys.

Lyæus thus his tigers broke,
Fierce and indocile, to the yoke;
Thus from the gloomy regions of the dead,
On his paternal steeds, Rome's mighty founder fled;

When heaven's great queen, with words benign
Address'd the' assembled powers divine—
Troy, hated Troy, an umpire lewd, unjust,
And a proud foreign dame, have sunk thee to the dust. 20

To me, and wisdom's queen decreed,
With all thy guilty race to bleed,
What time thy haughty monarch's perjur'd sire
Mock'd the defrauded gods, and robb'd them of their hire.

The gaudy guest, of impious fame,
No more enjoys the' adulterous dame;
Hector no more his faithless brothers leads
To break the Grecian force; no more the victor bleeds.

Since the long war now sinks to peace,
And all our heavenly factions cease; 30
Instant to Mars my vengeance I resign,
And here receive his son, though born of Trojan line.

Here, with encircling glories bright,
Free let him tread the paths of light,
And rank'd among the tranquil powers divine,
Drink deep the nectar'd bowl, and quaff celestial wine.

From Rome to Troy's detested shores,
While loud a length of ocean roars,
Unenvied let the' illustrious exiles reign,
Where Fate directs their course, and spreads their wide domain. 40

On Priam's and the' adulterer's urn,
While herds the dust insulting spurn,
Let the proud capitol in glory stand,
And Rome, to triumph'd Medes, give forth her stern command.

Let the victorious voice of fame
Wide spread the terrors of her name,
Where seas the continents of earth divide,
And Nilus bathes the plain with his prolific tide.

Let her the golden mine despise;
For deep in earth it better lies, 50
Than when by hands profane from nature's store,
To human use compell'd, flames forth the sacred ore.

Let her triumphant arms extend
Where nature's utmost limits end;
Or where the sun pours down his madding beams,
Or where the clouds are dark, and rain perpetual streams.

Thus let the warlike Romans reign,
(So Juno and the Fates ordain)
But on these terms alone, no more to dare,
Through piety or pride, their parent Troy repair! 60

For Troy rebuilt, ill-omen'd state!
Shall feel the same avenging fate;
Again my Grecians shall victorious prove,
By me led on to war, the sister-wife of Jove.

Thrice should Apollo raise her wall,
Thrice shall her brazen bulwarks fall,
Thrice shall her matrons feel the victor's chain,
Deplore their slaughter'd sons, deplore their husbands slain.

But whither would the Muse aspire?
Such themes nor suit the sportive lyre; 70
Nor should the wanton, thus in feeble strain,
The councils of the gods, immortal themes, profane.

ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

Descend from heaven, and in a lengthen'd strain,
Queen of melodious sounds, the song maintain,
Or on the voice high-rais'd, the breathing flute,
The lyre of golden tone, or sweet Phœbean lute.

Hark! the celestial voice I raptur'd hear!
Or does a pleasing frenzy charm my ear?
Through hallow'd groves I stray, where streams beneath
From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy breathe.

Fatigu'd with sleep, and youthful toil of play,
When on a mountain's brow reclin'd I lay, 10
Near to my natal soil, around my head
The fabled woodland doves a verdant foliage spread:

Matter, be sure, of wonder most profound
To all the gazing habitants around,
Who dwell in Acherontia's airy glades,
Amid the Bantian woods, or low Ferentum's meads,

By snakes of poison black, and beasts of prey,
That thus, in dewy sleep, unharm'd I lay;
Laurels and myrtle were around me pil'd,
Not without guardian gods, an animated child. 20

Yours, I am ever yours, harmonious Nine;
Whether I joy in Tibur's vale supine,
Whether I climb the Sabine mountain's height,
Or in Præneste's groves, or Baian streams delight.

Nor tree devoted, nor tempestuous main,
Nor flying hosts, that swept Philippi's plain
In fearful rout, your filial bard destroy'd,
While in your springs divine, and choral sports he joy'd.

When by the Muse's faithful guidance led,
Or Lybia's thirsty sands I'll fearless tread, 30
Or climb the venturous bark, and launch from shore,
Though Bosphorus arous'd with madding horrors [roar.

Nor Britons, of inhospitable strain,
Nor quiver'd Scythians, nor the Caspian main,
Nor he who joyous quaffs the thirsty bowl,
Streaming with horse's blood, shall shake my dauntless soul.

When Cæsar, by your forming arts inspir'd,
Cheerful disbands his troops, of conquest tir'd,
And yields to willing peace his laurel'd spoils,
In the Pierian cave you charm the hero's toils; 40

Gracious from you the lenient counsels flow,
Which bid the hero spare his prostrate foe;
For Cæsar rules like Jove, whose equal sway
The pondrous mass of earth and stormy seas obey:

O'er gods and mortals, o'er the dreary plains
And shadowy ghosts, supremely just he reigns;
But, dreadful in his wrath, to hell pursued,
With falling thunders dire, the fierce Titanian brood,

Whose horrid youth, elate with impious pride,
Unnumber'd, on their sinewy force relied; 50
Mountain on mountain pil'd they rais'd in air,
And shook the throne of Jove, and bade the thunderer fear.

But what could Mimas, of enormous might,
Typhœus or Porphyrion's threatening height,
Or bold Enceladus, fierce-darting far
The trunks of trees uptorn, dire archer of the war,

To sage Minerva's clashing shield oppose;
Although with headlong rage inspir'd they rose?
While Vulcan here in flames devour'd his way,
There matron Juno stood, and there the God of Day.

Resolv'd, till he had quell'd the' aspiring foe, 61
Never to lay aside the' unerring bow;
Who the pure dews of fair Castalia loves,
There bathes his flowing hair, and haunts his natal groves.

Ill-counsel'd force, by its own native weight,
Headlong to ruin falls; with happier fate
While the good gods upraise the just design,
But bold, unhallow'd schemes pursue with wrath divine.

This truth shall hundred-handed Gyas prove,
And warm Orion, who with impious love 70
Tempting the goddess of the sylvan scene,
Was by her virgin darts, gigantic victim! slain.

On her own monsters hurl'd with hideous weight,
Fond mother Earth deplores her offspring's fate,
By thunders dire to livid Orcus doom'd,
Nor fire can force its way through Etna unconsum'd.

Such are the pains to lawless lust decreed;
On Tityos' growing liver vultures feed
With rage ungorg'd; while Pluto stern detains
His amorous rival bound in thrice an hundred chains.

ODE V.

THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

DREAD Jove in thunder speaks his just domain;
On earth a present god shall Cæsar reign,
Since world-divided Britain owns his sway,
And Parthia's haughty sons his high behests obey.

Ver. 3. *Since world-divided Britain owns his sway.*] Strabo says, that the chiefs of Britain gained the friendship of Augustus by submissive embassies. They carried their presents to the capitol, and made the Roman people masters of the island. Thus, though the Romans never triumphed for the conquest of Britain, Augustus was considered as having subdued it.

O name of country, once how sacred deem'd!
O sad reverse of manners, once esteem'd!
While Rome her ancient majesty maintain'd,
And in his capitol while Jove imperial reign'd,

Could they to foreign spousals meanly yield,
Whom Crassus led with honour to the field? 10
Have they, to their barbarian lords allied,
Grown old in hostile arms beneath a tyrant's pride,

Basely forgetful of the Roman name,
The heaven-descended shields, the vestal flame,
That wakes eternal, and the peaceful gown,
Those emblems, which the Fates with boundless empire crown?

When Regulus refus'd the terms of peace
Inglorious, he foresaw the deep disgrace,
Whose foul example should in ruin end,
And ev'n to latest times our baffled arms attend, 20

Unless the captive youth in servile chains
Should fall unpitied. 'In the Punic fanes
Have I not seen (the patriot-captain cried)
The Roman ensigns fix'd in monumental pride?

'I saw our arms resign'd without a wound;
The free-born sons of Rome in fetters bound;
The gates of Carthage open, and the plain,
Late by our war laid waste, with culture cloth'd again.'

'Ransom'd (perhaps, with nobler sense of fame,
The soldier may return)—Ye purchase shame. 30
When the fair fleece imbibes the dyer's stain,
Its native colour lost it never shall regain;

'And valour, failing in the soldier's breast,
Scorns to resume what cowardice possess'd.
If from the toils escap'd the hind shall turn
Fierce on her hunters, he the prostrate foe may spurn.

'In second fight, who felt the fetters bind
His arms enslav'd; who tamely hath resign'd
His sword unstain'd with blood, who might have died,
Yet on a faithless foe, with abject soul, relied: 40

'Who for his safety mix'd poor terms of peace
Even with the act of war; O foul disgrace!
O Carthage, now with rival glories great,
And on the ruins rais'd of Rome's dejected state!'

The hero spoke; and from his wedded dame
And infant-children turn'd, oppress'd with shame
Of his fallen state; their fond embrace repell'd,
And sternly on the earth his manly visage held;

Till, by his unexampled counsel sway'd,
Their firm decree the wavering senate made; 50
Then, while his friends the tears of sorrow shed,
Amidst the weeping throng the glorious exile sped.

Nor did he not the cruel tortures know,
Vengeful, prepar'd by a barbarian foe;
Yet, with a countenance serenely gay,
He turn'd aside the crowd, who fondly press'd his stay:

As if, when wearied by some client's cause,
After the final sentence of the laws,
Cheerful he hasted to some calm retreat,
To taste the pure delights which bless the rural seat.

ODE VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

THOUGH guiltless of your fathers' crimes,
Roman, 'tis thine, to latest times,
The vengeance of the gods to bear,
Till thou their awful domes repair,
Profan'd with smoke their statues raise,
And bid the sacred altars blaze.
  That you the powers divine obey,
Boundless on earth extend your sway;
From hence your future glories date,
From hence expect the hand of Fate. 10
The' offended gods, in horrors dire,
On sad Hesperia pour'd their ire:
The Parthian squadrons twice repell'd
Our inauspicious powers, and quell'd
Our boldest efforts, while they shone
With spoils, from conquer'd Romans won.
The Dacian, whose unerring art
Can wing with death the pointed dart;
The' Egyptian, for his navies fam'd,
Who Neptune's boundless empire claim'd, 20
Had almost in their rage destroy'd
Imperial Rome, in civil strife employ'd.
  Fruitful of crimes, this age first stain'd
Their hapless offspring, and profan'd
The nuptial bed, from whence the woes,
Which various and unnumber'd rose
From this polluted fountain-head,
O'er Rome and o'er the nations spread.
  With pliant limbs the ripen'd maid
Now joys to learn the wanton trade 30

Of dance indecent, and to prove
The pleasures of forbidden love:
But soon amid the bridal feast
Boldly she courts her husband's guest;
Her love no nice distinction knows,
But round the wandering pleasure throws,
Careless to hide her bold delight
In darkness, and the shades of night.
Nor does she need the thin disguise,
The conscious husband bids her rise, 40
When some rich factor courts her charms,
Who calls the wanton to his arms,
And, prodigal of wealth and fame,
Profusely buys the costly shame.
Not such the youth, of such a strain,
Who dyed with Punic gore the main;
Who Pyrrhus' flying war pursued,
Antiochus the great subdued,
And taught that terror of the field,
The cruel Hannibal, to yield: 50
But a rough race inur'd to toil,
With heavy spade to turn the soil,
And by a mother's will severe
To fell the wood, and homeward bear
The pondrous load, ev'n when the sun
His downward course of light had run,

Ver. 31. *Dance indecent.*] The original says simply, Ionian dance. Indecent, does not in the translation point to any peculiar kind of dance, but to dancing in general; which was only taught to girls; but laid aside when they became marriageable. Sallust says of a lady, that she danced and sung more elegantly than was proper for a modest woman. How different was the opinion of the Romans from ours of those female accomplishments!

And from the western mountain's head
His changing shadows lengthening spread,
Unyok'd the team with toil oppress'd,
And gave the friendly hour of rest. 60
What feels not time's consuming rage?
More vicious than their father's age
Our sires begot the present race,
Of actions impious, bold and base;
And yet, with crimes to us unknown,
Our sons shall mark the coming age their own.

ODE VII.

TO ASTERIE.

Ah! why does Asterie thus weep for the youth
Of constancy faithful, of honour and truth,
Whom the first kindly zephyrs, that breathe o'er the spring,
Enrich'd with the wares of Bithynia, shall bring?
Driven back from his course by the tempests, that rise
When stars of mad lustre rule over the skies,
At Oricum now poor Gyges must stay,
Where sleepless he weeps the cold winter away;
While his landlady Chloe, in sorrow of heart,
Bids her envoy of love exert all his art, 10
Who tells him how Chloe, unhappy the dame!
Deep sighs for your lover, and burns in your flame:
He tells him how Prœtus, deceiv'd by his wife,
Attempted, ah dreadful! Bellerophon's life;

In this Ode, Horace, under the pretence of consoling Asterie on the absence of her husband, delicately cautions her against listening to other lovers.

And urg'd by false crimes, how he sought to destroy
The youth for refusing, too chastely, the joy:
How Peleus was almost dispatch'd to the dead,
While the lovely Magnessian, abstemious, he fled.
Then he turns every tale, and applies it with art,
Which can melt down his virtue, and soften his heart;
But constant and heart-whole young Gyges appears,
And deafer than rocks the tale-teller hears: 22
Then, fair-one, take heed lest Enipius should prove
A little too pleasing, and tempt thee to love;
And though without rival he shine in the course,
To rein the fierce steed though unequal his force;
Though matchless the swiftness with which he divides,
In crossing the Tiber, the rough-swelling tides;
Yet shut the fond door at evening's first shade,
Nor look down to the street at the soft serenade, 30
Or if cruel he call thee, in love-sighing strain,
Yet more and more cruel be sure to remain.

Ver. 25. *And though without rival,* &c.] These lines show how much the manly character was esteemed at Rome, even in the polite and luxurious age of Augustus.

ODE VIII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Alike in either language skill'd, 'tis thine
To know, in Greece and Rome, the rites divine;

It was the custom of the married persons of both sexes at Rome, to celebrate a festival on the first of March, in commemoration of the peace brought about by the Sabine women, between their husbands and their relations.

Horace, though a bachelor, kept a festival on the same day, to commemorate his escape from the falling tree, to which he invited Mæcenas.

And well may you these flowery wreaths admire,
The fragrant incense and the sacred fire,
Rais'd o'er the living turf on this glad day
To which the married world their homage pay.
  When on my head a tree devoted fell,
And almost crush'd me to the shades of hell,
Grateful I vow'd to him, who rules the vine,
A joyous banquet, while beneath his shrine 10
A snow-white goat should bleed, and when the year
Revolving bids this festal morn appear,
We'll pierce a cask with mellow juice replete,
Mellow'd with smoke, since Tullus rul'd the state.
  Come then, Mæcenas, and for friendship's sake,
A friend preserv'd, an hundred bumpers take.
Come drink the watchful tapers up to day,
While noise and quarrels shall be far away.
No more let Rome your anxious thoughts engage,
The Dacian falls beneath the victor's rage, 20
The Medes in civil wars their arms employ,
Inglorious wars! each other to destroy:
Our ancient foes, the haughty sons of Spain,
At length indignant feel the Roman chain;
With bows unbent the hardy Scythians yield,
Resolv'd to quit the long-disputed field;
No more the public claims thy pious fears,
Be not too anxious then with private cares,
But seize the gifts the present moment brings,
Those fleeting gifts, and leave severer things.

ODE IX.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND LYDIA.

HORACE.

WHILE I was pleasing to your arms,
Nor any youth of happier charms
Thy snowy bosom blissful press'd,
Not Persia's king like me was bless'd.

LYDIA.

While for no other fair you burn'd,
Nor Lydia was for Chloe scorn'd,
What maid was then so bless'd as thine?
Not Ilia's flame could equal mine.

HORACE.

Me Chloe now possesses whole,
Her voice, her lyre command my soul; 10
For whom I'll gladly die to save
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

LYDIA.

My heart young Calaïs inspires,
Whose bosom glows with mutual fires,
For whom I twice would die with joy,
If death would spare the charming boy.

HORACE.

Yet what if love, whose bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke;
Should I shake off bright Chloe's chain,
And take my Lydia home again?— 20

There is no composition, ancient or modern, that has been so often imitated and translated as this.

LYDIA.

Though he exceed in beauty far
The rising lustre of a star;
Though light as cork thy fancy strays,
Thy passions wild as angry seas,
When vex'd with storms; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

ODE X.

TO LYCE.

THOUGH you drank the deep stream of Tanais icy,
The wife of some barbarous blockhead, my Lyce,
Yet your heart might relent to expose me reclin'd,
At your cruel-shut door to the rage of the wind.
Hark, your gate! how it creeks! how the grove, planted round
Your beautiful villa, re-bellows the sound!
How Jupiter numbs all the regions below,
And glazes with crystal the fleeces of snow!
Away with these humours of pride and disdain,
To Venus ungrateful, to Cupid a pain; 10
Lest while by the pulley you raise to the top,
Your rope should run back, and your bucket should drop.
No sprightly Tyrrhenian begot thee a prude,
Another Penelope, harsh to be woo'd.
O, though neither presents, nor vow-sighing strain,
Nor violet painting the cheek of thy swain,
Nor thy husband, who gives up his heart for a ditty
To a song-singing wench, can provoke thee to pity;

O thou, who like serpents art gentle and kind,
And like an old oak art to softness inclin'd, 20
Yet think not this side can for ever sustain
Thy threshold hard-hearted, and sky-falling rain.

ODE XI.

TO MERCURY.

O MERCURY, by whose harmonious aid,
Amphion's voice the listening stones could lead:
And thou, sweet shell, of art to raise,
On seven melodious strings, thy various lays;
Not vocal when you first were found,
But of a simple, and ungrateful sound;
Now tun'd so sweetly to the ear,
That gods and men with sacred rapture hear;
O thou! inspire the melting strain
To charm my Lyde's obstinate disdain, 10
Who, like a filly, o'er the field
With playful spirit bounds, and fears to yield
To hand of gentlest touch, or prove,
Wild as she is, the joys of wedded love.
Thou canst, with all their beasts of prey,
The listening forest lead, and powerful stay
The rapid stream. The dog of hell,
Immense of bulk, to thee soft-soothing fell
Thy suppliant, though around his head
His hundred snakes their guardian horrors spread;
Baleful his breath though fiery glow'd, 21
And from his three-tongu'd jaws the poison flow'd.
Ixion, of his pains beguil'd,
And Tityos, with unwilling pleasure smil'd;

Dry stood their urn, while with soft strain
You sooth'd the labours of the virgin train.
Let Lyde hear, what pains, decreed,
Though late, in death attend the direful deed.
There doom'd to fill, unceasing task!
With idle toil, an ever-streaming cask; 30
Impious, who in the hour of rest,
Could plunge their daggers in a husband's breast.
Yet worthy of the nuptial flame,
To latest times preserv'd a deathless name;
Of many, one untainted maid,
Gloriously false, her perjur'd sire betray'd.
Thus to her youthful lord she cries,
'Awake, lest sleep eternal close thine eyes;
Eternal sleep: and ah! from whom
You little dread the fell, relentless doom. 40
Oh! fly, my lord, this wrathful sire;
Far from my sisters fly, those sisters dire,
Who riot in their husbands' blood,
As lionesses rend their panting food;
While I, to such fell deeds a foe,
Nor bind thee here, nor strike the fatal blow.
Me let my father load with chains,
Or banish to Numidia's furthest plains;
My crime, that I, a loyal wife,
In love's compassion spar'd my husband's life. 50
While Venus, and the shades of night
Protect thee; speed, by sea or land, thy flight;

Ver. 35. *Maid.*] *Virgo* in the original. This has been a stumbling-block to the critics. One of them accounts for it in a very extraordinary way. But nothing could be more obvious than that in such a situation, where a moment's delay might be fatal to her husband, Hypermnestra might remain a virgin-bride.

May every happy omen wait
To guide thee through this gloomy hour of Fate,
Yet not forgetful of my doom,
Engrave thy grateful sorrows on my tomb.'

ODE XII.

TO NEOBULE.

Unhappy the maidens, who tremble with fear
Of the stripes of a tongue from a guardian severe;
Nor dare the sweet pleasures of drinking to prove,
Nor ever give joy to the passion of love.
Cytheræa's wing'd son now bids thee resign
The toils of Minerva, the spinster divine;
And now, Neobule, with other desires
The brightness of Hebrus thy bosom inspires;
When rising robust from Tiber's rough waves,
Where the oil of his labours athletic he laves, 10
Like Bellerophon skilful to rein the fierce steed,
At cuffs never conquer'd, nor outstripp'd in speed,
And dextrous, with darts never flying in vain,
To wound the light stag, bounding over the plain,
Or active and valiant the boar to surprise,
Transfix'd with his spear, as in covert he lies.

ODE XIII.

TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.

Bandusia, that dost far surpass
The shining face of polish'd glass,
To thee, the goblet, crown'd with flowers,
The rich libation justly pours;

A goat, whose horns begin to spread,
And bending arm his swelling head,
Whose bosom glows with young desires,
Which war or kindling love inspires,
Now meditates his blow in vain,—
His blood shall thy fair fountain stain. 10
When the fierce dog-star's fervid ray
Flames forth, and sets on fire the day;
To vagrant flocks, that range the field,
You a refreshing coolness yield,
Or to the labour-wearied team
Pour forth the freshness of thy stream.
Soon shalt thou flow a noble spring,
While in immortal verse I sing
The trees, which spread the rocks around,
From whence thy prattling waters bound. 20

ODE XIV.

ON THE RETURN OF AUGUSTUS FROM SPAIN.

Thy prince, O Rome, who foreign realms
Explor'd like Jove's immortal son,
Fearless to search the laurel wreath
By death and glorious daring won,
Victorious comes from furthest Spain
To Rome, and all his guardian gods again.

Let her, who to her arms receives
With joy her own, her laurel'd spouse,
Her private sacrifice perform'd,
Pay to just Heaven her public vows; 10
And let the fair Octavia lead
The matron-train, in suppliant veils array'd;

The matron-train, to whose glad arms
Their sons, with conquest crown'd, return;
And you, fair youth, whose pious tears
Your slaughter'd sires and husbands mourn,
This day at least your griefs restrain,
And luckless from ill-omen'd words abstain.

This day, with truly festal joy,
Shall drive all gloomy cares away; 20
For while imperial Cæsar holds
O'er the glad earth his awful sway,
Nor fear of death from foreign arms,
Or civil rage my dauntless soul alarms.

Boy, bring us essence, bring us crowns;
Pierce me a cask of ancient date,
Big with the storied Marsian war,
And with its glorious deeds replete,
If yet one jovial cask remain,
Since wandering Spartacus o'erswept the plain. 30

Invite Neæra to the feast,
Who sweetly charms the listening ear,
And bid the fair one haste to bind
In careless wreaths her essenc'd hair;
But should her porter bid you stay,
Leave the rough, surly rogue, and come away.

When hoary age upon our heads
Pours down its chilling weight of snows,
No more the breast with anger burns,
No more with amorous heat it glows: 40
Such treament Horace would not bear,
When warm with youth, when Plancus fill'd the
Consul's chair.

ODE XV.

TO CHLORIS.

THOU poor man's incumbrance, thou rake of a wife,
At length put an end to this infamous life;
Now near thy long home, to be rank'd with the shades,
Give over to frisk it with buxom young maids,
And, furrow'd with wrinkles, profanely to shroud
Those bright constellations with age's dark cloud.
What Pholoë well, with a decency free,
Might practise, sits awkward, O Chloris, on thee;
Like her, whom the timbrel of Bacchus arouses,
Thy daughter may better lay siege to the houses 10
Of youthful gallants, while she wantonly gambols,
Of Nothus enamour'd, like a goat in its rambles;
The spindle, the distaff, and wool-spinning thrifty,
Not musical instruments, fit thee at fifty;
No roses impurpled, enriching the breeze,
Nor hogsheads of liquor drunk down to the lees.

ODE XVI.

TO MÆCENAS.

OF watchful dogs an odious ward
Might well one hapless virgin guard,
When in a tower of brass immur'd,
And by strong gates of oak secur'd,
Although by mortal gallants lewd
With all their midnight arts pursued,
Had not great Jove, and Venus fair
Laugh'd at her father's fruitless care,

For well they knew no fort could hold
Against a god, when chang'd to gold. 10
Stronger than thunder's winged force
All-powerful gold can speed its course,
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break;
From gold the overwhelming woes,
That crush'd the Grecian augur rose:
Philip with gold through cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke;
Captains of ships to gold are slaves,
Though fierce as their own winds and waves; 20
Yet gloomy care, and thirst of more,
Attends the still increasing store.
Mæcenas, of the' equestrian race
At once the glory and the grace,
By long experience taught, I dread
To raise the far-conspicuous head.
The more we to ourselves deny,
The more the bounteous gods supply.
Far from the quarters of the great,
Happy, though naked, I retreat; 30
And to the' unwishing few with joy
A bless'd and bold deserter fly.
Possess'd of what the great despise,
In real, richer pomp I rise,

Ver. 23. *Equestrian race.*] The editor of this edition has altered this from Francis, who says,

Gracing the knighthood that you *wear*.

The feudal word Knight, which is by no means a proper translation of the Latin word *Eques*, should be banished from all classical translations: it too often deforms Pope's Homer. From the foregoing line of Francis, one might suppose that Mæcenas was invested with an order.

Than if, from fair Apulia's plain,
I stor'd in heaps the various grain,
While, of the wealthy mass secure,
Amidst the rich abundance poor.
  A streamlet flowing through my ground,
A wood, which a few acres bound, 40
A little farm of kindly soil,
Nor faithless to its master's toil,
Shall tell the consul, whose domain
Extends o'er Afric's fertile plain,
Though of his envied lot possess'd,
He ne'er shall be like Horace bless'd.
  Though nor the fam'd Calabrian bee
Collect its flowery sweets for me;
For me no Formian vintage grows,
With mellow'd warmth where Bacchus flows; 50
Nor on the verdant Gallic mead
My flocks of richer fleeces feed;
Yet am I not with want oppress'd,
Which vainly seeks the port of rest,
Nor would thy bounteous hand deny
My larger wishes to supply:
But while those wishes I restrain,
Further I stretch my small domain
Than could I distant kingdoms join,
And make united empires mine; 60
For sure the state of man is such,
They greatly want, who covet much:
Then happy he, whom heaven hath fed
With frugal, but sufficient bread.

ODE XVII.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

ÆLIUS, whose ancient lineage springs
From Lamus, founder of the name;
(From whom a sacred line of kings
Shines through the long records of fame.

From whom the' illustrious race arose,
Who first possess'd the Formian towers,
And reign'd where Liris smoothly flows
To fair Marica's marshy shores)

If the old shower-foretelling crow
Croak not her boding note in vain, 10
To-morrow's eastern storm shall strow
The woods with leaves, with weeds the main.

Then pile the fuel while you may,
And cheer your spirit high with wine;
Give to your slaves one idle day,
And feast upon the fatted swine.

ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

FAUNUS, who with eager flame
Chase the nymphs, thy flying game,
If a tender kid distain,
Each returning year, thy fane,
If with wine we raise the soul,
(Social Venus loves the bowl)
If thy dedicated shrine
Smoke with odours—breath divine!

Gently traverse o'er my bounds,
Gently through my sunny grounds, 10
Gracious to my fleecy breed,
Sporting o'er the flowery mead.
  See my flocks in sportive vein
Frisk it o'er the verdant plain,
When through winter's gloom thy day
Festal shines, the peasants play
On the grassy-matted soil,
Round their oxen, free from toil.
See the wolf forgets his prey,
With my daring lambs to play; 20
See the forest's bending head
At thy feet its honours shed,
While with joyful foot the swain
Beats the glebe he plough'd with pain.

ODE XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.

How far from Inachus the reign
Of Codrus for his country slain,
The Æacidæ's illustrious race
And Ilion's wars, you well can trace;
But how the Chian cask to buy,
Or how keen winter's freezing sky
To temper by the different ways
Of baths that steam and hearths that blaze,
You tell not. Fill the bowl and pay
Honour to Luna's rising ray, 10

This Ode has been translated by Mr. Pye. Francis had rendered it in a very unappropriate measure.

And for the wakeful augur's care
The tributary cup prepare.
The poet to the Muse's shrine
Bids thrice three times the brimmer shine;
But, cautious of dispute, their wine
To three the Graces still confine:
Why sounds not Berecynthia's flute?
Why silent hang the harp and lute?
Wide and profuse your roses fling,
Why stint the liberal stores of spring? 20
Till Lycon hear with envious strife,
Old Lycon and his youthful wife.
Thee, Telephus, thy Chloe warms,
Pure as the vernal eve her charms,
While for my Glycera I prove
The glowing flames of gentle love.

ODE XX.

TO PYRRHUS.

Pyrrhus, you know not what you dare
When from the lioness you tear
  Her whelps; but soon you'll fly,
While through the youth's opposing train
She drives her victim to regain,
  You'll yield the victory.

This also is translated by Mr. Pye: that in Francis is beneath criticism. It begins,

> Pyrrhus, you tempt a danger high,
> When you would steal from angry li-
> oness her cubs,—

and ends,

> 'Like Ganymede, or Nireus fair,
> And vainful.'

You bend your bow, she whets her teeth,
The youthful arbiter beneath
  His foot, the palm retains;
While flowing locks his neck adorn,
Like Nireus or the stripling borne
  From Ida's watery plains.

ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

GENTLE cask of mellow wine,
And of equal age with mine;
Whether you to broils or mirth,
Or to madding love, give birth;
Or the toper's temples steep
Sweetly in ambrosial sleep:
For whatever various use
You preserve the chosen juice,
Worthy of some festal hour,
Now the hoary vintage pour: 10
Come—Corvinus, guest divine,
Bids me draw the smoothest wine.
  Though with science deep imbued,
He not, like a cynic rude,
Thee despises; for of old
Cato's virtue, we are told,
Often with a bumper glow'd,
And with social raptures flow'd.
  You by gentle tortures oft
Melt hard tempers into soft; 20
You strip off the grave disguise
From the counsels of the wise,

And with Bacchus, blithe and gay,
Bring them to the face of day.
Hope by thee, fair fugitive,
Bids the wretched strive to live;
To the beggar you dispense
Heart and brow of confidence;
Warm'd by thee he scorns to fear
Tyrant's frown, or soldier's spear. 20
  Bacchus boon, and Venus fair,
(If she come with cheerful air)
And the Graces, charming band!
Ever dancing hand in hand;
And the living taper's flame,
Shall prolong thy purple stream,
Till returning Phœbus bright
Puts the lazy stars to flight.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

Of groves and mountains, guardian maid,
  Invok'd by three mysterious names;
Goddess three-form'd, whose willing aid
With gracious power appears display'd,
  From death to save our pregnant dames:

To thee I consecrate the pine,
  Which nodding waves my villa round,
And here, beneath thy hallow'd shrine,
Yearly shall bleed a festal swine,
  That meditates the side-long wound. 10

ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

If on the new-born moon, with hands supine,
My Phidyle, laborious rustic, prays;
If she with incense, and a ravening swine,
And yearly fruits, her household gods appease,

Nor pestilential storm shall smite her vines,
Nor barren mildew shall her harvests fear;
Nor shall her flocks, when the sad year declines
Beneath its fruitage, feel the' autumnal air.

Let the devoted herds, that lowing feed
In snow-topp'd Algidon's high branching wood; 10
Or the fair kine of rich Albania bleed,
And stain the pontiff's hallow'd axe with blood;

The little gods, around thy sacred fire,
No vast profusion of the victim's gore,
But pliant myrtle wreaths alone require,
And fragrant herbs, the pious, rural store.

'It is not unpleasant to see an Epicurean Poet instructing a pious female farmer, how to regulate her devotions, while she sincerely believes he is really actuated by a spirit of piety and religion. Mr. Dacier and Sanadon think that Phidyle was his servant, and that all the directions are given with a view to his own interest. Perhaps the reader may find something probable in the conjecture.' *Francis.*

There seems not the least probability in the conjecture, or in the idea that Horace is not serious in his advice. Though the Poet does not give implicit faith to all the mythology of the time, there is no reason for supposing him an atheist, or that he might not, without imputation of self-interest, tell a female rustic, that the piety of the offerer, and not the value of the offering, was acceptable to Heaven.

A grateful cake, when on the hallow'd shrine
  Offer'd by hands that know no guilty stain,
Shall reconcile the' offended powers divine,
  When bleeds the pompous hecatomb in vain. 20

ODE XXIV.

AGAINST MISERS.

THOUGH of the' unrifled gold possess'd
Of gorgeous Ind, and Araby the bless'd;
  Though with hewn, massy rocks you raise
Your haughty structures midst the' indignant seas;
  Yet, soon as Fate shall round your head,
With adamantine strength, its terrors spread;
  Not the Dictator's power shall save
Your soul from fear, your body from the grave.
  Happy the Scythians, houseless train!
Who roll their vagrant dwellings o'er the plain; 10
  Happy the Getes, fierce and brave,
Whom no fix'd laws of property enslave;
  While open stands the golden grain,
The freeborn fruitage of the' unbounded plain;
  Succeeding yearly to the toil,
They plough, with equal tasks, the public soil.
  Not there the guiltless step-dame knows
The baleful draught for orphans to compose;
  No wife, high-portion'd, rules her spouse,
Or trusts her essenc'd lover's faithless vows; 20

Ver. 19. *No wife high-portion'd*, &c.] This complaint of rich wives governing their husbands, is common among the ancients. In this country, most of those wives who are under the absolute coercion of their husbands, will be found among those who have brought them large fortunes.

The lovers there for dowry claim
The father's virtue, and the spotless fame
Which dares not break the nuptial tie;
Polluted crime! whose portion is to die.
Oh! that some patriot, wise and good,
Would stop this impious thirst of civil blood,
And joy on statues to behold
His name, *The Father of the State*, enroll'd!
Oh! let him quell our spreading shame,
And live to latest times an honour'd name. 30
Though living virtue we despise,
We follow her, when dead, with envious eyes.
But wherefore do we thus complain,
If Justice wear her awful sword in vain?
And what are laws, unless obey'd
By the same moral virtues they were made?
If neither burning heats extreme,
Where eastern Phœbus darts his fiercest beam,
Nor where the northern tempests blow,
And freezes down to earth the' eternal snow, 40
Nor the wild terrors of the main
Can daunt the merchant, and his voyage restrain;
If want, ah dire disgrace! we fear,
From thence with vigour act, with patience bear,
While virtue's paths untrodden lie,
Those paths, that lead us upward to the sky?
Oh! let us consecrate to Jove
(Rome shall with shouts the pious deed approve)
Our gems, our gold, pernicious store!
Or plunge into the deep the baleful ore. 50
If you indeed your crimes detest,
Tear forth, uprooted from the youthful breast,
The seeds of each deprav'd desire;
While manly toils a firmer soul inspire.

Nor knows our youth, of noblest race,
To mount the manag'd steed, or urge the chase;
More skill'd in the mean arts of vice,
The whirling troque, or law-forbidden dice:
And yet this worthless heir to raise
To hasty wealth, the perjur'd sire betrays 60
His partners, co-heirs, and his friends:
But, while in heaps his wicked wealth ascends,
He is not of his wish possess'd,
There's something wanting still to make him bless'd.

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

O BACCHUS! when by thee possess'd,
What hallow'd spirit fills my raving breast?
How am I wrapt to dreary glades,
To gloomy caverns, unfrequented shades?
In what recesses shall I raise
My voice to sacred Cæsar's deathless praise,
Amid the stars to bid him shine,
Rank'd in the councils of the powers divine?
Some bolder song shall wake the lyre,
And sounds unknown its trembling voice inspire. 10
Thus o'er the steepy mountain's height,
Starting from sleep, thy priestess takes her flight;
Amaz'd beholds the Thracian snows,
With languid streams where icy Heber flows,
Or Rhodope's high-towering head,
Where frantic choirs barbarian measures tread.
O'er pathless rocks, through lonely groves,
With what delight my raptur'd spirit roves!

O thou, who rul'st the Naiad's breast;
By whom the Bacchanalian maids, possess'd 20
With sacred rage inspir'd by thee,
Tear from the bursting glebe the' uprooted tree,
Nothing or low, or mean, I sing;
No mortal sound shall shake the swelling string.
The venturous theme my soul alarms,
But warm'd by thee, the thought of danger charms.
When vine-crown'd Bacchus leads the way,
What can his daring votaries dismay?

ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

I LATELY was fit to be call'd upon duty,
And gallantly fought in the service of beauty;
But now crown'd with conquest, I hang up my arms,
My harp, that campaign'd it in midnight alarms.
Here fix on this wall, here my ensigns of wars,
By the statue of Venus, my torches and bars,
And arrows, which threaten'd by Cupid their liege,
War, war on all doors, that dare hold out a siege.
O goddess of Cyprus and Memphis! that know
Nor the coldness or weight of love-chilling snow,
With an high-lifted stroke, yet gently severe,
Avenge me on Chloe, the proud and the fair.

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA.

FIERCE from her cubs the ravening fox,
Or wolf from steep Lanuvian rocks,
Or pregnant bitch, or chattering jay,
Ill-omen'd, guide the guilty on their way;

Serpents, like arrows, sidelong thwart
The road, and make their horses start;
But for the maid, for whom I fear,
I view the doubtful skies, a prudent seer,

And bid the chanting raven rise,
When Phœbus gilds his orient skies; 10
Ere speeds the shower-boding crow
To lakes, whose languid waters cease to flow.

Happy may Galatea prove,
Nor yet unmindful of our love,
For now no luckless pie prevails,
Nor vagrant crow forbids the swelling sails.

Yet see, what storms tumultuous rise
While prone Orion sweeps the skies;
Too well I know the Adrian main,
And western winds, perfidiously serene. 20

Oh! may the rising tempest shake
Our foes, and dreadful o'er them break;
For them the blackening ocean roar,
And angry surges lash the trembling shore.

There is no Ode of Pindar so difficult as this. There seems no connection between the story of Europa and the rest of the Ode.

When on her bull Europa rode,
Nor knew she press'd the' imperial god;
Bold as she was, the' affrighted maid
The rolling monsters of the deep survey'd.

Late for the rural nymphs she chose
Each flower, a garland to compose; 30
But now, beneath the gloom of night,
Views nought but seas, and stars of feeble light.

Soon as she touch'd the Cretan shore,
'My sire,' she cries—'Ah! mine no more,
For every pious, tender name,
Is madly lost in this destructive flame.

'Where am I, wretched and undone?
And shall a single death atone
A virgin's crime? or do my fears
Deplore the guilty deed with waking tears? 40

'Or am I yet, ah! pure from shame,
Mock'd by a vain, delusive dream?
Could I my springing flowerets leave,
To tempt through length of seas the faithless wave?

'While thus with just revenge possess'd,
How would I tear that monstrous beast?
How would I break, by rage inspir'd,
These horns, alas! too fondly once admir'd?

'Shameless, my father's gods I fly;
Shameless, and yet I fear to die. 50
Hear me, some gracious heavenly power,
Let lions fell this naked corse devour.

My cheeks ere hollow wrinkles seize,
Ere yet their rosy bloom decays,
While youth yet rolls its vital flood,
Let tigers fiercely riot in my blood.

'But hark! I hear my father cry,
"Make haste, unhappy maid, to die
For if a pendant fate you choose,
Your faithful girdle gives the kindly noose: 60

'"Or if you like a headlong death,
Behold the pointed rocks beneath;
Or plunge into the rapid wave,
Nor live on haughty tasks, a spinster-slave,

'"Some rude barbarian's concubine,
Born as thou art of royal line".'
Here the perfidious-smiling dame,
And idle Cupid, to the mourner came:

Awhile she rallied with the fair,
Then with a grave and serious air, 70
'Indulge,' she cries, 'thy rage no more,
This odious bull shall yield him to thy power.

'Yet sigh no more, but think of love,
For know thou art the wife of Jove;
Then learn to bear thy future fame,
When earth's wide continent shall boast thy name.'

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

Say, what shall I do on the festival day
Of Neptune? Come, Lyde, without more delay;
And broach the good creature, invaulted that lies,
Cast off all reserve, and be merry and wise.
The evening approaches, you see, from yon hill,
And yet, as if Phœbus, though winged, stood still,

You dally to bring us a cup of the best,
Condemn'd, like its Consul, ignobly to rest.
With voices alternate, the sea-potent king,
And Nereids, with ringlets of azure we'll sing; 10
From the sweet-sounding shell thy hand shall araise
Latona's and swift-darting Cynthia's praise.
The gay-smiling goddess of love and delight,
Who rules over Cnidos, and Cyclades bright;
And guiding her swans with a soft silken rein,
Revisits her Paphos, shall crown the glad strain.
Then to the good night, while bumpers elate us,
We'll sing a farewell, and a decent quietus.

Ver. 8. *Its Consul, &c.*] An allusion to Bibulus, who shut himself up in his house during his inactive consulship with Julius Cæsar. *Dacier.*

ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Descended from an ancient line,
That once the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Haste thee to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd;
For thee the fragrant essence flows,
For thee, Mæcenas, breathes the blooming rose.

From the delights, oh! break away,
Which Tibur's marshy prospect yields,
Nor with unceasing joy survey
Fair Æsula's declining fields; 10
No more the verdant hills admire
Of Telegon, who kill'd his aged sire.

Instant forsake the joyless feast,
  Where appetite in surfeit dies,
And from the towered structure haste
  That proudly threatens to the skies;
From Rome and its tumultuous joys,
Its crowds, and smoke, and opulence, and noise.

To frugal treats, and humble cells,
  With grateful change the wealthy fly, 20
Where health-preserving plainness dwells,
  Far from the carpet's gaudy dye.
Such scenes have charm'd the pangs of care,
And smooth'd the clouded forehead of despair.

Andromeda's conspicuous sire
  Now darts his hidden beams from far;
The lion shows his maddening fire,
  And barks fierce Procyon's raging star;
While Phœbus, with revolving ray,
Brings back the burnings of the thirsty day. 30

Fainting beneath the sweltering heat,
  To cooling streams and breezy shades
The shepherd and his flocks retreat,
  While rustic sylvans seek the glades;
Silent the brook its borders laves,
Nor curls one vagrant breath of wind the waves.

But you for Rome's imperial state
  Attend with ever-watchful care,
Or, for the world's uncertain fate
  Alarm'd, with ceaseless terrors fear: 40
Anxious what eastern wars impend,
Or what the Scythians in their pride intend.

But Jove, in goodness ever wise,
  Hath hid, in clouds of depthless night,
All that in future prospect lies,
  Beyond the ken of mortal sight;
And laughs to see vain man oppress'd
With idle fears, and more than man distress'd.

Then wisely form the present hour;
  Enjoy the bliss which it bestows; 50
The rest is all beyond our power,
  And like the changeful Tiber flows.
Who now beneath his banks subsides,
And peaceful to his native ocean glides:

But when descends a sudden shower,
  And wild provokes his silent flood,
The mountains hear the torrent roar,
  And echoes shake the neighbouring wood;
Then, swollen with rage, he sweeps away
Uprooted trees, herds, dwellings, to the sea. 60

Happy the man, and he alone
  Who, master of himself, can say—
To-day at least hath been my own,
  For I have clearly liv'd to-day:
Then let to-morrow's clouds arise,
Or purer suns o'erspread the cheerful skies.

Not Jove himself can now make void
  The joy, that wing'd the flying hour;
The certain blessing, once enjoy'd,
  Is safe beyond the godhead's power; 70

Ver. 52. *Tiber.*] These accounts of this river are greatly exaggerated, unless the river has decreased as much as Rome. The chief glory of the Tiber now, to use the words of Whitehead, is, that

> 'Its waves have flow'd through Latian lands,
> Have wash'd the walls of Rome.'

Nought can recal the acted scene;
What hath been, spite of Jove himself, hath been.

But Fortune, ever-changing dame,
Indulges her malicious joy,
And constant plays her haughty game,
Proud of her office to destroy;
To-day to me her bounty flows,
And now on others she the bliss bestows.

I can applaud her while she stays,
But if she shake her rapid wings, 80
I can resign, with careless ease,
The richest gifts her favour brings,
Then folded lie in virtue's arms,
And honest poverty's undower'd charms.

Though the mast howl beneath the wind,
I make no mercenary prayers;
Nor with the gods a bargain bind
With future vows, and streaming tears,
To save my wealth from adding more
To boundless ocean's avaricious store: 90

Then in my little barge I'll ride,
Secure amid the foamy wave;
Calm will I stem the threatening tide,
And fearless all its tumults brave;
Ev'n then perhaps some kinder gale,
While the twin-stars appear, shall fill my joyful sail.

ODE XXX.

TO MELPOMENE.

More durable than brass, the frame
Which here I consecrate to fame;
Higher than pyramids that rise,
With royal pride, to brave the skies;
Nor years, though numberless the train,
Nor flight of seasons, wasting rain,
Nor winds, that loud in tempests break,
Shall e'er its firm foundation shake.
Nor shall the funeral pyre consume
My fame; that nobler part shall bloom, 10
And with unfading youth improve,
While to the' immortal fane of Jove
The silent maids, in silent state
Ascending, on the pontiff wait.
Where Aufidus with deafening waves
And rapid course impetuous raves,
And where a poor, enervate stream,
From banish'd Daunus takes its name,
O'er warlike realms who fix'd his throne,
Shall Horace, deathless bard, be known; 20
Who first attempted to inspire
With Grecian sounds the Roman lyre.
With conscious pride, O Muse divine!
Assume the honours justly thine;
With laurel wreaths my head surround,
Such as the god of verse have crown'd.

Ver. 12. *While to the' immortal fane of Jove.*] The poet has obtained a much longer term of fame than he expected. His poems have outlived the High Priest and Vestals of ancient Rome many ages. They will probably outlive the Pontiff and Vestals of modern Rome.

ODES.

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

Again new tumults fire my breast;
Ah spare me, Venus, let thy suppliant rest;
Alas! I am not now the swain
I was in Cynara's good-natur'd reign.
Fierce mother of the loves, no more
Attempt to bend me to thy charming power,
Harden'd with age; but swift repair
Where youth invokes thee with the soothing prayer.
Would you inflame, with young desire,
A bosom worthy of thy purest fire, 10
To Paulus guide, a welcome guest,
Thy purple swans, and revel in his breast.
Of noble birth, and graceful made,
Nor silent when affliction claims his aid,
The youth of hundred conquering arts,
Shall wave thy banners wide o'er female hearts;
But if thy powerful aid he prove,
And laughs at rivals, who with gifts make love;
Thou in a citron dome shalt stand,
Form'd by the sculptor's animating hand; 20

There shall the' abundant incense flame,
And thou, transported, quaff the rising steam,
While all the powers of music join
To raise the song with harmony divine.
There shall the youths and virgins pay
To thee their grateful offerings twice a-day;
Like Salian priests the dance shall lead,
And many a mazy measure round thee tread.
For me, alas! those joys are o'er,
For me the vernal garland blooms no more; 30
No more the feats of wine I prove,
Nor the delusive hopes of mutual love.
But why, ah! fair one, still too dear,
Steals down my cheek the' involuntary tear?
Or why, thus falter o'er my tongue
The words, which once harmonious pour'd along?
Swift through the fields, and flowing streams,
I follow thee in visionary dreams;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst, ah cruel! from my arms.

ODE II.

TO ANTONIUS IULUS.

He, who to Pindar's height attempts to rise,
Like Icarus, with waxen pinions tries
His pathless way, and from the venturous theme
Shall leave to azure seas his falling name.

Whoever reads this noble Ode must lament, that of all the works of Pindar, those only remain which celebrate the victors in the public games of Greece; which, from their subject, appear to have been the least interesting.

As when a river, swollen by sudden showers
O'er its known banks, from some steep mountain [pours,
So in profound, unmeasurable song
The deep-mouth'd Pindar, foaming, pours along.
Well he deserves Apollo's laurel'd crown,
Whether new words he rolls enraptur'd down 10
Impetuous through the Dithyrambic strains,
Free from all laws, but what himself ordains:
Whether in lofty tone sublime he sings
The deathless gods, or god-descended kings;
With death deserv'd who smote the Centaurs dire,
And quench'd the fierce Chimæra's breath of fire;
Or whom the' Olympic palm, victorious prize!
Immortal crowns, and raises to the skies,
Wrestler or steed—with honours that outlive
The mortal fame, which thousand statues give; 20
Or mourns some hapless youth in plaintive lay,
From his fond, weeping bride, ah! torn away;
His manners pure, his courage, and his name,
Snatch'd from the grave, he vindicates to fame.
Thus when the Theban swan attempts the skies,
A nobler gale of rapture bids him rise;
But like a bee, which through the breezy groves
With feeble wing and idle murmurs roves,
Sits on the bloom, and with unceasing toil
From thyme, sweet-breathing, culls his flowery spoil;
So I, weak bard! round Tibur's lucid spring, 31
Of humbler strain laborious verses sing.
'Tis thine with deeper hand to strike the lyre,
For Cæsar's glory shall his bard inspire,
When he, with laurel crown'd, the meed of war,
Drags the fierce Gaul at his triumphal car; [Fate,
Than whom the gods ne'er gave, or bounteous
To human kind a gift more good or great,

Nor from their treasures shall again unfold,
Though time roll backward to his ancient gold. 40
  Be thine the festal days, the city's joys,
The forum silenc'd from litigious noise,
The public games for Cæsar safe restor'd,
A blessing oft with pious vows implor'd.
  Then, if my voice can reach the glorious theme,
Thus will I sing, amid the loud acclaim—
'Hail brightest sun; in Rome's fair annals shine,
Cæsar returns—eternal praise be thine!'
  As the procession awful moves along,
Let shouts of triumph fill our joyful song; 50
Repeated shouts of triumph Rome shall raise,
And to the bounteous gods our altars blaze.
  Of thy fair herds twice ten shall grateful bleed,
While I, with pious care, one steerling feed:
Wean'd from the dam, o'er pastures large he roves,
And for my vows his rising youth he proves;
  His horns like Luna's bending fires appear,
When the third night she rises to her sphere;
And, yellow all the rest, one mark there glows
Full in his front, and bright as winter snows.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

He, on whose natal hour the queen
  Of verse hath smil'd, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen
  First in the fam'd Olympic race:

The translation of this Ode is by Atterbury. Scaliger was so pleased with the original, that he said he would rather have written it, than be king of Arragon.

He shall not after toils of war,
  And taming haughty monarchs' pride,
With laurel'd brows conspicuous far,
  To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride:

But him, the streams which warbling flow
  Rich Tibur's fertile vales along, 10
And shady groves, his haunts, shall know
  The master of the' Æolian song.

The sons of Rome, majestic Rome!
  Have plac'd me in the poet's quire;
And envy, now or dead or dumb,
  Forbears to blame what they admire.

Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
  Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
Who canst the finny race, though mute,
  To cygnet's dying accents raise, 20

Thy gift it is, that all, with ease,
  Me prince of Roman lyrics own;
That, while I live, my numbers please,
  If pleasing, is thy gift alone.

ODE IV.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

As the majestic bird of towering kind, [space,
  Who bears the thunder through the' ethereal
(To whom the monarch of the gods assign'd
  Dominion o'er the vagrant, feather'd race,

This truly sublime Ode has also received a hyperbolical eulogium from Scaliger.

His faith approv'd, when to the distant skies
From Ida's top he bore the Phrygian prize)

Sprung from his nest, by sprightly youth inspir'd,
Fledg'd, and exulting in his native might,
Novice to toils, but as the clouds retir'd,
And gentler gales provok'd a bolder flight, 10
On sailing wings through yielding air explor'd
Unwonted paths, and panted while he soar'd:

Anon to ravage in the fleecy fold,
The glowing ardour of his princely heart
Pour'd the beak'd foe; now more maturely bold
With talons fierce precipitant to dart
On dragons fell, reluctant in the fray;
Such is his thirst for battle, and for prey.

Or as a lion through the forest stalks,
Wean'd by the tawny dam from milky food; 20
A goat descries him from her flowery walks,
First doom'd to stain his youthful jaws with [blood;
So Drusus look'd tremendous to his foes,
Beneath the frozen height of Alpine snows.

The Rhœtian bands beheld him such in war,
Those daring bands, who with triumphant joy
Were wont to spread their baneful terrors far,
Tam'd by the conduct of the martial boy,
Felt what true courage could achieve, when led
By bright example, and by virtue bred; 30

Felt how Augustus with paternal mind
Fir'd the young Neroes to heroic deeds;
The brave and good are copies of their kind
In steers laborious; and in generous steeds
We trace their sires; nor can the bird of Jove,
Intrepid, fierce, beget the' unwarlike dove.

Yet sage instructions, to refine the soul
And raise the genius, wondrous aid impart,
Conveying, inward as they purely roll,
Strength to the mind, and vigour to the heart:
When morals fail, the stains of vice disgrace 41
The fairest honours of the noblest race.

How much the grandeur of thy rising state
Owes to the Neroes, Rome imperial, say:
Witness Metaurus and the dismal fate
Of vanquish'd Asdrubal, and that glad day,
Which first auspicious, as the darkness fled,
O'er Latium's face a tide of glory shed.

Through wide Hesperia's towering cities, crush'd
With hideous fall and desolation dire, 50
Impetuous, wild, the Carthaginian rush'd,
As through the pitchy pines destructive fire
Devours its course, or howling Eurus raves,
And posting rides the mad Sicilian waves.

The Roman youth, still growing by their toils,
Have reap'd the harvest of the vengeful sword,
And seen those temples, which were once the spoils
Of Tyrian rapine, to their gods restor'd;
When faithless Hannibal at length express'd
The boding sorrows of his anxious breast: 60

Like stags of coward kind, the destin'd prey
Of ravening wolves, we unprovok'd defy
Those, whom to baffle is our fairest play,
The proudest triumph we can boast, to fly;
For mark that race, from burning Troy which bore
Their sons and sages to the Latian shore:

That race, long tost upon the Tuscan waves,
Are like an oak upon the woody top
Of shaded Algidus, bestrow'd with leaves,
Which, as keen axes its green honours lop, 70
Through wounds, through losses, no decay can feel,
Collecting strength and spirit from the steel.

Not Hydra stronger, when dismember'd, rose
Against Alcmæna's much-enduring son,
Grieving to find, from his repeated blows,
The foe redoubled, and his toil begun;
Nor Colchis teem'd, nor Echionian Thebes
A feller monster from their bursting glebes.

In ocean plunge them, up they buoy more bright;
At arms oppose them, they shall rout your train
In force united, and approv'd in fight, 81
With total ruin on the dusty plain,
And battles wage, to be the future boast
Of their proud consorts o'er our vanquish'd host.

To lofty Carthage I no more shall send
Vaunts of my deeds, and heralds of my fame;
My boundless hopes, alas! are at an end,
With all the flowing fortune of our name:
Those boundless hopes, that flowing fortune, all
Are dash'd, and buried in my brother's fall. 90

The Claudian race, those favourites of the skies,
No toil shall damp, no fortitude withstand;
Superior they to difficulties rise,
Whom Jove protects with an indulgent hand;
Whom cautious cares, preventing wiles afar,
Guide through the perils of tumultuous war.

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

PROPITIOUS to the sons of earth
(Best guardian of the Roman state)
The heavenly powers beheld thy birth,
And form'd thee glorious, good, and great;
Rome and her holy fathers cry, 'thy stay
Was promis'd short, ah! wherefore this delay?'

Come then, auspicious prince, and bring
To thy long gloomy country, light;
For in thy countenance the spring
Shines forth to cheer thy people's sight: 10
Then hasten thy return, for, thou away,
Nor lustre has the sun, nor joy the day.

As a fond mother views with fear
The terrors of the rolling main,
While envious winds, beyond his year,
From his lov'd home her son detain;
To the good gods with fervent prayer she cries,
And catches every omen as it flies;

Anxious she listens to the roar
Of winds that loudly sweep the sky; 20
Nor fearful from the winding shore
Can ever turn her longing eye;
Smit with as faithful and as fond desires,
Impatient Rome her absent lord requires.

Safe by thy cares her oxen graze,
And yellow Ceres clothes her fields:
The sailor ploughs the peaceful seas,
And earth her rich abundance yields;
While nobly conscious of unsullied fame,
Fair honour dreads the' imputed sense of blame. 30

By thee our wedded dames are pure
From foul adultery's embrace;
The conscious father views secure
His own resemblance in his race:
Thy chaste example quells the spotted deed,
And to the guilt thy punishments succeed.

Who shall the faithless Parthian dread,
The freezing armies of the north;
Or the fierce youth, to battle bred,
Whom horrid Germany brings forth? 40
Who shall regard the war of cruel Spain,
If Cæsar live secure, if Cæsar reign?

Safe in his vineyard toils the hind,
Weds to the widow'd elm his vine,
Till the sun sets his hill behind,
Then hastens joyful to his wine,
And in his gayer hours of mirth implores
Thy godhead to protect and bless his stores.

To thee he chants the sacred song,
To thee the rich libation pours; 50
Thee, plac'd his household gods among,
With solemn daily prayer adores;
So Castor and great Hercules of old
Were with her gods by grateful Greece enroll'd.

Gracious and good, beneath thy reign
May Rome her happy hours employ;
And grateful hail thy just domain
With pious hymns and festal joy:
Thus, with the rising sun we sober pray,
Thus, in our wine beneath his setting ray.

The reader may find the Sixth Ode in the Carmen Seculare, at the close of this volume.

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

The snow dissolves: the field its verdure spreads,
The trees high wave in air their leafy heads;
Earth feels the change; the rivers calm subside,
And smooth along their banks decreasing glide;
The elder Grace, with her fair sister-train,
In naked beauty dances o'er the plain;
The circling hours, that swiftly wing their way,
And in their flight consume the smiling day;
Those circling hours, and all the various year,
Convince us, nothing is immortal here. 10
In vernal gales cold winter melts away;
Soon wastes the spring in summer's burning ray:
Yet summer dies in autumn's fruitful reign,
And slow-pac'd winter soon returns again.
The moon renews her orb with growing light;
But when we sink into the depths of night,
Where all the good, the rich, the brave are laid,
Our best remains are ashes and a shade.
Who knows if Heaven, with ever-bounteous power,
Shall add to-morrow to the present hour? 20
But know, that wealth, bestow'd to gay delight,
Far from thy ravening heir shall speed its flight;
But soon as Minos, thron'd in awful state,
Shall o'er thee speak the solemn words of Fate,
Nor virtue, birth, nor eloquence divine,
Shall bid the grave its destin'd prey resign:

The subject of this Ode is nearly the same as that of the fourth of the first Book.

Nor chaste Diana from infernal night
Could bring her modest favourite back to light;
And hell-descending Theseus strove in vain
To break his amorous friend's Lethæan chain. 30

ODE VIII.

TO CENSORINUS.

WITH liberal heart to every friend
A bowl or cauldron would I send;
Or tripods, which the Grecians gave,
As rich rewards, to heroes brave:
Nor should the meanest gift be thine,
If the rich works of art were mine,
By Scopas or Parrhasius wrought,
With animating skill who taught
The shapeless stone with life to glow,
Or bade the breathing colours flow, 10
To imitate, in every line,
The form or human or divine.
  But I nor boast the curious store,
And you nor want, nor wish for more;
'Tis yours the joys of verse to know,
Such joys as Horace can bestow,
While I can vouch my present's worth,
And call its every virtue forth.
  Nor columns, which the public raise,
Engrav'd with monumental praise, 20
By which the breath of life returns
To heroes sleeping in their urns;
Nor Hannibal, when swift he fled,
His threats retorted on his head,

Nor impious Carthage wrapt in flame,
From whence great Scipio gain'd a name,
Such glories round him can diffuse,
As the Calabrian poet's muse;
And should the bard his aid deny,
Thy worth shall unrewarded die. 30
If envious silence left unsung
The youth from Mars and Ilia sprung,
How had we known the hero's fame
From whom the Roman empire came?
The poet's credit, voice, and lays,
Could Æacus immortal raise,
Snatch'd from the Stygian gulfs of hell,
Among the blissful isles to dwell.
The Muse forbids the brave to die,
The Muse enthrones him in the sky; 40
Alcides, mid the starry pole,
Thus quaffs with Jove the nectar'd bowl;
Thus vine-crown'd Bacchus with success
His jovial votaries can bless,
And the twin-stars have power to save
The shatter'd vessel from the gulfy wave.

ODE IX.

TO LOLLIUS.

While with the Grecian bards I vie,
And raptur'd tune the social string,
Think not the song shall ever die,
Which with no vulgar art I sing,
Though born where Aufid rolls his sounding stream,
In lands far distant from poetic fame.

What though the Muse her Homer thrones
High above all the' immortal quire,
Nor Pindar's rapture she disowns,
Nor hides the plaintive Cæan lyre; 10
Alcæus strikes the tyrant's soul with dread,
Nor yet is grave Stesichorus unread.

Whate'er, of old, Anacreon sung,
However tender was the lay,
In spite of time is ever young,
Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay;
Her living songs preserve their charming art,
Her love still breathes the passions of her heart.

Helen was not the only fair
By an unhappy passion fir'd, 20
Who the lewd ringlets of the hair
Of an adulterous youth admir'd;
For splendid vests, and royal grace, have charms
To tempt weak woman to a stranger's arms.

Nor first from Teucer's vengeful bow
The feather'd death unerring flew,
Nor was the Greek the single foe,
Whose rage ill-fated Ilion knew;

Ver. 22. *Youth.*] Francis has beau, which seems the utmost depth of the Bathos.

Ver. 23. Dacier makes the following remark on this passage: 'It was not unnatural, that the magnificence of an Asiatic prince should strike with wonder a princess of Lacedæmon, whose people were educated in the simplicity of the first ages.' Where did the critic discover that the Asiatic Trojans were more magnificent than the European Greeks; or that the Spartans were otherwise educated than the other Greeks, before the time of Lycurgus?

The splendid dress and armour of Menelaus are particularly mentioned by Homer, Iliad iv. ver. 133.

Greece had with heroes fill'd the' embattled plain,
Worthy the Muse in her sublimest strain. 30

Nor Hector first transported heard
With fierce delight the war's alarms,
Nor brave Deïphobus appear'd
Amid the tented field in arms,
With glorious ardour prodigal of life,
To guard a darling son, and faithful wife.

Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
In the small compass of a grave; 40
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,
No bard had they to make all time their own.

In earth if it forgotten lies,
What is the valour of the brave?
What difference, when the coward dies,
And sinks in silence to his grave?
Nor, Lollius, will I not thy praise proclaim,
But from oblivion vindicate thy fame.

Nor shall its livid power conceal
Thy toils—how glorious to the state! 50
How constant to the public weal
Through all the doubtful turns of Fate!
Thy steady soul, by long experience found
Erect alike, when fortune smil'd or frown'd.

Villains, in public rapine bold,
Lollius, the just avenger, dread,
Who never by the charms of gold,
Shining seducer! was misled;
Beyond thy year such virtue shall extend,
And death alone thy consulate shall end. 60

Perpetual magistrate is he,
Who keeps strict justice full in sight;
With scorn rejects the' offender's fee,
Nor weighs convenience against right;
Who bids the crowd at awful distance gaze,
And virtue's arms victoriously displays.

Not he, of wealth immense possess'd,
Tasteless who piles his massy gold,
Among the number of the bless'd
Should have his glorious name enroll'd; 70
He better claims the glorious name who knows
With wisdom to enjoy what heaven bestows:

Who knows the wrongs of want to bear,
Even in its lowest, last extreme;
Yet can with conscious virtue fear,
Far worse than death, a deed of shame;
Undaunted, for his country or his friend,
To sacrifice his life—O glorious end!

ODE X.

TO LIGURINUS.

O CRUEL still and vain of beauty's charms,
When wintry age thy insolence disarms;
When fall those locks that on thy shoulders play,
And youth's gay roses on thy cheeks decay;
When that smooth face shall age's roughness wear,
And in your glass another form appear;
Ah why! you'll say, do I now vainly burn,
Or with my wishes, not my youth return?

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, this Alban cask is thine,
Mellow'd by summers more than nine;
And in my garden, for thy head
My parsley-crowns their verdure spread:
For thee the creeping ivy twines,
With plate my cheerful dwelling shines:
With vervain chaste an altar bound,
Now thirsts for blood; the victim's crown'd.
All hands employ'd; my girls and boys,
With busy haste, prepare our joys; 10
Trembling the pointed flames arise,
Their smoke rolls upward to the skies:—
But why this busy, festal care?
This invitation to the fair?
This day the smiling month divides,
O'er which the sea-born queen presides;
Sacred to me, and due to mirth,
As the glad hour that gave me birth:
For when this happy morn appears,
Mæcenas counts a length of years 20
To roll in bright succession round,
With every joy and blessing crown'd.

Some of the commentators say this Ode is addressed to the mistress of Xanthus of the same name, mentioned in a former Ode. It seems to me to be clearly addressed by Horace to a mistress of his own; else what can be the sense of the last paragraph in the translation? (which is a faithful copy of the original) beginning,

'Come then, my latest love.'

Gay Telephus exults above
The humble fortunes of thy love,
And a rich buxom maid detains
His captive heart in willing chains.
The youth, destroy'd by heavenly fire,
Forbids ambition to aspire,
And Pegasus, who scorn'd to bear
His earth-born rider through the air, 30
A dread example hath supplied
To check the growth of human pride,
And caution my presumptuous fair
To grasp at things within her sphere.
Come then, my latest love, (for I
Shall never for another die)
Come, learn with me to newer lays
Thy voice of harmony to raise:
The soothing song, and charming air,
Shall lessen every gloomy care.

ODE XII.

TO VIRGIL.

COMPANIONS of the spring, the Thracian winds
With kindly breath now drive the bark from shore;
No frost, with hoary hand, the meadow binds,
Nor swoln with winter-snow the torrents roar.

The swallow, hapless bird! now builds her nest,
And in complaining notes begins to sing,
That, with revenge too cruelly possess'd,
Impious she punish'd an incestuous king.

Stretch'd on the springing grass the shepherd swain
  His reedy pipe with rural music fills; 10
The god, who guards his flock, approves the strain,
  The god, who loves Arcadia's gloomy hills.

Virgil, 'tis thine with noble youths to feast,
  Yet, since the thirsty season calls for wine,
Would you a cup of generous Bacchus taste,
  Bring you the odours, and a cask is thine.

Thy little box of spikenard shall produce
  A mighty cask, that in the cellar lies;
Big with large hopes shall flow the' inspiring juice,
  Powerful to soothe our griefs, and raise our joys.

If pleasures such as these can charm thy soul, 21
  Bring the glad merchandise, with sweets replete;
Nor empty-handed shall you touch the bowl,
  Nor mean I like swoln opulence to treat.

Think on the gloomy pyle's funereal flames,
  And be no more with sordid lucre blind;
Mix a short folly with thy labour'd schemes;
  'Tis joyous folly that unbends the mind.

ODE XIII.

TO LYCE.

The gods, the gods have heard my prayer;
Yet, Lyce, spite of hoary hair,

In Francis, the 3d verse is, 'Yet you a toast would shine.' Such modernizing of words may embellish an imitation, but should not be in a translation. Besides, the word *toast*, for a *beauty*, is now obsolete.

A beauty still you'd shine:
You impudently drink and joke,
And with a broken voice provoke
Desires no longer thine.

Cupid, who joys in dimple sleek,
Now lies in blooming Chia's cheek,
Who tunes the melting lay;
From blasted oaks the wanton flies, 10
Scar'd at thy wrinkles, haggard eyes,
And head snow'd o'er with grey.

Nor glowing purple, nor the blaze
Of jewels, can restore the days;
To thee those days of glory,
Which, wafted on the wings of time,
Even from thy birth to beauty's prime,
Recorded stand in story.

Ah! whither is thy Venus fled?
That bloom, by nature's cunning spread? 20
That every graceful art?
Of her, of her, what now remains,
Who breath'd the loves, who charm'd the swains,
And snatch'd me from my heart?

Once happy maid! in pleasing guiles
Who vied with Cynara in smiles,
Ah! tragical survival!
She glorious died in beauty's bloom,
While cruel Fate defers thy doom
To be the raven's rival; 30

That youths, in fervent wishes bold,
Not without laughter may behold
A torch, whose early fire
Could every breast with love inflame,
Now faintly spread a sickly gleam,
And in a smoke expire.

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

How shall our holy senate's care,
Or Rome, with grateful joy prepare
Thy monumental honours big with fame,
And in her festal annals eternize thy name?

O thou, where Sol with kindly rays
The habitable globe surveys,
Greatest of princes, whose vindictive war
First broke the' unconquer'd Gaul to thy triumphal car.

For when thy legions Drusus led,
How swift the rapid Brenni fled! 10
The rough Genauni fell, and rais'd in vain
Tremendous on the Alps, twice overwhelm'd the plain

Their haughty towers. With just success
While the good gods thy battle bless,
Our elder Nero smote with deep dismay
The Rhœtians, huge of bulk, and broke their firm array.

Conspicuous in the martial strife,
And nobly prodigal of life,
With what prodigious ruins he oppress'd
For glorious liberty the death-devoted breast! 20

As when the Pleiads rend the skies
In mystic dance, the winds arise,
And work the seas untam'd; such was the force,
With which, through spreading fires, he spurr'd his foaming horse.

So branching Aufidus, who laves
The Daunian realms, fierce rolls his waves,
When to the golden labours of the swain,
He meditates his wrath, and deluges the plain.

As Claudius, with impetuous might,
Broke through the iron ranks of fight; 30
From front to rear the bloodless victor sped,
Mow'd down the' embattled field, and wide the slaughter spread.

Thine were his troops, his counsels thine,
And all his guardian powers divine:
For since the day, when Alexandria's port
Open'd, in suppliance low, her desolated court;

When thrice five times the circling sun
His annual course of light had run;
Fortune by this success hath crown'd thy name,
Confirm'd thy glories past, and rais'd thy future fame. 40

Dread guardian of the' imperial state,
Whose presence rules thy country's fate,
On whom the Medes with awful wonder gaze,
Whom unhous'd Scythians fear, unconquer'd Spain obeys;

Nilus, who hides his sevenfold source,
The Tigris, headlong in his course,
The Danube, and the ocean wild that roars
With monster-bearing waves, round Britain's rocky shores;

The fearless Gaul thy name reveres,
Thy voice the rough Iberian hears, 50
With arms compos'd the fierce Sicambrians yield,
Nor view, with dear delight, the carnage of the field.

ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

I WOULD have sung of battles dire,
  And mighty cities overthrown,
When Phœbus smote me with his lyre,
  And warn'd me with an angry tone,
Not to unfold my little sail, or brave
The boundless terrors of the Tyrrhene wave.

Yet will I sing thy peaceful reign,
  Which crowns with fruits our happy fields,
And rent from Parthia's haughty fane
  To Roman Jove his eagles yields; 10
Augustus bids the rage of battle cease,
And shuts up Janus in eternal peace.

Restrain'd by arts of ancient fame,
  Wild licence walks at large no more;
Those arts, by which the Latian name,
  The Roman strength, the' imperial power,
With awful majesty unbounded spread
To rising Phœbus from his western bed.

While watchful Cæsar guards our age,
  Nor civil wrath, nor loud alarms 20
Of foreign tumults, nor the rage
  That joys to forge destructive arms,
And ruin'd cities fills with hostile woes,
Shall e'er disturb, O Rome, thy safe repose.

As the preceding Ode compliments Augustus on the success of himself and his generals in war, this holds him out as the object of praise for the milder virtues of peace and humanity.

Nations, who quaff the rapid stream,
  Where deep the Danube rolls his wave;
The Parthians, of perfidious fame,
  The Getæ fierce, and Seres brave,
And they, on Tanaïs who wide extend,
Shall to the Julian laws reluctant bend. 30

Our wives and children share our joy,
  With Bacchus' jovial blessings gay;
Thus we the festal hours employ,
  Thus grateful hail the busy day;
But first, with solemn rites the gods adore,
And, like our sires, their sacred aid implore;

Then vocal, with harmonious lays
  To Lydian flutes, of cheerful sound,
Attemper'd sweetly, we shall raise
  The valiant deeds of chiefs renown'd; 40
Old Troy, Anchises, and the godlike race
Of Venus, blooming with immortal grace.

EPODES.

EPODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

While you, Mæcenas, dearest friend,
Would Cæsar's person with your own defend;
And Antony's high-towered fleet,
With light, Liburnian galleys, fearless meet;
What shall forsaken Horace do,
Whose every joy of life depends on you?
With thee, 'tis happiness to live,
And life, without thee, can no pleasure give.
Shall I the' unkind command obey,
And idly waste my joyless hours away; 10

The various conjectures of the commentators on this book would be little interesting to the English reader. The Greek Odes were generally divided into a certain number of ternaries of stanzas, of which the two first were called the Strophe and Antistrophe, which were exactly of the same measure; and the third, which was of a different measure, was called the Epode. There does not seem much analogy between these poems and that part of the Greek Ode; except, perhaps, from their being subsequent to the other Odes, and being in a different measure from any of them. They are so inferior to their predecessors in every respect, that we can hardly suppose them the work of the same poet. The English reader will find this arrangement of the Greek Ode exemplified in West's translation of Pindar, and in Gray's Pindaric Odes.

Or, as becomes the brave, embrace
The glorious toil, and spurn the thoughts of peace?
I will: and over Alpine snow,
Or savage Caucasus, intrepid go;
Or follow, with undaunted breast,
Thy dreadful warfare to the furthest west.
You ask, what aid I can afford,
A puny warrior; novice to the sword:
Absence, my lord, increases fear;
The danger lessens when the friend is near; 20
Thus, if the mother-bird forsake
Her unfledg'd young, she dreads the gliding snake,
With deeper agonies afraid;
Not that her presence could afford them aid.
With cheerful heart will I sustain,
To purchase your esteem, this dread campaign:
Not that my ploughs, with heavier toil,
Or with a larger team, may turn my soil;
Not that my flocks, when Sirius reigns,
May browze the verdure of Lucania's plains; 30
Not that my villa shall extend
To where the walls of Tusculum ascend.
Thy bounty largely hath supplied,
Ev'n with a lavish hand, my utmost pride;
Nor will I meanly wish for more,
Tasteless in earth to hide the sordid store,
Like an old miser in the play,
Or like a rake to squander it away.

EPODE II.

THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

LIKE the first mortals bless'd is he,
From debts, and mortgages, and business free,
With his own team who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once confess'd his father's toil.
The sounds of war nor break his sleep,
Nor the rough storm that harrows up the deep;
He shuns the courtier's haughty doors,
And the loud science of the bar abjures.
Sometimes his marriageable vines
Around the lofty bridegroom elm he twines, 10
Or lops the vagrant boughs away,
Ingrafting better as the old decay;
Or in the lengthening vale surveys
His lowing herd safe-wandering as they graze;
Or careful stores the flowing gold
Press'd from the hive, or sheers his tender fold;
Or when with various fruits o'erspread
The mellow autumn lifts his beauteous head,
His grafted pears or grapes that vie
With the rich purple of the Tyrian dye, 20
Grateful he gathers; and repays
His guardian gods on their own festal days.
Sometimes beneath an ancient shade,
Or careless on the matted grass he's laid,

In this commercial country, examples are not scarce of persons, who, like the subject of this Epode, having spent most of their days in the acquisition of wealth, have in vain tried the pleasures and employments of a country life, and have been glad again to return to their former occupations.

While glide the mountain-streams along,
And birds in forests chant their plaintive song;
Murmuring the lucid fountain flows,
And with its murmurs courts him to repose.
But when the rain and snows appear,
And wintry Jove loud thunders o'er the year, 30
With hounds he drives into the toils
The foaming boar, and triumphs in his spoils:
Or for voracious thrushes lays
His nets, and with delusive baits betrays;
Or artful sets the springing snare,
To catch the stranger crane, or timorous hare.
Thus happy, who would stoop to prove
The pains, the wrongs, and injuries of love?
But if a chaste and virtuous wife
Assist him in the tender cares of life, 40
Of sun-burnt charms, but honest fame
(Such as the Sabine, or Apulian dame)
If e'er her wearied spouse return,
The sacred fire with good old timber burn:
Or if she milk her swelling kine,
Or in their folds his happy flocks confine;
If unbought dainties crown their feast,
And luscious wines from this year's vintage press'd;
No more shall curious oysters please,
Or fish, the luxury of foreign seas, 50
When eastern tempests, thundering o'er
The wintry wave, shall drive them to our shore;
Nor wild-fowl of delicious taste,
From distant climates brought to crown the feast,
Shall e'er so grateful prove to me,
As olives gather'd from their unctuous tree,
Or herbs, that love the flowery field,
And cheerful health with pure digestion yield;

Or fatling, on the festal day,
Or kid just rescued from some beast of prey. 60
Amid the feast how joys he to behold
His well-fed flocks home hasting to their fold!
Or see his labour'd oxen bow
Their languid necks, and drag the' inverted plough:
At night his numerous slaves to view
Round his domestic gods their mirth pursue!
The usurer spoke; determin'd to begin
A country life, he calls his money in;
But, ere the moon was in her wane,
The wretch had put it out to use again.

EPODE III.

TO MÆCENAS.

If parricide ever, in horrors most dire,
With impious right hand shall strangle his sire,
On garlick, than hemlock more rank, let him feed:
O stomach of mowers to digest such a weed!
What poison is this in my bosom so glowing?
Have I swallow'd the gore of a viper unknowing?
Canidia perhaps hath handled the feast,
And with witchery hellish the banquet hath dress'd.
With this did Medea her lover besmear,
Young Jason, beyond all his Argonauts fair; 10
The stench was so strong, that it tam'd to the yoke
The brass-footed bulls, breathing fire and smoke.
On the gown of Creüsa its juices she shed,
Then on her wing'd chariot in triumph she fled.
Not such the strong vapour, that burns up the plains,
When the dog-star in anger triumphantly reigns;

Not the shirt of Alcides, that well-labour'd soldier,
With flames more envenom'd burn'd into his shoulder.
May the girl of your heart, if ever you taste,
Facetious Mæcenas, so baleful a feast; 20
Her hand o'er your kisses, oh! may she bespread,
And lie afar off on the stock of the bed!

EPODE IV.

As wolves and lambs by nature disagree,
So is my hatred firm to thee;
Thou wretch, whose back with flagrant whips is torn,
Whose legs with galling fetters worn:
Though wealth thy native insolence inflame,
A scoundrel ever is the same.
While you your twice three ells of gown display,
And stalk along the sacred way,
Observe the free-born indignation rise,
Mark! how they turn away their eyes:— 10
'This wretch (they cry) with public lashing flay'd,
Till even the beadle loath'd his trade,
Now ploughs his thousand acres of domain,
And wears the pavement with his train;
Now on the foremost benches sits, in spite
Of Otho, an illustrious knight.
From slaves and pirates to assert the main,
Shall Rome such mighty fleets maintain;
And shall those fleets, that dreadful rule the sea,
A pirate and a slave obey?'

EPODE V.

ON THE WITCH CANIDIA.

But oh! ye gods, whose awful sway,
Heaven, earth, and human kind obey,
What can this hideous noise intend,
On me what ghastly looks they bend?
  If ever chaste Lucina heard
Thy vows in hour of birth preferr'd;
Oh! by this robe's impurpled train,
Its purple pride, alas, how vain!
By the unerring wrath of Jove,
Unerring shall his vengeance prove; 10
Why like a step-dame do you look,
Or tigress fell by hunter struck?
  Thus, while his sacred robes they tear,
The trembling boy prefers his prayer;
Then naked stands, with charms to move
An impious Thracian witch to love.
Canidia, crown'd with writhing snakes
Dishevell'd, thus the silence breaks:—
  'Now the magic fire prepare,
  And from graves uprooted tear 20
  Trees, whose horrors gloomy spread
  Round the mansions of the dead:
  Bring the eggs, and plumage foul,
  Of a midnight shrieking owl;
  Be they well besmear'd with blood
  Of the blackest venom'd toad;
  Bring the choicest drugs of Spain,
  Produce of the poisonous plain:
  Then into the charm be thrown,
  Snatch'd from famish'd bitch, a bone; 30

Burn them all with magic flame,
Kindled first by Colchian dame.'
Now Sagana, around the cell
Sprinkled her waters black from hell;
Fierce as a porcupine, or boar,
In frightful wreaths her hair she wore.
Veia, who never knew remorse,
Uplifts the spade with feeble force,
And breathless with the horrid toil,
Deep-groaning breaks the guilty soil; 40
Turns out the earth, and digs a grave
In which the boy (as o'er the wave
A lusty swimmer lifts his head)
Chin-deep sinks downward to the dead;
O'er dainties, chang'd twice thrice a-day,
Slowly to gaze his life away,
That the foul hags an amorous dose
Of his parch'd marrow may compose,
His marrow, and his liver dried,
The seat where wanton thoughts reside; 50
When fix'd upon his food in vain,
His eye-balls pin'd away with pain.
Naples, for idleness renown'd,
And all the villages around,
Believe that Folia shar'd their rites;
She who in monstrous lusts delights,
Whose voice the stars from heaven can tear,
And charm bright Luna from her sphere.
Here, with black tooth, and livid jaws,
Her unpar'd thumbs Canidia gnaws, 60
And into hideous accents broke,
In sounds, how direful! thus she spoke:
'Ye powers of darkness and of hell,
Propitious to the magic spell,

Who rule in silence o'er the night,
While we perform the mystic rite,
Be present now, your horrors shed,
In hallow'd vengeance, on his head.
'Beneath the forest's gloomy shade,
While beasts in slumbers sweet are laid, 70
Give me the lecher, old and lewd,
By barking village curs pursued;
Expos'd to laughter, let him shine
In essence—ah! that once was mine.
What! do my strongest potions fail,
Or than Medea's less prevail?
For the fair harlot, proud of heart,
Deep felt the vengeance of her art;
Her gown, with powerful poisons dyed,
In flames enwrapp'd the guilty bride. 80
But every root and herb I know,
And on what steepy depths they grow;
And yet, with essence round him shed,
He sleeps in some bold harlot's bed,
Or walks at large, nor thinks of me,
By some more mighty witch set free.
'But soon the wretch my wrath shall prove,
By spells unwonted taught to love;
Nor shall even Marsian charms have power,
Thy peace, O Varus, to restore. 90
I'll fill, to bend thy haughty soul,
With stronger drugs a larger bowl:
Sooner the seas to heaven shall rise,
And earth spring upwards to the skies,
Than you not burn in fierce desire,
As melts this pitch in smoky fire.'
The boy, with lenient words no more,
Now strives their pity to implore;

With rage yet doubtful what to speak,
Forth from his lips these curses break—— 100
'Your spells may right and wrong remove,
But ne'er shall change the wrath of Jove;
For while I curse the direful deed,
In vain shall all your victims bleed.
Soon as this mortal spirit dies,
A midnight fury will I rise:
Then shall my ghost, though form'd of air,
Your cheeks with crooked talons tear,
Unceasing on your entrails prey,
And fright the thoughts of sleep away; 110
Such horrors shall the guilty know,
Such is the power of gods below.
'Ye filthy hags, with showers of stones
The vengeful crowd shall crush your bones;
Then beasts of prey, and birds of air,
Shall your unburied members tear,
And, while they weep their favourite boy,
My parents shall the vengeful sight enjoy.'

EPODE VI.

TO CASSIUS SEVERUS.

Why dost thou, fearful to provoke
The wolf, attack offenceless folk?
Turn hither, if you dare, your spite;
And bark at me, prepar'd to bite.
For like a hound or mastiff keen,
That guards the shepherd's flocky green,
With ears erect, and eager haste,
Through snows I drive each ravening beast:

But you, when with your hideous yelling
You fill the grove, at crusts are smelling. 10
Beware, beware! for, sharp as spurs,
I lift my horns to butt at curs:
Fierce as Archilochus I glow;
Like Hipponax, a deadly foe.
If any mungrel shall assail
My character with tooth and nail;
What! like a truant boy, shall I
Do nothing in revenge—but cry?

EPODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

WHITHER, oh! whither do ye madly run,
The sword unsheath'd, and impious war begun?
Has then too little of the Latian blood
Been pour'd on earth, or mix'd with Neptune's flood?
'Tis not that Romans with avenging flame
Might burn the rival of the Roman name,
Or Britons, yet unbroken to our war,
In chains should follow our triumphal car;
But that the Parthian should his vows enjoy,
And Rome, with impious hand, herself destroy.
The rage of wolves and lions is confin'd; 10
They never prey but on a different kind.
Answer; from madness rise these horrors dire,
Does angry Fate, or guilt your souls inspire?
Silent they stand; with stupid wonder gaze,
While the pale cheek their inward guilt betrays.
'Tis so—The Fates have cruelly decreed,
That Rome for ancient fratricide must bleed;
The brother's blood, which stain'd our rising walls,
On his descendants loud for vengeance calls.

EPODE IX.

TO MÆCENAS.

When shall we quaff, my friend, the flowing wine,
Reserv'd for pious feasts, and joys divine?
Cæsar with conquest comes, and gracious Jove,
Who gave that conquest, shall our joys approve:
Then bid the breath of harmony inspire
The Doric flute, and wake the Phrygian lyre;
As late when the Neptunian youth, who spurn'd
A mortal birth, beheld his navy burn'd,
And fled affrighted through his father's waves,
With his perfidious host; his host of slaves, 10
Freed from those chains, with which his rage design'd,
Impious! the freeborn sons of Rome to bind.
The Roman troops (oh! be the tale denied
By future times) enslav'd to woman's pride;
And to a wither'd eunuch's will severe
Basely subdued, the toils of war could bear.
Amidst the Roman eagles Sol survey'd,
O shame! the' Egyptian canopy display'd;
When twice a thousand Gauls aloud proclaim,
Indignant at the sight, great Cæsar's name, 20
And a brave fleet, by just resentment led,
Turn'd their broad prows, and to our havens fled.
Come, god of Triumphs! bring the golden car,
The untam'd heifers, and the spoils of war;
For he, whose virtue rais'd his awful tomb
O'er ruin'd Carthage, ne'er return'd to Rome
So great and glorious, nor could Lybia's field
To thee, O Triumph! such a leader yield.
Pursued by land and sea, the vanquish'd foe
Hath chang'd his purple for the garb of woe; 30

With winds, no more his own; with shatter'd fleet,
He seeks the far-fam'd hundred towns of Crete;
To tempest-beaten Lybia speeds his way,
Or drives, a vagrant, through the' uncertain sea.
Boy, bring us larger bowls, and fill them round
With Chian, or the Lesbian vintage crown'd,
Or rich Cæcubian, which may best restrain
These sickening qualms, and fortify the brain.
The' inspiring juice shall the gay banquet warm,
Nor Cæsar's danger shall our fears alarm. 40

EPODE X.

TO MÆVIUS.

When filthy Mævius hoists the spreading sail,
Each luckless omen shall prevail.
Ye southern winds, invert the foamy tides,
And bang his labouring vessel's sides;
Let Eurus rouse the main with blackening roar,
Crack every cable, every oar.
May northern storms rise dreadful o'er the floods,
As when they break the mountain-woods,
And while Orion sets in watery light,
Let not a star shine through the night. 10
Mayst thou no kinder winds, O Mævius! meet,
Than the victorious Grecian fleet,
When Pallas turn'd her rage from ruin'd Troy,
The impious Ajax to destroy.
With streams of sweat the toiling sailor glows,
Thy face a muddy paleness shows;
Nor shall thy vile unmanly wailings move
The pity of avenging Jove.
While watery winds the bellowing ocean shake,
I see thy luckless vessel break; 20

But if thy carcass reach the winding shore,
  And birds the pamper'd prey devour,
A lamb and lustful goat shall thank the storm,
  And I the sacrifice perform.

EPODE XI.

TO PETTIUS.

SINCE cruel love, O Pettius! pierc'd my heart,
How have I lost my once-lov'd lyric art?
Thrice have the woods their leafy honour mourn'd,
Since for Inachia's beauties Horace burn'd.
How was I then (for I confess my shame)
Of every idle tale the laughing theme?
Oh! that I ne'er had known the jovial feast,
Where the deep sigh that rends the labouring breast,
Where languor, and a gentle silence, shows,
To every curious eye, the lover's woes. 10
  Pettius, how often o'er the flowing bowl,
When the gay liquor warm'd my opening soul,
When Bacchus, jovial god, no more restrain'd
The modest secret, how have I complain'd,
That wealthy blockheads, in a female's eyes,
From a poor poet's genius bear the prize?
But if a generous rage my breast should warm,
I swore—no vain amusements e'er shall charm
My aching wounds. Ye vagrant winds, receive
The sighs, that soothe the pains they should relieve;
Here shall my shame of being conquer'd end, 20
Nor with such rivals will I more contend.
  When thus, with solemn air, I vaunting said,
Inspir'd by thy advice I homeward sped;

But, ah! my feet in wonted wanderings stray,
And to no friendly doors my steps betray;
There I forgot my vows, forget my pride,
And at her threshold lay my tortur'd side.

EPODE XIII.

TO A FRIEND.

See what horrid tempests rise,
And contract the clouded skies;
Snows and showers fill the air,
And bring down the atmosphere.
Hark! what tempests sweep the floods!
How they shake the rattling woods!
  Let us, while 'tis in our power,
Let us seize the fleeting hour;
While our cheeks are fresh and gay,
Let us drive old age away; 10
Let us smooth its gather'd brows,
Youth its hour of mirth allows.
  Bring us down the mellow'd wine,
Rich in years, that equal mine;
Prithee talk no more of sorrow,
To the gods belong to-morrow,
And, perhaps, with gracious power,
They may change the gloomy hour.
Let the richest essence shed
Eastern odours on your head, 20
While the soft Cyllenian lyre
Shall your labouring breast inspire.
  To his pupil, brave and young,
Thus the noble Centaur sung:

'Matchless mortal! though 'tis thine,
Proud to boast a birth divine,
Yet the banks, with cooling waves
Which the smooth Scamander laves,
And where Simoïs with pride
Rougher rolls his rapid tide, 30
Destin'd by unerring Fate,
Shall the sea-born hero wait.
There the Sisters, fated boy,
Shall thy thread of life destroy;
Nor shall azure Thetis more
Waft thee to thy natal shore:
Then let joy and mirth be thine,
Mirthful songs, and joyous wine,
And with converse blithe and gay,
Drive all gloomy cares away.'

EPODE XV.

TO NEÆRA.

CLEAR was the night, the face of heaven serene,
Bright shone the moon amidst her starry train,
When round my neck as curls the tendril vine—
(Loose are its curlings, if compar'd to thine)
'Twas then, insulting every heavenly power,
That, as I dictated, you boldly swore;
While the gaunt wolf pursues the trembling sheep,
While fierce Orion harrows up the deep,
While Phœbus' locks float wanton in the wind,
Thus shall Neæra prove, thus ever kind. 10
  But, if with aught of man was Horace born,
Severely shalt thou feel his honest scorn;

Nor shall he tamely bear the bold delight
With which his rival riots out the night:
But in his anger seek some kinder dame,
Warm with the raptures of a mutual flame;
Nor shall thy rage, thy grief, or angry charms,
Recal the lover to thy faithless arms.
And thou, whoe'er thou art, who joy to shine, 19
Proud as thou art, in spoils which once were mine,
Though wide thy land extends, and large thy fold,
Though rivers roll for thee their purest gold,
Though nature's wisdom in her works were thine,
And beauties of the human face divine,
Yet soon thy pride her wandering love shall mourn,
While I shall laugh, exulting, in my turn.

EPODE XVI.

TO THE ROMANS.

In endless civil war, the' imperial state
By her own strength precipitates her fate.
What neighbouring nations, fiercely leagu'd in arms,
What Porsena, with insolent alarms
Threatening her tyrant monarch to restore;
What Spartacus, and Capua's rival power;
What Gaul, tumultuous and devoid of truth,
And fierce Germania, with her blue-eyed youth;
What Hannibal, on whose accursed head
Our sires their deepest imprecations shed, 10
In vain attempted to her awful state,
Shall we, a blood-devoted race, complete?
Again shall savage beasts these hills possess?
And fell barbarians, wanton with success,

Scatter our city's flaming ruins wide,
Or through her streets in vengeful triumph ride;
And her great founder's hallow'd ashes spurn,
That sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn?
  But some, perhaps, to shun the rising shame
(Which heaven approve) would try some happier scheme. 20
As the Phocæans oft for freedom bled,
At length, with imprecated curses, fled;
And left to boars and wolves the sacred fane,
And all their household gods, ador'd in vain;
So let us fly, as far as earth extends,
Or where the vagrant wind our voyage bends.
  Shall this, or shall some better scheme prevail?
Why do we stop to hoist the willing sail?
But let us swear, when floating rocks shall gain,
Rais'd from the deep, the surface of the main; 30
When lowly Po the mountain-summit laves,
And Apennine shall plunge beneath the waves:
When nature's monsters meet in strange delight,
And the fell tigress shall with stags unite;
When the fierce kite shall woo the willing dove,
And win the wanton with adulterous love;
When herds on brindled lions fearless gaze,
And the smooth goat exults in briny seas;
Then, and then only, to the tempting gale
To spread, repentant, the returning sail. 40
  But to cut off our hopes, those hopes that charm
Our fondness home, let us with curses arm
These high resolves. Thus let the brave and wise,
Whose souls above the' indocile vulgar rise;
And let the crowd, who dare not hope success,
Inglorious, these ill-omen'd seats possess.
  But ye, whom virtue warms, indulge no more
These female plaints, but quit this fated shore;

For earth-surrounding sea our flight awaits,
Offering its blissful isles, and happy seats, 50
Where annual Ceres crowns the' uncultur'd field,
And vines unprun'd their blushing clusters yield;
Where olives, faithful to their season, grow,
And figs with nature's deepest purple glow:
From hollow oaks where honey'd streams distil,
And bounds with noisy foot the pebbled rill;
Where goats untaught forsake the flowery vale,
And bring their swelling udders to the pail;
Nor evening bears the sheep-fold growl around,
Nor mining vipers heave the tainted ground; 60
Nor watery Eurus deluges the plain,
Nor heats excessive burn the springing grain.
Not Argo thither turn'd her armed head;
Medea there no magic poison spread;
No merchants thither plough the pathless main,
For guilty commerce, and a thirst of gain;
Nor wise Ulysses, and his wandering bands,
Vicious, though brave, e'er knew these happy lands.
O'er the glad flocks no foul contagion spreads,
Nor summer sun his burning influence sheds. 70
Pure and unmix'd the world's first ages roll'd,
But soon as brass had stain'd the flowing gold,
To iron harden'd by succeeding crimes,
Jove for the just preserv'd these happy climes,
To which the gods this pious race invite,
And bid me, raptur'd bard, direct their flight.

EPODE XVII.

TO CANIDIA.

CANIDIA, to thy matchless art,
Vanquish'd I yield a suppliant heart:
But oh! by hell's extended plains,
Where Pluto's gloomy consort reigns;
By bright Diana's vengeful rage,
Which prayers nor hecatombs assuage;
And by the books, of power to call
The charmed stars, and bid them fall;
No more pronounce the sacred scroll,
But back the magic circle roll. 10
E'en stern Achilles could forgive
The Mysian king, and bid him live;
Though proud he rang'd the ranks of fight,
And hurl'd the spear with daring might.
Thus, when the murderous Hector lay
Condemn'd to dogs, and birds of prey;
Yet when his royal father kneel'd,
The fierce Achilles knew to yield,
And Troy's unhappy matrons paid
Their sorrows to their Hector's shade. 20
Ulysses' friends, in labours tried,
(So Circe will'd) threw off their hide,
Assum'd the human form divine,
And dropp'd the voice and sense of swine.
O thou, whom tars and merchants love,
Too deep thy vengeful rage I prove;
Reduc'd, alas! to skin and bone,
My vigour fled, my colour gone.
Thy fragrant odours on my head
More than the snows of age have shed. 30

Days press on nights, and nights on days,
Yet never bring an hour of ease;
While gasping in the pangs of death,
I stretch my lungs in vain for breath.
  Thy charms have power ('tis now confess'd)
To split the head, and tear the breast.
What would you more, all-charming dame?
O seas, and earth! this scorching flame!
Not such the fire Alcides bore,
When the black-venom'd shirt he wore: 40
Nor such the flames, that to the skies
From Etna's burning entrails rise;
And yet, thou shop of poisons dire,
You glow with unrelenting fire,
Till by the rapid heat calcin'd,
Vagrant I drive before the wind.
  How long?—What ransom shall I pay?
Speak—I the stern command obey.
To expiate the guilty deed,
Say shall an hundred bullocks bleed? 50
Or shall I to the lying string
Thy fame and spotless virtue sing?
Teach thee, a golden star, to rise,
And deathless walk the spangled skies?
  When Helen's virtue was defam'd,
Her brothers, though with rage enflam'd,
Yet to the bard his eyes restor'd,
When suppliant he their grace implor'd.
  Oh! calm this madness of my brain,
For you can heal this raging pain. 60
You never knew the birth of shame,
Nor by thy hand, all-skilful dame,
The poor man's ashes are upturn'd,
Though they be thrice three days inurn'd.

Thy bosom's bounteous and humane,
Thy hand from blood and murder clean;
And with a blooming race of boys,
Lucina crowns thy mother-joys.

CANIDIA'S ANSWER.

I'LL hear no more. Thy prayers are vain.
Not rocks, amid the wintry main,
Less heed the shipwreck'd sailor's cries,
When Neptune bids the tempest rise.
Shall you Cotyttia's feasts deride,
Yet safely triumph in thy pride?
Or, impious, to the glare of day
The sacred joys of love betray?
Or fill the city with my name,
And, pontiff-like, our rites defame? 10
Did I with wealth in vain enrich
Of potent spells each charming witch;
Or mix the speedy drugs in vain?
No—through a lingering length of pain,
Reluctant shalt thou drag thy days,
While every hour new pangs shall raise.
Gazing on the delusive feast,
Which charms his eye, yet flies his taste,
Perfidious Tantalus implores,
For rest, for rest, the vengeful powers; 20
Prometheus, while the vulture preys
Upon his liver, longs for ease;
And Sisiphus, with many a groan,
Uprolls, with ceaseless toil, his stone,
To fix it on the topmost hill;
In vain, for Jove's all-ruling will

Forbids. When thus in black despair
Down from some castle, high in air,
You seek an headlong fate below,
Or try the dagger's pointed blow; 30
Or if the left-ear'd knot you tie,
Yet death your vain attempts shall fly;
Then on your shoulders will I ride,
And earth shall shake beneath my pride.
  Could I with life an image warm,
(Impertinent! you saw the charm)
Or tear down Luna from her skies,
Or bid the dead, though burn'd, arise;
Or mix the draught inspiring love;
And shall my art on thee successless prove?

SECULAR POEM.

THE

POET TO THE PEOPLE.

STAND off, ye vulgar, nor profane,
With bold, unhallow'd sounds, this festal scene:
In hymns, inspir'd by truth divine,
I, priest of the melodious Nine,
To youths and virgins sing the mystic strain.

Though I did not think myself justified to change the arrangement of the Secular Ode, which Francis adopted from Sanadon; I must say, there appears to be no other ground for such arrangement, than the eccentric fancy of the French critic.

Stand off, &c.] This should be the 1st strophe of Book iii. Ode i.

TO THE

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

PHŒBUS taught me how to sing,
How to tune the vocal string;
Phœbus made me known to fame,
Honour'd with a poet's name.

This and the next division should be Book iv. Ode vi. reversing their order.

Noble youths, and virgins fair,
Chaste Diana's guardian care,
(Goddess, whose unerring dart
Stops the lynx, or flying hart)
Mark the Lesbian measures well,
Where they fall, and where they swell; 10
And in various cadence sing,
As I strike the changing string.
To the God who gilds the skies,
Let the solemn numbers rise;
Solemn sing the queen of night,
And her crescent's bending light,
Which adown the fruitful year
Rolls the months in prone career.
Soon upon her bridal day,
Thus the joyful maid shall say, 20
'When the great revolving year
Bade the festal morn appear,
High the vocal hymn I rais'd,
And the listening gods were pleas'd;
All the vocal hymn divine,
Horace, tuneful bard, was thine.'

FIRST CONCERT.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Tityos, with impious lust inspir'd,
By chaste Latona's beauties fir'd,
Thy wrath, O Phœbus, tried;
And Niobe, of tongue profane,
Deplor'd her numerous offspring slain,
Sad victims of their mother's pride.

Achilles too, the son of fame,
Though sprung from Thetis, sea-born dame,
And first of men in fight;
Though warring with tremendous spear, 10
He shook the Trojan towers with fear,
Yet bow'd to thy superior might:

The cypress, when by storms impell'd,
Or pine, by biting axes fell'd,
Low bends the towering head;
So falling on the' ensanguin'd plain,
By your unerring arrow slain,
His mighty bulk the hero spread.

He would not Priam's heedless court,
Dissolv'd in wine, and festal sport, 20
With midnight art surprise,
But bravely bold, of open force,
Would proudly scorn Minerva's horse,
And all its holy cheat despise:

Then arm'd, alas! with horrors dire,
Wide-wasting with resistless ire,
Into the flames had thrown
Infants, upon whose faltering tongue
Their words in formless accents hung,
Even those to light and life unknown. 30

But charm'd by beauty's queen and thee,
The sire of gods, with just decree
Assenting, shook the skies;
That Troy should change the' imperial seat,
And, guided by a better fate,
Glorious in distant realms should rise.

Oh! may the god, who could inspire
With living sounds the Grecian lyre;

In Xanthus' lucid stream
Who joys to bathe his flowing hair, 40
Now make the Latian Muse his care,
And powerful guard her rising fame.

SECOND CONCERT.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Ye virgins, sing Diana's praise.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Ye boys, let youthful Phœbus crown your lays.

THE TWO CHOIRS.

Together let us raise the voice
To her, belov'd by Jove supreme,
Let fair Latona be the theme,
Our tuneful theme, his beauteous choice.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Ye virgins, sing Diana's fame,
Who bathes delighted in the limpid stream;
Dark Erymanthus' awful groves,
The woods, that Algidus o'erspread, 10
Or wave on Cragus' verdant head,
Joyous the' immortal huntress loves.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Ye boys, with equal honour sing
Fair Tempe, cloth'd with ever-blooming spring;

This should be Ode xxi. Book i.

Then hail the Delian birth divine,
Whose shoulders, beaming heavenly fire,
Grac'd with his brother's warbling lyre,
And with the golden quiver shine.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Mov'd by the solemn voice of prayer,
They both shall make imperial Rome their care, 20
And gracious turn the direful woes
Of famine and of weeping war
From Rome, from sacred Cæsar far,
And pour them on our British foes.

THIRD CONCERT.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Ye radiant glories of the skies,
Ever-beaming god of light,
Sweetly-shining queen of night,
Beneath whose wrath the wood-born savage dies;
Ye powers, to whom with ceaseless praise
A grateful world its homage pays,
Let our prayer, our prayer be heard,
Now in this solemn hour preferr'd;
When by the Sibyl's dread command,
Of spotless maids a chosen train, 10
Of spotless youths a chosen band,
To all our guardian gods uplift the hallow'd strain.

This to the end is the whole of what is properly the Secular Ode.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Fair sun, who with unchanging beam
Rising another, and the same,
Canst from thy beamy car unfold
The glorious day,
Or hide it in thy setting ray;
Of light and life immortal source,
May'st thou, in all thy radiant course,
Nothing more great than seven-hill'd Rome behold.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Goddess of the natal hour, 21
Or if other name more dear,
Propitious power,
Can charm your ear,
Our pregnant matrons gracious hear:
With lenient hand their pangs compose,
Heal their agonizing throes;
Give the springing birth to light,
And with every genial grace,
Prolific of an endless race, 30
Oh! crown our marriage laws, and bless the nuptial rite:

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

That when the circling years complete
Again this awful season bring;
Thrice with the revolving light,
Thrice beneath the shades of night,
In countless bands our youthful choirs may sing
These festal hymns, these pious games repeat.

Ye Fates, from whom unerring flows
The word of truth; whose firm decree
Its stated bounds and order knows, 40
Wide-spreading through eternity;

With guardian care around us wait,
And with successive glories crown the state.

Let earth her various fruitage yield,
Her living verdure spread;
And form, amid the waving field,
A sheafy crown for Ceres' head;
Fall genial showers, and o'er our fleecy care
May Jove indulgent breathe his purest air.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Phœbus, whose kindly beams impart 50
Health and gladness to the heart,
While in its quiver lies the pestilential dart,
Thy youthful suppliants hear:
Queen of the stars, who rul'st the night
In horned majesty of light,
Bend to thy virgins a propitious ear.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

If, ye gods, the Roman state
Was form'd by your immortal power,
Or if, to change the' imperial seat,
And other deities adore, 60
Beneath your guidance the Dardanian host
Pour'd forth their legions on the Tuscan coast;

For whom Æneas, through the fire,
In which he saw his Troy expire,
A passage open'd to an happier clime,
Where they might nobler triumphs gain,
And, to never-ending time,
With boundless empire reign.

Ye gods, inform our docile youth
With early principles of truth; 70

Ye gods, indulge the waning days
Of silver'd age with placid ease;
And grant to Rome an endless race,
Treasure immense, and every sacred grace.

The prince, who owes to beauty's queen his birth,
Who bids the snowy victim's blood
Pour forth to-day its purple flood,
Oh! may he glorious rule the conquer'd earth;
But yet a milder glory show,
In mercy to the prostrate foe. 80

Already the fierce Mede his arms reveres,
Which wide extend the' imperial sway,
And bid the' unwilling world obey:
The haughty Indian owns his fears,
And Scythians, doubtful of their doom,
Await the dread resolves of Rome.

Faith, Honour, Peace, celestial maid,
And Modesty, in ancient guise array'd,
And Virtue (with unhallow'd scorn
Too long neglected) now appear; 90
While Plenty fills her bounteous horn,
And pours her blessings o'er the various year.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

If the prophetic power divine,
Fam'd for the golden bow, and quiver'd dart,
Who knows to charm the listening Nine,
And feeble mortals raise with healing art;
If he with gracious eye survey the towers
Where Rome his deity adores,
Oh! let each era still presage
Increase of happiness from age to age! 100

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Oh! may Diana, on these favourite hills,
Whose diffusive presence fills
Her hallow'd fane,
Propitious deign
Our holy priests to hear,
And to our youth incline her willing ear.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Lo! we the chosen, youthful choir,
Taught with harmonious voice to raise
Apollo's and Diana's praise,
In full and certain hope retire,
That all the' assembled gods, and sovereign Jove,
These pious vows, these choral hymns approve.

END OF VOL. I.

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HORACE.

— soon thy pride her wandering love shall mourn,
While I shall laugh, exulting in my turn.

Epod. 15 to Nr.

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THE

SATIRES, EPISTLES, &c.

OF

HORACE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY

PHILIP FRANCIS, D.D.

AND REVISED BY

H. J. PYE,

POET LAUREAT.

WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

SATIRES.

Page

Book I 5

—— II 52

EPISTLES.

Book I 108

—— II 160

Art of Poetry 182

SATIRES.

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

WHENCE does it spring, that none contented lives
With the fair lot which prudent reason gives,
Or chance presents; yet all with envy view
The schemes that others variously pursue?
  Broken with toils, with pondrous arms oppress'd,
The soldier thinks the merchant solely bless'd.
In opposite extreme; when tempests rise,
War is a better choice, the merchant cries;
The battle joins, and in a moment's flight,
Death, or a joyful conquest, ends the fight. 10
  When early clients thunder at his gate,
The barrister applauds the rustic's fate:
While, by subpœnas dragg'd from home, the clown
Thinks the supremely happy dwell in town.
  But every various instance to repeat
Would tire even Fabius, of incessant prate.
Not to be tedious, mark the moral aim
Of these examples—should some god proclaim,

Why the first two books of these Ethic Epistles are called Satires, and the two last Epistles, does not seem very obvious. Dacier remarks that the first of the Odes, Epodes, Satires, and Epistles, are all inscribed to Mæcenas. The subject of this Satire resembles that of the first Ode.

'Your prayers are heard; you, soldier, to your seas;
You, lawyer, take that envied rustic's ease: 20
Each to his several part.—What! ha! not move
Even to the bliss you wish'd!' and shall not Jove,
With cheeks inflam'd, and angry brow, forswear
His weak indulgence to their future prayer?
But not to treat my subject as in jest,
(Yet may not truth in laughing guise be dress'd,
As masters fondly soothe their boys to read
With cakes and sweetmeats) let us now proceed:
With graver air our serious theme pursue,
And yet preserve our moral full in view. 30
Who turns the soil, and o'er the ploughshare bends;
He, who adulterates the laws and vends;
The soldier, and the' adventurers of the main,
Profess their various labours they sustain.
A decent competence for age to raise,
And then retire to indolence and ease.

MISER.

For thus the little ant (to human lore
No mean example) forms her frugal store,

Miser.] I do not approve the throwing these Epistles into the form of a dialogue, though I do not choose to alter it: the poet only starts the objection himself, and then answers it. On the same principle, half the sermons that are delivered from the pulpit might be printed as dialogues. Many of Pope's Epistles are thrown into dialogue, in the later editions. The dialogue, as it is called in Warburton's edition, between Pope and Lord Bathurst, Pope himself, in a letter to Swift, (Feb. 16, 1733) calls first an *Epistle*, and then a *Letter* to Lord Bathurst.

Ver. 37. *For thus the little ant.*] It is now well known, that the generally received opinion of the ant's provident care is founded on error.

Gather'd, with mighty toils, on every side,
Nor ignorant, nor careless to provide 40
For future want—

HORACE.

—Yet when the stars appear,
That darkly sadden the declining year,
No more she comes abroad, but wisely lives
On the fair store industrious summer gives.
For thee, nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
Fire, sea, nor sword, stop thy pursuit of gold;
Nothing can break the' adventurous, bold design,
So none possess a larger sum than thine.
But, prithee, whence the pleasure, thus by stealth,
Deep in the earth to hide thy weight of wealth? 50

MISER.

One farthing lessen'd, you the mass reduce.

HORACE.

And if not lessen'd, whence can rise its use?
What though a thousand acres yield thee grain?
No more than mine thy stomach can contain.
The slave, who bears the load of bread, shall eat
No more than he who never felt the weight.
Or say, what difference, if we live confin'd
Within the bounds by nature's laws assign'd;
Whether a thousand acres of domain,
Or one poor hundred, yield sufficient grain? 60

MISER.

Oh! but 'tis sweet to take from larger hoards.

HORACE.

Yet, if my little heap as much affords;

Why shall your granaries be valued more
Than my small hampers with their frugal store?
  You want a cask of water, or would fill
An ample goblet; whence the froward will
To choose a mighty river's rapid course,
Before this little fountain's lenient source?
But mark his fate, insatiate who desires
Deeper to drink than nature's thirst requires; 70
With its torn banks the torrent bears away
The intemperate wretch; while he, who would allay
With healthy draughts his thirst, shall drink secure;
Fearless of death, and quaff his water pure.
  Some, self-deceiv'd, who think their lust of gold
Is but a love of fame, this maxim hold;
No fortune's large enough, since others rate
Our worth proportion'd to a large estate.
Say, for their cure what arts would you employ?
Let them be wretched, and their choice enjoy. 80
  At Athens liv'd a wight, in days of yore,
Though miserably rich, yet fond of more;
But of intrepid spirit to despise
The abusive crowd, 'Let them hiss on (he cries),
While, in my own opinion fully bless'd,
I count my money, and enjoy my chest.'
  Burning with thirst, when Tantalus would quaff
The flying waters—Wherefore do you laugh?
Change but the name, of thee the tale is told,
With open mouth when dozing o'er your gold; 90
On every side the numerous bags are pil'd,
Whose hallow'd stores must never be defil'd
To human use; while you transported gaze,
As if, like pictures, they were form'd to please.
  Would you the real use of riches know?
Bread, herbs, and wine, are all they can bestow:

Or add, what nature's deepest wants supplies;
These, and no more, thy mass of money buys.
But, with continual watching almost dead,
House-breaking thieves, and midnight fires to dread,
Or the suspected slave's untimely flight 101
With the dear pelf:—If this be thy delight,
Be it my fate, so heaven in bounty please,
Still to be poor of blessings such as these.

MISER.

If by a cold some painful illness bred,
Or other chance confine you to your bed,
Your wealth shall purchase some good-natur'd friend
Your cordials to prepare, your couch attend;
And urge the doctor to preserve your life,
And give you to your children and your wife. 110

HORACE.

Thy wife and children with impatience wait
Thy dying breath. With universal hate [thee,
Thy neighbours, friends, acquaintance, all pursue
And untaught infants e'en with horror view thee.
What wonder, that they justly prove unkind,
When all thy passions are to gold confin'd?
Nature, 'tis true, in each relation gave
A friend sincere; yet what you thus receive,
If you imagine, with an alien heart,
And careless manners to preserve, your art 120
As well may teach an ass to scour the plain,
And bend obedient to the forming rein.
Yet somewhere should your views of lucre cease,
Nor should your fears of poverty increase,
As does your wealth; for since you now possess
Your utmost wish, your labour should be less.

Umidius once (the tale is quickly told)
So wondrous rich he measur'd out his gold,
Yet never dress'd him better than a slave,
Afraid of starving ere he reach'd his grave: 130
But a bold wench, of right Virago strain,
Cleft with an ax the wretched wight in twain.

MISER.

By your advice what party shall I take?
Like Mænius live, a prodigal, and rake
Like Nomentanus?—

HORACE.

—Why will you pretend,
With such extremes, your vices to defend?
The sordid miser when I justly blame,
I would not have you prodigal of fame,
Scoundrel or rake; for sure some difference lies
Between the very fool, and very wise: 140
Some certain mean in all things may be found,
To mark our virtues, and our vices bound.
But to return from whence we have digress'd.
And is the miser, then, alone unbless'd?
Does he alone applaud his neighbour's fate,
Or pine with envy of his happier state?
To crowds beneath him never turn his eye,
Where in distress the sons of virtue lie;
But, to outspeed the wealthy, bend his force,
As if they stopp'd his own impetuous course? 150
Thus from the goal when swift the chariot flies,
The charioteer the bending lash applies,
To overtake the foremost on the plain,
But looks on all behind him with disdain.

'Tis hence, that few, like sated guests, depart
From life's full banquet, with a cheerful heart?
But let me stop, lest you suspect I stole,
From blind Crispinus, this eternal scroll.

SATIRE II.

TO MÆCENAS.

The tribes of minstrels, strolling priests and players,
Perfumers and buffoons, are all in tears;
For ah! Tigellius, sweetest songster, 's dead,
And sure the soul of bounty with him fled.
Behold a wretch, in opposite extreme,
So fearful of a spendthrift's odious name,
He dare not ev'n a sordid pittance give
To raise a worthy friend, and bid him live.
Or ask another, why, in thankless feasts,
The wealth of all his frugal sires he wastes; 10
Then the luxurious treat profuse supplies
With borrow'd sums. 'Because I scorn (he cries)
To be a wretch of narrow spirit deem'd;'
By some condemn'd, by others he 's esteem'd.
Fufidius, rich in lands, and large increase
Of growing usury, dreads the foul disgrace
To be call'd rake; and, ere the money's lent,
He prudently deducts his cent per cent.
Then, as he finds the borrower distress'd,
Cruel demands a higher interest; 20
But lends profusely to the lavish heir,
Whose guardians prove too frugally severe.
All-powerful Jove, the' indignant reader cries,
'But his expenses, with his income, rise.'

No —'Tis amazing, that this man of pelf
Hath yet so little friendship for himself,
That even the self-tormentor in the play,
Cruel, who drove his much-lov'd son away,
Amidst the willing tortures of despair
Could not with wretchedness like his compare. 30
  But say, at what this tedious preface aims—
That fools are ever vicious in extremes.
The soft Malthinus trails a length of train:
See that short robe, how filthily obscene!
Rufillus with perfumes distracts your head;
With his own scents Gorgonius strikes you dead.
That youth, when wanton wishes fire his veins,
All but a flowing-ermin'd dame disdains;
Others their safer, cheaper pleasures choose,
And take a willing mistress from the stews. 40
  When awful Cato saw a noted spark
From a night-cellar stealing in the dark,
'Well done, my friend; if love thy breast inflame,
Indulge it here, and spare the married dame.'
Be mine the silken veil, Cupiennius cries;
Such vulgar praise and pleasure I despise.
  All ye, who wish some dire mishap may wait
This horning tribe, attend while I relate
What dangers and disasters they sustain, 49
How few their pleasures, and how mix'd with pain.
  A desperate leap one luckless caitiff tries;
Torn by the flagrant lash another dies;
Some are by robbers plunder'd as they fly;
Others with gold a wretched safety buy.
Nor seldom do they feel, with keener smart,
Their cuckold's vengeance on the' offending part.
Such various woes pursue these sons of lust,
And all, but Galba, own the sentence just.

Far safer they who venture their estate,
And trade with females of the second rate. 60
Yet Sallust rages here with wild desires,
As mad as those which lawless love inspires.
But had he been with less profusion kind,
Had common sense his lavish hand confin'd,
He had not now been wholly lost to shame,
In fortune ruin'd, as undone in fame.
But here's the joy and comfort of his life,
To swear he never touch'd his neighbour's wife.
Thus, to an actress when with lavish hand
Marsæus gave his mansion-house and land, 70
'My soul, thank Heaven, (he cries) from guilt is free;
The wedded dames are vestal maids for me.'
Actress or not, the crime is still the same,
Equal the ruin of estate and fame;
Equal the folly, whether in pursuit
Of wife, or slave, or loose-rob'd prostitute;
Unless you mean, content to be undone,
To hate the person, not the vice to shun.
Of Sylla's wanton daughter when possess'd,
Villius believ'd himself supremely bless'd: 80
To a dictator thus to be allied,
Dazzled his senses, and indulg'd his pride;
But sure, if vanity we fairly rate,
Alas! too hard, poor Villius, was thy fate:
When buffeted and stabb'd the coxcomb dies,
While in the wanton's arms a scoundrel lies.
Suppose, his secret something had address'd
The luckless youth with all these woes oppress'd:
'Did I, when burning with my wildest fire,
Did I a maid of quality require?' 90
What could he answer to the poor forlorn?
'The jilting quean, forsook, was nobly born.'

But nature, rich in her own proper wealth,
In youth and beauty, cheerfulness and health,
In her pursuit of happiness disclaims
The pride of titles and the pomp of names.
Be thine, her wise economy to learn,
And real, from affected bliss, discern.
Then, lest repentance punish such a life,
Never, ah! never kiss your neighbour's wife. 100
For see, what thousand mischiefs round you rise,
And few the pleasures, though you gain the prize.
What though Cerinthus doats upon the girl,
Who flames with emerald green, or snowy pearl;
Is she beyond a common mistress bless'd
With leg more taper, or a softer breast?
Besides, the public nymph no varnish knows,
But all her venal beauties frankly shows,
Nor boasts some happier charm with conscious pride,
Nor strives a vile deformity to hide. 110
When noble jockeys would a courser buy,
They strip him naked to the curious eye;
For oft an eager chapman is betray'd
To buy a founder'd or a spavin'd jade,
While he admires a thin, light-shoulder'd chest,
A little head, broad back, and rising crest.
The' example's good; then keep it in thy mind;
Nor to the fair-one's faults be over-blind,
Nor gaze with idle rapture on her charms,
'Oh! what a taper leg; what snowy arms!' 120
For she may hide, whate'er she vainly shows,
Low hips, short waist, splay feet, and hideous nose.
All but her face the matron's robe conceals.
Catia alone the' et cætera reveals.
But if you still pursue this dangerous game,
(Perhaps the dangers your desires inflame)

What military works around her rise! [prize.
Maids, chairmen, footmen, flatterers, guard the
The flowing robe and closely muffled veil
With envious folds the precious thing conceal; 130
But what from nature's commoners you buy,
Through the thin robe stands naked to your eye:
Or, if you will be cheated, pay the fair,
With foolish fondness, ere she shows her ware.
As when a sportsman through the snowy waste
Pursues a hare, which he disdains to taste;
'So (sings the rake) my passion can despise
An easy prey, but follows when it flies.'
Yet can a song or simile remove
The griefs and tortures of unlawful love? 140
Were it not better wisdom to inquire,
How nature bounds each impotent desire;
What she with ease resigns, or wants with pain,
And thus divide the solid from the vain?
Say, should your jaws with thirst severely burn,
Would you a cleanly, earthern pitcher, spurn?
Should hunger on your gnawing entrails seize,
Will turbot only, or a peacock please?
And will you, when a willing girl's at hand,
With swelling veins deliberating stand? 150
No—be the yielding, ready Venus mine;
To cooler lovers I the dame resign,
Who plays the coy-one, with a cold 'anon,'
'A guinea more;' or 'when my husband's gone.'
Give me the nymph, who flies into my arms,
And sets at easy rate her willing charms;
Let her be straight and fair; nor wish to have,
Or height or colour, nature never gave:
Then, while with joy I clasp the pleasing fair,
What mortal goddess can with mine compare? 160

No terrors rise to interrupt my joys,
No jealous husband, nor the fearful noise
Of bursting doors; nor the loud, hideous yelling
Of barking dogs, that shakes the matron's dwelling;
When the pale wanton leaps from off her bed,
The conscious chamber-maid screams out her dread
Of horrid tortures; loudly cries the wife,
'My jointure's lost,'—I tremble for my life:
Unbutton'd, without shoes, I speed away,
Lest I in fame, or purse, or person pay. 170
To be surpris'd is, sure, a wretched tale;
And for the truth to Fabius I appeal.

SATIRE III.

TO MÆCENAS.

This vice all songsters have; they ne'er can bring,
When they are ask'd, their froward souls to sing;
Yet chant it forth, unask'd, from morn to night:
Such was Tigellius, most inconstant wight!
Ev'n Cæsar, who might well his power have shown,
If by his father's friendship and his own
He begg'd a song, was sure to beg in vain;
Yet, when the whim prevail'd, in endless strain
Through the whole feast the jovial catch he plies,
From bass to treble o'er the gamut flies. 10
Nothing was of a piece in the whole man;
Sometimes he like a frighted coward ran,
Whose foes are at his heels; now soft and slow
He mov'd, like folks who in procession go!

Ver. 1. *This vice, &c.*] The songsters of the present day have not degenerated from those of antiquity in this respect.

Now with two hundred slaves he crowds his train;
Now walks with ten. In high and haughty strain,
At morn of kings and governors he prates;
At night—' a frugal table, O ye Fates!
A little shell the sacred salt to hold, [cold.'
And clothes, though coarse, to keep from me the
Yet give this wight, thus frugally content, 21
A thousand pound, 'tis every penny spent
Within the week: he drank the night away
Till rising dawn, then snor'd out all the day.
Sure such a various creature ne'er was known:
' But have you, friend, no vices of your own?'
That I have vices, frankly I confess,
But of a different kind, and somewhat less.
Mævius on absent Novius vents his spleen;
And do you think your follies are unseen? 30
Another answers—No, ' I well perceive,
(Quoth Mænius) but a kind indulgence give
To my own faults.' This is a foolish love,
And vicious, which our censure should reprove:
For wherefore, while you carelessly pass by
Your own worst vices with unheeding eye,
Why so sharp-sighted in another's fame,
Strong as an eagle's ken, or dragon's beam?
But know, that he with equal spleen shall view,
With equal rigour shall thy faults pursue. 40
Your friend is passionate; perhaps unfit
For the brisk petulance of modern wit;
His hair ill-cut, his robe, that awkward flows,
Or his large shoes to raillery expose

Ver. 16. *Now walks with ten.*] There cannot be a greater proof of the expensive luxury of the Romans, than that being followed by ten slaves should be thought a proof of great moderation.

The man you love; yet is he not possess'd
Of virtues with which very few are bless'd?
And underneath this rough, uncouth disguise,
A genius of extensive knowledge lies.
  Search your own breast, and mark with honest care
What seeds of folly nature planted there, 50
Or custom rais'd; for a neglected field
Shall for the fire its thorns and thistles yield.
  And yet a shorter method we may find,
As lovers, to their fair-one fondly blind,
Ev'n on her ugliness with transport gaze;
For Hagne's wen can good Balbinus please.
Oh! were our weakness to our friends the same,
And stamp'd by virtue with some honest name.
  Nor should we to their faults be more severe,
Than an indulgent father to his heir; 60
If with distorted eyes the urchin glares,
'Oh! the dear boy, how prettily he stares!'
Is he of dwarfish and abortive size?
'Sweet little moppet!' the fond father cries:
Or is the' unshapen cub deform'd and lame?
He kindly lisps him o'er some tender name.
  Thus, if your friend's too frugally severe,
Let him a wise economist appear.
Is he, perhaps, impertinent and vain?
'The pleasant creature means to entertain.' 70
Is he too free to prate, or frankly rude?
''Tis manly plainness all, and fortitude.'
Is he too warm? 'No: spirited and bold.'
Thus shall we gain new friends, and keep the old.
But we distort their virtue to a crime,
And joy the' untainted vessel to begrime.
Have we a modest friend, and void of art?
'He's a fat-headed wretch, and cold of heart.'

While we converse with an ill-natur'd age,
Where calumny and envy lawless rage, 80
Is there a man by long experience wise,
Still on his guard, nor open to surprise?
His cautious wisdom, and prudential fear,
Shall artifice and false disguise appear.
If any one of simple, thoughtless kind,
(Such as you oft your careless poet find)
Who life's politer manners never knew;
If, while we read, or some fond scheme pursue,
He tease us with his mere impertinence,
We cry, 'the creature wants ev'n common sense.' 90
Alas! what laws, of how severe a strain,
Against ourselves we thoughtlessly ordain?
For we have all our vices, and the best
Is he who with the fewest is oppress'd.
A kinder friend, who balances my good
And bad together, as in truth he should;
If haply my good qualities prevail,
Inclines indulgent to the sinking scale.
For like indulgence let his friendship plead,
His merits be with equal measure weigh'd; 100
For he, who hopes his bile shall not offend,
Should overlook the pimples of his friend;
And ev'n in justice to his own defects,
At least should grant the pardon he expects.
But, since we never from the breast of fools
Can root their passions; yet while reason rules,
Let her hold forth her scales with equal hand,
Justly to punish as the crimes demand.
If a poor slave, who takes away your plate,
Lick the rich sauce, the half-cold fragments eat; 110
Yet should you crucify the wretch, we swear
Not Labeo's madness can with thine compare.

But is this madness less than yours? A friend
With some slight folly may perhaps offend:
Forgive him, or with justice you appear
Of harden'd kind, inhumanly severe:
Yet you avoid him, and with horror shun,
As debtors from the ruthless Ruso run,
Who damns the wretches on the' appointed day
His interest or principal to pay; 120
Or, like a captive, stretch the listening ear,
His tedious tales of history to hear.
A friend has stain'd my couch: ah! deep disgrace!
Or off the table thrown some high-wrought vase;
Or, hungry, snatch'd a chicken off my plate;
Shall I for this, a good companion hate?
What if he robb'd me, or his trust betray'd,
Or broke the sacred promise he had made?
Who hold all crimes alike are deep distress'd,
When we appeal to truth's impartial test. 130
Sense, custom, social good, from whence arise
All forms of right and wrong, the fact denies.
When the first mortals crawling rose to birth,
Speechless and wretched, from their mother-earth,
For caves and acorns, then the food of life,
With nails and fists they held a bloodless strife;
But soon improv'd, with clubs they bolder fought,
And various arms, which sad experience wrought;
Till words, to fix the wandering voice, were found,
And names impress'd a meaning upon sound: 140
And now they cease from war; their towns inclose
With formidable walls, and laws compose
To strike the thief and highwayman with dread,
And vindicate the sacred marriage-bed.
For woman, long ere Helen's fatal charms,
Destructive woman! set the world in arms:

But the first heroes died unknown to fame,
Like beasts who ravish'd the uncertain dame;
When, as the stoutest bull commands the rest,
The weaker by the stronger was oppress'd. 150
Turn o'er the world's great annals, and you find,
That laws were first invented by mankind
To stop oppression's rage; for though we learn,
By nature, good from evil to discern:
What we should wise pursue, or cautious fly:
Yet can she never, with a constant eye,
Of legal justice mark each nice extreme;
Nor can right reason prove the crime the same,
To rob a garden, or, by fear unaw'd,
To steal, by night, the sacred things of God. 160
Then let the punishment be fairly weigh'd
Against the crime; nor let the wretch be flay'd
Who scarce deserv'd the lash.—I cannot fear,
That you shall prove too tenderly severe,
While you assert all vices are the same;
And threaten, that were yours the power supreme,
Robbers and thieves your equal rage should feel,
Uprooted by the same avenging steel.
Is not the wise a shoemaker profess'd,
Handsome and rich; of monarchy possess'd, 170
Why wish for what you have?

STOIC.

Yet hold, my friend,
And better to the stoic's sense attend.
For though the wise nor shoes nor slippers made,
Yet is the wise a shoemaker by trade;
As, though Hermogenes may sing no more,
He knows the whole extent of music's power;

Alfenus, turn'd a lawyer in his pride,
His shop shut up, his razors thrown aside,
Was still a barber: so the wise alone
Is of all trades, though exercising none, 180
And reigns a monarch, though without a throne.

HORACE.

Great king of kings, unless you drive away
This pressing crowd, the boys in wanton play
Will pluck you by the beard, while you shall growl,
Wretch as thou art, and burst in spleen of soul:
In short, while in a farthing-bath you reign,
With only one poor life-guard in your train:
While the few friends, with whom I joy to live,
Fool as I am, my follies can forgive,
I will to them the same indulgence show, 190
And bliss like mine thy kingship ne'er shall know.

SATIRE IV.

THE comic poets, in its earliest age
Who form'd the manners of the Grecian stage,
Was there a villain, who might justly claim
A better right of being damn'd to fame,
Rake, cut-throat, thief, whatever was his crime,
They boldly stigmatiz'd the wretch in rhyme.
From their example whole Lucilius rose,
Though different measures, different verse he chose.
He rallied with a gay and easy air;
But rude his numbers, and his style severe. 10

Ver. 6. *Boldly stigmatiz'd, &c.*] Aristophanes, and other writers of the old Greek comedy, brought living characters, by name, on the stage.

He weakly fancied it a glorious feat
His hundred lines extempore to repeat;
And as his verses like a torrent roll,
The stream is muddy, and his waters foul.
He prattled rhymes; but lazy and unfit
For writing well; for much, I own, he writ.
  Crispinus thus my littleness defies;
Here make the smallest bet, the boaster cries.

CRISPINUS.

'Pen, ink, and paper—name your place and time:
Then try, friend Flaccus, who can fastest rhyme.' 20

HORACE.

  Thank Heaven, that form'd me of an humbler kind,
No wit, nor yet to prattling much inclin'd;
While thou shalt imitate the winds, that blow
From lungs of leather, till the metal flow.
  Thrice happy Fannius, of his own free grace,
Who in Apollo's temple hangs his face,
And gilds his works to view; while I with fear
Repeat my verses to the public ear;
Because by few such works as mine are read,
Conscious of meriting the lash they dread. 30
  Take me a man, at venture, from the crowd,
And he's ambitious, covetous, or proud.
One burns to madness for the wedded dame;
Unnatural lusts another's breast inflame:
O'er gold's fair lustre, one with rapture sighs;
For bronze antiques the stupid Albius dies;
The venturous merchant, from the rising day
To regions warm'd beneath the setting ray,
Like dust, collected by a whirlwind, flies
To save his pelf, or bid the mass arise. 40

All these dread poets, and their rhymes detest—
'Yonder he drives—avoid that furious beast;
If he may have his jest, he never cares
At whose expense; nor friend, nor patron spares;
And if he once the' ill-natur'd paper stain,
He joys to hear the crowd repeat the strain.'
Now hear this short defence. For my own part,
I claim no portion of the poet's art:
'Tis not enough to close the flowing line,
And in ten syllables your sense confine; 50
Or write in mere prosaic rhymes like me,
That can deserve the name of poetry.
Is there a man, whom real genius fires,
Whom the diviner soul of verse inspires;
Who talks true greatness; let him boldly claim
The sacred honours of a poet's name.
Some doubt, if comedy be justly thought
A real poem, since it may be wrought
In style and subject without fire or force,
And, bate the numbers, is but mere discourse. 60
For though we see the father high enrag'd,
By a kept mistress when his son's engag'd,
Nor takes the portion'd maid; but, deep in drink,
Reels in fair day-light (shameful) with his link;
Yet could Pomponius from his father hear,
Were he alive, a lecture less severe?
'Tis not enough your language to refine,
When, if you break the measures of the line,
In common life an angry father's rage
Is but the same as Demea's on the stage. 70
Take from Lucilius' writings, or from mine,
The cadences, and measures of the line,
Then change their order, and the words transpose,
No more the scatter'd poet's limbs it shows;

Not so—When hideous discord bursts the bars,
And iron gates, to pour forth all her wars.
  Of this enough; hereafter we shall show,
Whether 'tis real poetry, or no.
Let me now ask, if satire should appear,
With reason, such an object of your fear. 80
Sulcius, and Caprius, fiercest of their trade,
Hoarse with the virulence with which they plead,
When through the streets they stalk with libels arm'd;
Mark! how the thieves and robbers are alarm'd:
But yet the man of honest hands and pure
May scorn them both, in innocence secure:
Or though like Cælius you a villain be,
I'm no informer. Whence your fears of me?
With shops and stationers I never deal;
No rubric pillar sets my works to sale, 90
O'er which the hands of vulgar readers sweat,
Or whose soft strains Tigellius can repeat.
E'en by my friends compell'd I read my lays,
Nor every place, nor every audience, please.
  Full many bards the public forum choose
Where to recite the labours of their muse;
Or vaulted baths, that best preserve the sound
While sweetly floats the voice in echoes round.
The coxcombs never think at whose expense
They thus indulge the dear impertinence. 100
'But you in libels, mischievous, delight,
And never, but in spleen of genius, write.'

Ver. 75. *When hideous,* &c.] These lines are taken from Ennius, and Virgil has marked his approbation of them by imitating them.

Ver. 95. *Full many bards.*] This custom of the Roman poets reciting their verses in public, is also strongly satirized by Juvenal.

Is there, with whom I live, who know my heart;
Who taught you how to aim this venom'd dart?
He, who malignant wounds an absent friend,
Or fears, when others censure, to defend;
Fond the loud laugh with babbling voice to raise,
Forges the lie, the trusted truth betrays;
In his dark bosom guilt's black demons lie,
His baleful converse, cautious Roman, fly. 110
We often see, among a crowd of guests,
Who scatters round his cold, insipid jests,
And only spares his host, until the bowl
With honest freedom opes his inmost soul;
Yet, though a cruel joker you detest,
He seems a courteous, well-bred, easy guest.
But if in idle raillery I said,
Rufillus with perfumes distracts my head,
While foul Gorgonius breathes a ranker air,
You think me most envenom'd and severe. 120
If we, by chance, that thief Petillius name,
You, as your custom is, defend his fame.
'Petillius is my friend; from early youth
Cheerful we liv'd together, and in truth
I have been much indebted to his power,
And I rejoice to find his danger o'er.
But, in the name of wonder be it said,
At that same trial how he sav'd his head.'—
Such rancour this, of such a poisonous vein,
As never, never shall my paper stain; 130
Much less infect my heart, if I may dare
For my own heart, in any thing, to swear.

Ver. 109. *In his dark bosom*, &c.] It is wonderful how so respectable a translator as Francis is in general, could have rendered this couplet as it stands in all the other editions,

'This man is vile; here, Roman, fix your mark,
His soul is black as his complexion's dark.'

Yet some indulgence I may justly claim,
If too familiar with another's fame.
This from a father's fond indulgence flows,
Who mark'd the folly, as to life it rose
In strong examples. If he bade me live
Content with what his industry could give,
Or leave me at his death: 'Behold, my son,
Young Albius there, how wretchedly undone! 140
Yet no mean lesson is the spendthrift's fate
To caution youth from squandering their estate.'
To fright me from the harlot's vagrant bed,
'Behold Scetanius, and his ruin dread;'
That I might ne'er pursue the wedded dame;
'An honest Venus will indulge your flame.
My son, by poor Trebonius be advis'd;
Sure 'tis no pleasant tale to be surpris'd.'
'Twixt right and wrong the learned may decide,
With wise distinctions may your conduct guide;
Be mine the common wisdom, that inspires 151
The frugal manners of our ancient sires;
And, while your youth may yet a tutor claim,
To guard your virtue, and preserve your fame;
But soon as time confirms, with stronger tone,
Your strength and mind, your conduct be your own.'
Thus did he form my youth with lenient hand;
When he for virtue urg'd the soft command,
Pointing some awful senator to view,
'His grave example constantly pursue.' 160

Ver. 146. *An honest Venus*] Most of the commentators understand this as alluding to indulgence with common women; and it would agree well enough with the lax morality of our poet, but he would never have put it into the advice of his father; besides, the preceding lines render this meaning impossible.

Would he dissuade me? 'Can you doubt, (he cries)
That equal ruin and dishonour rise
From such an action, when that scoundrel's name
Is branded with the flagrant marks of shame?'
For, as when neighbouring funerals affright
The patient, who indulg'd his appetite,
And bid him spare himself; we often find,
Another's shame alarms a tender mind.
Thus, pure from more pernicious crimes I live;
Some venial frailties you may well forgive, 170
For such I own I have: and yet even these,
A length of time, although by slow degrees,
A friend sincere, who can with candour love,
Or my own reason, shall perhaps remove;
For in my bed, or in the colonade
Sauntering, I call reflection to my aid.
'This was well done. Here happiness attends.
This conduct makes me pleasing to my friends.
Were that man's actions of a beauteous kind?
Oh! may I never be to such inclin'd.' 180
Thus silently I talk my conduct o'er,
Or trifle with the Muse an idle hour;
For which, among my frailties, I demand
Forgiveness, and shall call a powerful band,
If you refuse, of poets to my aid,
(Well fraught with numbers in the rhyming trade)
To force you, like the proselyting Jews,
To be, like us, a brother of the Muse.

Ver. 187. *Proselyting Jews.*] There is something singular in this character of the Jews given by Horace, and which Francis says is confirmed by St. Ambrose; since, of all religious sects, the Jews have been remarkable for being least anxious to make proselytes.

SATIRE V.

With Heliodorus, who by far possess'd
More learning than the tribe of Greeks profess'd,
Leaving imperial Rome, I took my way
To poor Aricia, where that night I lay:
To Forum-Appii thence we steer, a place
Stuff'd with rank boatmen, and with vintners base;
And laggard into two days journey broke
What were but one to less encumber'd folk;
The Appian road, however, yields most pleasure
To those, who choose to travel at their leisure. 10
The water here was of so foul a stream,
Against my stomach I a war proclaim,
And wait, though not with much good-humour wait,
While with keen appetites my comrades ate.
The night o'er earth now spread her dusky shade,
And through the heavens her starry train display'd;
What time, between the slaves and boatmen rise
Quarrels of clamorous rout. The boatman cries,
'Step in, my masters;' when with open throat, 19
'Enough, you scoundrel; will you sink the boat?'
Thus, while the mule is harness'd, and we pay
Our freights, an hour in wrangling slips away.
The fenny frogs with croakings hoarse and deep,
And gnats, loud-buzzing, drive away our sleep.
Drench'd in the lees of wine the watery swain
And passenger, in loud alternate strain,
Chant forth the absent fair who warms his breast,
Till wearied passenger retires to rest.
Our clumsy bargeman sends his mule to graze,
And the tough cable to a rock belays, 30
Then snores supine: but when at rising light
Our boat stood still, up starts a hair-brain'd wight;

With sallow cudgel breaks the bargeman's pate,
And bangs the mule at a well-favour'd rate.
Thence onward labouring with a world of pain,
At ten, Feronia, we thy fountain gain;
There land and bathe: then after dinner creep
Three tedious miles, and climb the rocky steep
Whence Anxur shines. Mæcenas was to meet
Cocceius here, to settle things of weight: 40
For they had oft in embassy been join'd,
And reconcil'd the masters of mankind.
Here while I bath'd my eyes with cooling ointment,
They both arriv'd according to appointment;
Fonteius too, a man of worth approv'd,
Without a rival by Antonius lov'd.
Laughing we leave an entertainment rare,
The paltry pomp of Fundi's foolish mayor,
The scrivener Luscus: now with pride elate,
With incense fum'd, and big with robes of state. 50
From thence our wearied troop at Formiæ rests,
Murena's lodgers, and Fonteius' guests.
Next rising morn with double joy we greet,
When we with Plotius, Varius, Virgil meet:
Pure spirits these; the world no purer knows;
For none my heart with such affection glows.
How oft did we embrace! Our joys how great!
For sure no blessing in the power of Fate
Can be compar'd, in sanity of mind,
To friends of such companionable kind. 60
Near the Campanian bridge that night we lay,
Where public officers our charges pay:
Early next morn to Capua we came;
Mæcenas goes to tennis; hurtful game
To a weak appetite, and tender eyes;
So down to sleep with Virgil Horace lies.

Then by Cocceius we were nobly treated,
Whose house above the Caudian tavern's seated.
  And now, O Muse, in faithful numbers tell
The memorable squabble that befel, 70
When Messius and Sarmentus join'd in fight;
And whence descended each illustrious wight.
The high-born Messius——from vile Osci came,
His mistress might her slave Sarmentus claim.
From such fam'd ancestry our champions rise—
'Hear me, thou horse-fac'd rogue,' Sarmentus cries;
We laugh; when Messius, throwing up his head,
Accepts the challenge. 'Oh! Sarmentus said,
If you can threaten now, what would you do,
Had not the horn been rooted out that grew 80
Full in thy front.' A gash, of foul disgrace,
Had hurt the grisly honours of his face.
Then on his country's infamous diseases,
And his foul visage, many a joke he raises.
He bids him like the one-ey'd Cyclops dance;
'He neither mask, nor tragic buskins wants.'
  Messius replied in virulence of strain;
'Did you to Saturn consecrate your chain?
Though you were made a scrivener since your flight,
Yet that shall never hurt your lady's right. 90
But, prithee, wherefore did you run away?
Methinks, a single pound of bread a day
Might such a sleek thin-gutted rogue content:'—
And thus the jovial length of night we spent.
  At our next inn our host was almost burn'd,
While some lean thrushes at the fire he turn'd.
Through his old kitchen rolls the god of fire,
And to the roof the vagrant flames aspire:
But hunger all our terrors overcame,
We fly to save our meat, and quench the flame. 100

Apulia now my native mountains shows,
Where the north-wind with nipping sharpness blows;
Nor could we well have climb'd the steepy height,
Did we not at a neighbouring village bate,
Where from green wood the smothering flames arise,
And with a smoky sorrow fill our eyes.
In chariots thence at a large rate we came
Eight leagues, and bated at a town, whose name
Cannot in verse and measures be express'd,
But may by marks and tokens well be guess'd. 110
Its water, nature's cheapest element,
Is bought and sold; its bread most excellent;
Which wary travellers provide with care,
And on their shoulders to Canusium bear,
Whose bread is sandy, and its wealthiest stream
Poor as the town's of unpoetic name.
Here Varius leaves us, and with tears he goes;
With equal tenderness our sorrow flows.
Onward to Rubi wearily we toil'd,
The journey long, the road with rain was spoil'd.
To Barium, fam'd for fish, we reach'd next day, 121
The weather fairer, but much worse the way.
Then water-curs'd Egnatia gave us joke,
And laughter great, to hear the moon-struck folk
Assert, if incense on their altars lay,
Without the help of fire it melts away.
The sons of circumcision may receive
The wondrous tale, which I shall ne'er believe:
For I've been better learn'd, in blissful ease
That the good gods enjoy immortal days, 130
Nor anxiously their native skies forsake,
When miracles the laws of nature break.
From thence our travels to Brundusium bend,
Where our long journey, and my paper end.

SATIRE VI.

TO MÆCENAS.

THOUGH, since the Lydians fill'd the Tuscan coasts,
No richer blood than yours Etruria boasts;
Though your great ancestors could armies lead,
You don't, as many do, with scorn upbraid
The man of birth unknown, or turn the nose
On me, who from a race of slaves arose:
While you regard not, from what low degree
A man's descended, if his mind be free;
Convinc'd, that long before the' ignoble reign
And power of Tullius, from a servile strain 10
Full many rose for virtue high renown'd,
By worth ennobled, and with honours crown'd:
While he, who boasts that ancient race his own,
Which drove the haughty Tarquin from the throne,
Is vile and worthless in the people's eyes:
The people, who, you know, bestow the prize
To very scoundrels, and, like slaves to fame,
With foolish reverence hail a well-born name;
And with a stupid admiration gaze
When the long race its images displays. 20
  But how shall we, who differ far and wide
From the mere vulgar, this great point decide?
For grant, the crowd some high-birth'd scoundrel choose,
And to the low-born man of worth refuse
(Because low-born) the honours of the state,
Shall we from thence their vice or virtue rate?
Were I expell'd the senate-house with scorn,
Justly, perhaps, because thus meanly born
I fondly wander'd from my native sphere;
Yet shall I with less real worth appear? 30

Chain'd to her beamy car Fame drags along
The mean, the great; an undistinguish'd throng.
  Poor Tillius, when compell'd in luckless hour
To quit your purple robe and tribune's power,
A larger share of envy was thy fate,
Which had been lessen'd in a private state.
For in black sandals when a coxcomb's dress'd,
When floats the robe impurpled down his breast,
Instant, 'what man is this,' he round him hears,
'And who his father?' As when one appears 40
Sick of your fever, Barrus, to desire
That all the world his beauty should admire,
Curious the ladies ask, 'What mien and air,
What leg and foot he has, what teeth and hair!'
So he, who promises to guard the state,
The gods, the temples and imperial seat,
Makes every mortal ask his father's name,
Or if his mother was a slave-born dame.
  'And shall a Syrian son, like you, presume
To hurl the freeborn citizens of Rome 50
From the Tarpeïan rock's tremendous height,
Or to the hangman Cadmus give their fate?'

TILLIUS.

My colleague sits below me one degree;
For Novius, like my father, was made free.

HORACE.

Shall you for this a true Messala seem,
And rise a Paulus in your own esteem?
But when two hundred waggons crowd the street,
And three long funerals in procession meet;
Beyond the fifes and horns his voice he raises,
And sure such strength of lungs a wondrous praise is.
  As for myself, a free-man's son confess'd, 61
A free-man's son, the public scorn and jest,

That now with you I joy the social hour,
That once a Roman legion own'd my power;
But though they envied my command in war
Justly perhaps, yet sure 'tis different far
To gain your friendship, where no servile art,
Where only men of merit claim a part.
Nor yet to chance this happiness I owe;
Friendship like yours she had not to bestow. 70
My best-lov'd Virgil first, then Varius told
Among my friends, what character I hold:
When introduc'd, in few and faltering words
(Such as an infant modesty affords)
I did not tell you my descent was great,
Or that I wander'd round my country seat
On a proud steed in richer pastures bred:
But what I really was, I frankly said.
Short was your answer, in your usual strain:
I take my leave, nor wait on you again, 80
Till, nine months past, engag'd and bid to hold
A place among your nearer friends enroll'd.
An honour this, methinks, of nobler kind,
That innocent of heart and pure of mind,
Though with no titled birth, I gain'd his love,
Whose judgment can discern, whose choice approve.
If some few, trivial faults, deform my soul,
(Like a fair face when spotted with a mole)
If none with avarice justly brand my fame,
With sordidness, or deeds too vile to name: 90
If pure and innocent: if dear (forgive
These little praises) to my friends I live,
My father was the cause; who, though maintain'd
By a lean farm but poorly, yet disdain'd
The country-schoolmaster, to whose low care
The mighty captain sent his high-born heir,

With satchel, copy-book, and pelf to pay
The wretched teacher on the' appointed day.
  To Rome, by this bold father was I brought
To learn those arts, which well-born youth are
    taught; 100
So dress'd and so attended, you would swear
I was some wealthy lord's expensive heir:
Himself my guardian, of unblemish'd truth,
Among my tutors would attend my youth,
And thus preserv'd my chastity of mind
(That prime of virtue in its highest kind)
Not only pure from guilt, but ev'n the shame,
That might with vile suspicion hurt my fame;
Nor fear'd to be reproach'd, although my fate
Should fix my fortune in some meaner state, 110
From which some trivial perquisites arise,
Or make me, like himself, collector of excise.
  For this, my heart, far from complaining, pays
A larger debt of gratitude and praise;
Nor, while my senses hold, shall I repent
Of such a father, nor with pride resent,
As many do, the' involuntary disgrace,
Not to be born of an illustrious race.
But not with theirs my sentiments agree,
Or language; for if nature should decree 120
That we from any stated point might live
Our former years, and to our choice should give
The sires, to whom we wish'd to be allied,
Let others choose to gratify their pride;
While I, contented with my own, resign
The titled honours of an ancient line.
This may be madness in the people's eyes,
But in your judgment not, perhaps, unwise;
That I refuse to bear a pomp of state,
Unus'd and much unequal to the weight. 130

Instant a larger fortune must be made,
To purchase votes, my low addresses paid;
Whether a jaunt or journey I propose,
With me a crowd of new companions goes;
While, anxious to complete a length of train,
Domestics, horses, coaches, I maintain.
But now as chance or pleasure is my guide,
Upon my bob-tail'd mule alone I ride.
Gall'd is his crupper with my wallet's weight;
His shoulder shows his rider's awkward seat. 140
Yet no penurious vileness e'er shall stain
My name, as when, great Prætor, with your train
Of five poor slaves, you carry where you dine
Your travelling kitchen, and your flask of wine.
Thus have I greater blessings in my power,
Than you, proud senator, and thousands more.
Alone I wander, as by fancy led,
I cheapen herbs, or ask the price of bread;
I listen, while diviners tell their tale,
Then homeward hasten to my frugal meal, 150
Herbs, pulse, and pancakes; each a separate plate:
While three domestics at my supper wait.
A bowl on a white marble table stands,
Two goblets, and a ewer to wash my hands;
An hallow'd cup of true Campanian clay
My pure libations to the gods to pay.
I then retire to rest, nor anxious fear
Before dread Marsyas early to appear,
Whose very statue swears it cannot brook
The meanness of a slave-born judge's look. 160
I sleep till ten; then take a walk, or choose
A book, perhaps, or trifle with the Muse:
For cheerful exercise and manly toil
Anoint my body with the pliant oil;

But not with such as Natta's, when he vamps
His filthy limbs, and robs the public lamps.
But when the sun pours down his fiercer fire,
And bids me from the toilsome sport retire,
I haste to bathe, and decently regale
My craving stomach with a frugal meal; 170
Enough to nourish nature for a day,
Then trifle my domestic hours away.
Such is the life from bad ambition free;
Such comfort has the man low-born like me;
With which I feel myself more truly bless'd,
Than if my sires the Quæstor's power possess'd.

SATIRE VII.

How mungrel Persius in a vengeful mood
That out-law'd wretch, Rupilius King, pursued
With poisonous filth, and venom all his own,
To barbers and to blear-eyed folk is known.
Persius had wealth by foreign traffic gain'd,
And a vexatious suit with King maintain'd.
Presumptuous, vain, and obstinate the wight,
Conquering e'en King in virulence of spite;
In bitterness of speech outstripp'd the wind,
And left the swift-tongu'd Barrus far behind. 10
Now to the King returns our wandering tale,
When all fair means of reconcilement fail,
(For men are obstinate when war's proclaim'd
As they with inward courage are enflam'd;

Ver. 2. *Rupilius King.*] I certainly should have altered this anglicized name of *Rupilius Rex*, if it had not been necessary for what (with all deference to Horace) I must call the vile pun with which this Satire ends. The fame of Horace would not have suffered, had this whole Satire been expunged from his works.

When Hector and Achilles fierce engag'd,
Dire was the conflict, and to death they rag'd:
And why? because the gallant thirst of fame,
The love of glory was in both extreme.
But if a quarrel between cowards rise,
Or between chiefs of less heroic size, 20
Glaucus to Diomed is forc'd to yield,
The dastard buys his peace, and quits the field)
What time o'er Asia with prætorial sway,
Great Brutus rul'd, began this dire affray.
Persius and King, intrepid pair, engage;
(More equal champions never mounted stage)
And now they rush impetuous into court,
Fine was the sight, and delicate the sport.
Persius begins; loud bursts of laughter rise;
He praises Brutus, Brutus, to the skies. 30
'Brutus, like Sol, o'er Asia pours the day;
His friends are stars, and healthful is their ray,
Except the King; he like the dog-star reigns,
That dog of heaven, detested by the swains.'
Thus rush'd he onward like a winter-flood,
That tears its banks, and sweeps away the wood.
To this impetuous bitterness of tide,
The King with equal virulence replied.
A vine-dresser he was of rustic tone,
Whom oft the traveller was forc'd to own 40
Invincible; with clamorous voice oppress'd,
When cuckoo, cuckoo, was the standing jest.
But, with Italian vinegar imbued,
The sour-tongu'd mungrel the dispute renew'd;
'Let me conjure you by the powers divine,
Since 'tis the glory, Brutus, of your line,
To slaughter kings, be this thy glorious deed,
That this same King beneath thy vengeance bleed.'

SATIRE VIII.

In days of yore our godship stood
A very worthless log of wood.
The joiner doubting, or to shape us
Into a stool, or a Priapus,
At length resolv'd, for reasons wise,
Into a god to bid me rise;
And now to birds and thieves I stand
A terror great. With pondrous hand,
And something else as red as scarlet,
I fright away each filching varlet. 10
The birds, that view with awful dread
The reeds, fast stuck into my head,
Far from the garden take their flight,
Nor on the trees presume to light.
In coffins vile the herd of slaves
Were hither brought to crowd their graves;
And once in this detested ground
A common tomb the vulgar found;
Buffoons and spendthrifts, vile and base,
Together rotted here in peace. 20
A thousand feet the front extends,
Three hundred deep in rear it bends;
And yonder column plainly shows
No more unto its heirs it goes.
But now we breathe a purer air,
And walk the sunny terrace fair,
Where once the ground with bones was white,
With human bones, a ghastly sight!
But, oh! nor thief, nor savage beast,
That us'd these gardens to infest, 30
E'er gave me half such care and pains
As they, who turn poor people's brains

With venom'd drugs and magic lay—
These I can never fright away:
For when the beauteous queen of night
Uplifts her head adorn'd with light,
Hither they come, pernicious crones!
To gather poisonous herbs and bones.
  Canidia with dishevel'd hair,
(Black was her robe, her feet were bare) 40
With Sagana, infernal dame!
Her elder sister, hither came:
With yellings dire they fill'd the place,
And hideous pale was either's face;
Soon with their nails they scrap'd the ground,
And fill'd a magic trench profound,
With a black lamb's thick-streaming gore,
Whose members with their teeth they tore,
That they may charm the sprites to tell
Some curious anecdotes from hell. 50
  The beldams then two figures brought;
Of wool and wax the forms were wrought:
The woollen was erect and tall,
And scourg'd the waxen image small,
Which in a suppliant, servile mood,
With dying air just gasping stood.
  On Hecate one beldam calls;
The other to the furies bawls;
While serpents crawl along the ground,
And hell-born bitches howl around. 60
The blushing moon to shun the sight
Behind a tomb withdrew her light.
  Oh! if I lie, may ravens shed
Their ordure on my sacred head;
May thieves, and prostitutes, and rakes,
Beneath my nose erect a jakes.

Not to be tedious, or repeat
How flats and sharps in concert meet,
With which the ghosts and hags maintain
A dialogue of passing strain, 70
Or how, to hide the tooth of snake
And beard of wolf, the ground they break;
Or how the fire of magic seiz'd
The waxen form, and how it blaz'd;
Mark! how my vengeance I pursued,
For all I heard, for all I view'd.
Loud as a bladder bursts its wind,
Dreadful I thunder'd from behind.
To town they scamper'd, struck with fear;
This lost her teeth, and that her hair. 80
They dropp'd the bracelets from their arms,
Their incantations, herbs, and charms;
Whoe'er had seen them in their flight,
Had burst with laughing at the sight.

Ver. 80. *This lost her teeth, and that her hair.*] It appears from this, that the Roman ladies were not unacquainted with the use of false teeth and false hair.

SATIRE IX.

Musing, as wont, on this and that,
Such trifles, as I know not what,
When late the street I saunter'd through,
A wight, whose name I hardly knew,
Approaching pertly, makes me stand;
And thus accosts me, hand in hand.

This very humorous description of an impertinent intruder, I cannot think with Francis, is at all exaggerated; I think we meet the counterpart of it every day.

'How do you do, my sweetest man?'
Quoth I, 'As well as mortal can,
And my best wishes yours'—When he
Would follow—'What's your will with me? 10
That one of your profound discerning
Should know me: I'm a man of learning.'—
'Why then be sure upon that score
You merit my regard the more.'
Impatient to discard the fop,
One while I run, another stop;
And whisper, as he presses near,
Some nothing in my servant's ear.
But while at every pore I sweated,
And thus in muttering silence fretted— 20
'Bolanus, happy in a skull
Of proof, impenetrably dull,
Oh! for a portion of thy brains'—
He on the town and streets and lanes
His prating, praising talent tried,
And, when I answer'd not, he cried,
'Ay, 'tis too plain; you can't deceive me,
You miserably wish to leave me.
But I shall never quit you so:
Command me—whither would you go?'— 30
'You do me honour—but, in short,
There's not the least occasion for't.
I visit one—to cut the strife,
You never saw him in your life;
Nor would I lead you such a round—
He lives above a mile of ground
Beyond the Tyber'—'Never talk
Of distance, for I love a walk.
I never have the least enjoyment
In idleness: I want employment. 40

Come on; I must and will attend
Your person to your journey's end.'
  Like vicious ass, that fretting bears
A wicked load, I hang my ears;
While he, renewing his civilities,
'If well I know my own abilities,
Not Viscus, though your friend of yore,
Not Varius could engage you more:
For who can write melodious lays
With greater elegance or ease? 50
Who moves with smoother grace his limbs
While through the mazy dance he swims?
Besides, I sing to that degree
Hermogenes might envy me.'
  'Have you no mother, sister, friends,
Whose welfare on your health depends?'—
'Not one; I saw them all by turns
Securely settled in their urns.'
'Thrice happy they, secure from pain!
And I thy victim now remain; 60
Dispatch me; for my goody-nurse
Early presag'd this heavy curse.
She conn'd it by the sieve and shears,
And now it falls upon my ears—
Nor poison fell, with ruin stor'd,
Nor horrid point of hostile sword,
Nor pleurisy, nor asthma-cough,
Nor cripple-gout shall cut him off;
A noisy tongue and babbling breath
Shall tease and talk my child to death. 70
But if he would avert his fate,
When he arrives at man's estate,
Let him avoid, as he would hanging,
Your folks long-winded in haranguing.'

We came to Vesta's about ten,
And he was bound in person then
To stand a suit, or by the laws
He must have forfeited his cause.
'Sir, if you love me, step aside
A little into court;' he cried. 80
If I can stand it out, (quoth I)
Or know the practice, let me die:
Besides, I am oblig'd to go
Precisely to the place you know.'
'I am divided what to do,
Whether to leave my cause or you.'—
'Sir, I beseech you spare your pains:
Your humble servant'—'By no means.'
I follow, for he leads the way:
'Tis death; but captives must obey. 90
Then he renews his plaguy strain, as
'How stands your friendship with Mæcenas?
For friendships, he contracts but few,
And shows in that his judgment true.—
Commend me to your brother bard,
No man has play'd a surer card.
But you should have a man of art:
One who might act an under-part.
If you were pleas'd to recommend,
The man I mention, to your friend, 100
Sir, may I never see the light
But you shall rout your rivals quite.'—
'We live not there, as you suppose,
On such precarious terms as those:
No family was ever purer:
From such infections none securer.
It never hurts me in the least,
That one excels in wealth, or taste:

Each person there of course inherits
A place proportion'd to his merits'— 110
' 'Tis wonderful, and to be brief,
A thing almost beyond belief.'—
' But, whether you believe or no,
The matter is exactly so.'
' This adds but fuel to the fire;
The more you kindle my desire
To kiss his hand, and pay my court :'—
' Assail, and you shall take the fort.
Such is the vigour of your wit,
And he is one, who can submit; 120
The first attack is therefore nice,
The matter is to break the ice.'
' I sha'n't be wanting there, (he cried)
I'll bribe his servants to my side;
To-day shut out still onward press,
And watch the seasons of access;
In private haunt, in public meet,
Salute, escort him through the street.
There's nothing gotten in this life,
Without a world of toil and strife!' 130
While thus he racks my tortur'd ears,
A much-lov'd friend of mine appears,
Aristius Fuscus, one who knew
My sweet companion through and through.
We stop, exchanging, ' So and so :'
' Whence come, and whither do you go?'
I then began in woful wise
To nod my head, distort my eyes,
And pull his renegado sleeve,
That he would grant me a reprieve; 140
But he was absent all the while,
Malicious, with a leering smile.

Provok'd at his dissimulation,
I burst with spleen and indignation.
I know not what you had to tell
'In private.'—I remember well:
But shall a day of business choose,
This is the sabbath of the Jews;
You would not thus offend the leathern-
Curtail'd assemblies of the brethren.— 150
'I have no scruples, by your leave,
On that account.'—But, sir, I have:
I am a little superstitious,
Like many of the crowd capricious:
Forgive me, if it be a crime,
And I shall talk another time.—
Oh! that so black a sun should rise!
Away the cruel creature flies,
And leaves me panting for my life
Aghast beneath the butcher's knife. 160
At last, by special act of grace
The plaintiff meets him face to face,
And bawls as loud as he could bellow:
'Ha! whither now, thou vilest fellow?
Sir, will you witness for my capture?'
I signified I would with rapture:
And then to magnify the sport
He drags my pratler into court;
And thus, amidst the noise and rabble,
Apollo sav'd me in the squabble. 170

Ver. 170. *Apollo sav'd me.*] It is impossible that the poet could have more strongly expressed the force of his ludicrous distress than by this conclusion; since he says in his Art of Poetry,

> 'Nor let a god in person stand display'd,
> Unless the labouring plot demand his aid.'

SATIRE X.

Yes, I did say, that his rough verses roll'd
In ruder style precipitately bold;
Who reads Lucilius with so fond an eye,
Foolishly fond, who can this charge deny?
But, that with wit he lash'd a vicious age,
He's frankly prais'd in the same equal page.
Should I grant more, I may as well admit
Laberius' farces elegantly writ.
'Tis not enough a bursting laugh to raise,
And yet ev'n this may well deserve its praise: 10
Close be your language; let your sense be clear,
Nor with a weight of words fatigue the ear.
From grave to jovial you must change with art,
Now play the critic's, now the poet's part;
In raillery assume a gayer air,
Discreetly hide your strength, your vigour spare;
For ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail.
The ancient writers of the comic stage
Our imitation here may well engage, 20
Though read not by Tigellius, smooth of face,
Or yonder ape, of horrible grimace.
Calvus, Catullus, better suit their vein,
Whose wanton songs they chant in tuneful strain.
But yet a mighty feat it must be thought—
'His motley page with Greek and Latin's wrought!'
Blockheads! who think it wonderful or hard,
So oft perform'd by yonder Rhodian bard.
'But languages each other may refine
(As Chian softens the Falernian wine) 30
At least in verse.' But say, my rhyming friend,
Were you that thief Petillius to defend,

While other lawyers sweated in the cause,
And urg'd in pure latinity the laws:
While wondering crowds upon their language hung,
Would you, forgetful of your native tongue,
In foreign words and broken phrases speak,
The half-bred jargon of a mongrel Greek?
  Italian born, I once propos'd to write
Some Grecian versicles; in deep of night 40
(When dreams, they say, are true) Rome's founder rose,
And awful spake, 'You may as well propose
To carry timber to a wood, as throng
The crowded writers of the Grecian song.'
  Let swelling Furius on the' affrighted stage
Murder poor Memnon, or in muddy rage
Deform the head of Rhine: in idle vein
I write, what never shall presume to gain
The prize, where Metius high in judgment sits
To hear the labours of contending wits: 50
Or where the people with applauding hands
The well-wrought scene repeatedly demands.
  Of all mankind, in light and cheerful strain
Fundanius best can paint the comic scene,
The wily harlot, and the slave, who join
To wipe the miser of his darling coin.
Pollio in pure Iambic numbers sings
The tragic deeds of heroes and of kings;
And Varius, in sublime and ardent vein,
Supports the grandeur of the epic strain; 60
On Virgil all the rural muses smile,
Smooth flow his lines, and elegant his style.

Ver. 61. *On Virgil*, &c.] It is obvious this was written before the publication of the Æneid.

Satire alone remain'd, no easy strain,
Which Varro and some others, tried in vain,
Where I, perhaps, some slight success may claim,
Though far inferior to the' inventor's fame:
Nor from his head shall I presume to tear
That sacred wreath he well deserves to wear.
  I said, his verse in muddy rapture flows,
And more his errors than his beauties shows; 70
But, prithee, you that boast a critic's name,
Don't you sometimes the mighty Homer blame?
Does not Lucilius, though of gentle strain,
Correct even Accius, and reform his scene?
And in his pleasantry old Ennius rate,
When his dull lines want dignity and weight?
Yet, when he speaks of his own right to fame,
Confesses frankly their superior claim.
  What then forbids our equal right to know
Why his own verses inharmonious flow? 80
Or whether in his subject lies the fault,
Or in himself, that they're not higher wrought,
Than if the art of verse were to confine
In ten low feet a cold, dull length of line;
Content his rhyming talents to display,
In twice an hundred verses twice a day.
Such Cassius, thy rapidity of song,
Which like a foaming river pour'd along,
Whose volum'd works (if fame be not a liar)
Kindled around thy corpse the funeral fire. 90
  Lucilius rallies with politer ease
Than all the rhyming tribe of ancient days;
Nay, more correct than him (I frankly own)
Who form'd this kind of verse, to Greece unknown;
Yet, were he fated to the present age,
He sure had blotted the redundant page;

Prun'd all luxuriant excellence away,
And while he labour'd o'er the' instructive lay,
Would often scratch his head in dull despair,
And to the quick his nails bemusing tear. 100
Would you a reader's just esteem engage?
Frequent correct with care the blotted page;
Nor strive the wonder of the crowd to raise,
But the few better judges learn to please.
Be thine, fond madman, some vile school to choose,
Where to repeat the labours of your Muse;
While I, like hiss'd Arbuscula unaw'd,
Despise the vulgar, since the knights applaud.
Say, shall that bug Pantilius, move my spleen?
Shall I be tortur'd when a wretch obscene, 110
Or foolish Fannius, for a sordid treat
With sweet Tigellius, shall my verses rate?
Let Plotius, Varius, and Mæcenas deign,
With Virgil, Valgius, to approve my strain;
Let good Octavius ev'n endure my lays;
Let Fascus read, and either Viscus praise;
Let me, with no mean arts to purchase fame,
Pollio, Messala, and his brother name;
Let Bibulus and Servius be my own,
And Furnius, for a critic's candour known. 120
Among my learned friends are many more,
Whose names I pass in modest silence o'er;
These I can wish to smile; enjoy their praise;
Hope to delight, and grieve if I displease.
Be gone, Demetrius, to thy lovesome train
Of minstrel scholars, and in sighing strain,
With soft Hermogenes these rhymes deplore—
Haste, boy, transcribe me this one satire more.

SATIRES.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

HORACE. TREBATIUS.

HORACE.

THERE are to whom too poignant I appear;
Beyond the laws of satire too severe.
My lines are weak, unsinew'd, others say—
A man might spin a thousand such a day.
What shall I do, Trebatius?

TREBATIUS.

Write no more.

HORACE.

What! give the dear delight of scribbling o'er?

TREBATIUS.

Yes.

HORACE.

Let me die but your advice were best.
But, sir, I cannot sleep; I cannot rest.

This Satire is very justly given in the form of a dialogue. The imitation of it by Pope is one of the happiest efforts of his Muse.

TREBATIUS.

Swim o'er the Tiber, if you want to sleep,
Or the dull sense in t'other bottle steep; 10
Or to immortal Cæsar tune your lays,
Indulge your genius, and your fortune raise.

HORACE.

Oh! were I equal to the glorious theme,
Bristled with spears his iron war should gleam;
A thousand darts should pierce the hardy Gaul,
And from his horse the wounded Parthian fall.

TREBATIUS.

Then give his peaceful virtues forth to fame;
His fortitude and justice be your theme.

HORACE.

Yes: I will hold the daring theme in view,
Perhaps, hereafter, your advice pursue. 20
But Cæsar never will your Horace hear;
A languid panegyric hurts his ear.
Too strongly guarded from the poet's lays,
He spurns the flatterer and his saucy praise.

TREBATIUS.

Better ev'n this, than cruelly defame,
And point buffoons and villains out by name.
Sure to be hated ev'n by those you spare,
Who hate in just proportion as they fear.

HORACE.

Tell me, Trebatius, are not all mankind
To different pleasures, different whims inclin'd? 30

Ver. 13. *Oh! were I equal.*] While Horace is pleading his inability, he shows really what he could do in the higher walks of poetry. The ludicrous turn Pope has given to these lines is inimitable.

Milonius dances when his head grows light,
And the dim light shines double to his sight;
The twin-born brothers in their sports divide;
Pollux loves boxing; Castor joys to ride.
Indulge me then in this my sole delight,
Like great and good Lucilius let me write.
Behold him frankly to his book impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of his heart:
To write was all his aim; too heedless bard;
And well or ill, unworthy his regard. 40
Hence the old man stands open to your view,
Though with a careless hand the piece he drew.
  His steps I follow in pursuit of fame,
Whether Lucania or Apulia claim
The honour of my birth; for on the lands,
By Samnites once possess'd, Venusium stands;
A forward barrier, as old tales relate,
To stop the course of war, and guard the state.
  Let this digression, as it may, succeed—
No honest man shall by my satire bleed; 50
It guards me like a sword, and safe it lies
Within the sheath, till thieves and villains rise.
  Dread king and father of the mortal race,
Behold me, harmless bard, how fond of peace!
And may all kinds of mischief-making steel,
In rust, eternal rust, thy vengeance feel.
But he who hurts me (nay, I will be heard)
Had better take a lion by the beard;
His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad sung. 60

Ver. 37. *Behold him frankly,* &c.] Sanadon, who can find any thing any where, says this is a concealed and malicious Satire on Lucilius. I own I see no shadow of a reason for such a supposition; neither did Pope.

The' informer Cervius threatens with the laws;
Turius your judge, you surely lose your cause:
Are you the object of Canidia's hate,
Drugs, poisons, incantations, are your fate:
For powerful nature to her creatures shows
With various arms to terrify their foes.
The wolf with teeth, the bull with horns can fight;
Whence, but from instinct and an inward light?
His long-liv'd mother trusts to Scæva's care—

TREBATIUS.

No deed of blood his pious hand could dare? 70

HORACE.

Wondrous indeed! that bulls ne'er strive to bite,
Nor wolves, with desperate horns, engage in fight.
No mother's blood the gentle Scæva spills,
But with a draught of honey'd poison kills.
Then, whether age my peaceful hours attend,
Or death his sable pinions round me bend:
Or rich, or poor; at Rome; to exile driven:
Whatever lot by powerful Fate is given,
See me resolv'd to write.

TREBATIUS.

How much I dread 79
Thy days are short; some lord shall strike thee dead
With freezing look——

HORACE.

What? when with honest rage
Lucilius lash'd the vices of his age;
From conscious villains tore the mask away,
And stripp'd them naked to the glare of day,

Were Lælius or his friend (whose glorious name
From conquer'd Carthage deathles srose to fame)—
Were they displeas'd, when villains and their crimes
Were cover'd o'er with infamy and rhymes?
The high and low alike his censure own,
To virtue and her votaries just alone. 90
But soon as Scipio, once in arms approv'd,
And Lælius, for his milder wisdom lov'd,
Could from the noisy world with him retreat,
They laugh'd at all the busy farce of state,
Enjoy'd the vacant hour, the social jest,
Until their herbs, their frugal feast, were dress'd.
What though with great Lucilius I disclaim
All saucy rivalship of birth or fame;
Spite of herself e'en Envy must confess,
That I the friendship of the great possess; 100
And, if she dare attempt my honest fame,
Shall break her teeth against my solid name.
This is my plea; on this I rest my cause—
What says my counsel, learned in the laws?

TREBATIUS.

Your case is clearer; yet let me advise;
For sad mishaps from ignorance arise.
Behold the pains and penalties decreed
To libellers——

Ver. 89. *The high and low.*] This couplet is altered from four lines of Francis, who has copied this line of Pope,

'To virtue only and her friends a friend.'

Pope has improved on Horace, as the good and bad are equally entitled to our justice, though not to our friendship. But though an imitator may improve the morals of his archetype, a translator should not.

HORACE.

To libellers indeed.
But, if with truth his characters he draws,
E'en Cæsar shall support the poet's cause; 110
The formal process shall be turn'd to sport,
And you dismiss'd with honour by the court.

SATIRE II.

WHAT, and how great the virtue, friends, to live
On what the gods with frugal bounty give,
(Nor are they mine, but sage Ofellus' rules,
Of mother wit, and wise without the schools)
Come learn with me, but learn before ye dine,
Ere with luxurious pomp the table shine;
Ere yet its madding splendours are display'd,
That dull the sense and the weak mind mislead.
Yet why before we dine? I'll tell ye, friends;
A judge, when brib'd, but ill to truth attends. 10
Pursue the chase; the' unmanag'd courser rein:
Or if the Roman war ill suit thy vein,
To Grecian revels form'd, at tennis play,
Or at the manly discus waste the day;
With vigour hurl it through the yielding air,
(The sport shall make the labour less severe)
Then, when the loathings, that from surfeits rise,
Are quell'd by toil, a frugal meal despise;
Then the Falernian grape with pride disclaim,
Unless with honey we correct its flame. 20
Your butler strolls abroad; the winter'd sea
Defends its fish; but you can well allay
The stomach's angry roar with bread and salt—
Whence can this rise, you ask; from whence the fault?

In *you* consists the pleasure of the treat,
Not in the price, or flavour of the meat.
  Let the strong toil give relish to the dish,
Since, nor the various luxuries of fish,
Nor foreign wild fowl can delight the pale,
Surfeit-swoln guest: yet I shall ne'er prevail 30
To make our men of taste a pullet choose,
And the gay peacock with its train refuse;
For the rare bird at mighty price is sold,
And lo! what wonders from its tail unfold!
But can these whims a higher gusto raise,
Unless you eat the plumage that you praise?
Or do its glories, when 'tis boil'd, remain?
No; 'tis the' unequall'd beauty of his train
Deludes your eye, and charms you to the feast,
For hens and peacocks are alike in taste. 40
  But say, by what discernment are you taught
To know, that this voracious pike was caught
Where the full river's lenient waters glide,
Or where the bridges break the rapid tide;
In the mid ocean, or where Tiber pays
With broader course his tribute to the seas?
  Madly you praise the mullet's three pound weight,
And yet you stew it piecemeal ere you eat;
Your eye deceives you; wherefore else dislike
The natural greatness of a full-grown pike, 50
Yet in a mullet so much joy express?
'Pikes are by nature large, and mullets less'
'Give me, (the harpy-throated glutton cries)
In a large dish a mullet's mighty size!'
Descend, ye southern winds, propitious haste,
And with unwholesome rankness taint the feast:
And yet it needs not; for when such excess
Shall his o'er-jaded appetite oppress,

The new-caught turbot's tainted ere he eat,
And bitter herbs are a delicious treat. 60
  But still some ancient poverty remains;
An egg and olive yet a place maintains
At wealthy tables; nor, till late, the fame
Of a whole sturgeon damn'd a Prætor's name.
  Did ocean then a smaller turbot yield?
The towering stork did once in safety build
Her airy nest, nor was the turbot caught
Till your great Prætor better precepts taught.
  Proclaim, that roasted cormorants are a feast,
Our docile youth obey the man of taste; 70
But sage Ofellus marks a decent mean
A sordid and a frugal meal between;
For a profuse expense in vain you shun,
If into sordid avarice you run.
  Avidienus, who with surname just
Was call'd the *dog*, in filthiness of gust
Wild cornels, olives five years old, devour'd,
And with sour wine his vile libations pour'd:
When rob'd in white, he mark'd with festal mirth
His day of marriage, or his hour of birth, 80
From his own bottle, of some two-pound weight,
With oil, of execrable stench replete,
With cautious hand he dropp'd his cabbage o'er;
But spar'd his ancient vinegar no more.
  How shall the wise decide, thus urg'd between
The proverb's ravening wolf and dog obscene?
Let him avoid an equal wretchedness
Of sordid filth, or prodigal excess;
Nor his poor slaves like old Albucius rate,
When he gives orders for some curious treat: 90
Nor yet like Nævius, carelessly unclean,
His guests with greasy water entertain.

This too is vile. Now mark, what blessings flow
From frugal meals: and first, they can bestow
That prime of blessings, health; for you'll confess
That various meats the stomach must oppress,
If you reflect how light, how well you were,
When plain and simple was the cheerful fare;
But roast and boil'd, when you promiscuous eat,
When fowl and shell-fish in confusion meet, 100
Sweets turn'd to choler, with cold phlegm engage,
And in the stomach civil warfare wage.
Behold how pale the sated guests arise
From suppers puzzled with varieties!
The body too, with yesterday's excess
Burthen'd and tir'd, shall the pure soul depress;
Weigh down this portion of celestial birth,
This breath of God, and fix it to the earth.
Who down to sleep from a short supper lies,
Can to the next day's business vigorous rise, 110
Or jovial wander (when the rolling year
Brings back the festal day) to better cheer;
Or when his wasted strength he would restore,
When years approach, and age's feeble hour
A softer treatment claim. But if in prime
Of youth and health you take before your time
The luxuries of life, where is their aid
When age or sickness shall your strength invade?
Our fathers lov'd (and yet they had a nose)
A tainted boar: but I believe they chose 120
The mouldy fragments with a friend to eat,
Nor by themselves devour it whole, and sweet.
Oh! that the earth, when vigorous and young,
Had borne me this heroic race among!
Do you the voice of Fame with pleasure hear?
(Sweeter than verse it charms the human ear)

Behold, what infamy and ruin rise
From a large dish, where the large turbot lies:
Your friends, your neighbours, all your folly hate,
And you yourself, in vain, shall curse your fate,
When, though you wish for death, you want the pelf
To purchase ev'n a rope to hang yourself.
'These precepts well may wretched Trausius rate:
But why to me? So large is my estate,
And such an ample revenue it brings
To satiate even the avarice of kings.'
Then why not better use this proud excess
Of worthless wealth? Why lives in deep distress
A man unworthy to be poor, or why
Our sacred shrines in aged ruins lie? 140
Why not of such a massy treasure spare
To thy dear country, wretch, a moderate share?
Shalt thou alone no change of fortune know?
Thou future laughter to thy deadliest foe!
But who, with conscious spirit self-secure,
A change of fortune better shall endure?
He, who with such variety of food
Pampers his follies, and enflames his blood;
Or he, contented with his frugal store,
And wisely cautious of the future hour, 150
Who in the time of peace with prudent care
Shall for the' extremities of war prepare?
But, deeper to impress this useful truth;
I knew the sage Ofellus in my youth,
Living, when wealthy, at no larger rate,
Than in his present more contracted state.
I saw the hardy hireling till the ground,
('Twas once his own estate) and while around
His cattle graz'd, and children listening stood,
The cheerful swain his pleasing tale pursued. 160

On working days I had no idle treat,
But a smok'd leg of pork and greens I eat;
Yet when arriv'd some long-expected guest,
Or rainy weather gave an hour of rest,
If a kind neighbour then a visit paid,
An entertainment more profuse I made;
Though, with a kid or pullet well content,
Ne'er for luxurious fish to Rome I sent;
With nuts and figs I crown'd the cheerful board,
The largest that the season could afford: 170
The social glass went round with cheerfulness,
And our sole rule was to avoid excess.
Our due libations were to Ceres paid,
To bless our corn, and fill the rising blade;
While the gay wine dispell'd each anxious care,
And smooth'd the wrinkled forehead too severe.
Let fortune rage, and new disorders make,
From such a life how little can she take?
Or have we liv'd at a more frugal rate,
Since this new stranger seiz'd on our estate? 180
Nature will no perpetual heir assign,
Or make the farm his property or mine.
He turn'd us out: but follies all his own,
Or law-suits and their knaveries yet unknown,
Or, all his follies and his law-suits pass'd,
Some long-liv'd heir shall turn him out at last.
The farm, once mine, now bears Umbrenus' name;
The use alone, not property, we claim:
Then be not with your present lot depress'd,
And meet the future with undaunted breast.

SATIRE III.

DAMASIPPUS. HORACE.

DAMASIPPUS.

If hardly once a quarter of a year,
So idle grown, a single sheet appear;
If angry at yourself, that sleep and wine
Enjoy your hours, while anxious to refine
Your labours pass'd, no more your voice you raise
To aught that may deserve the public praise,
What shall be done? when Saturn's jovial feast
Seem'd too luxuriant to your sober taste,
Hither you fled. Then try the pleasing strain:
Come on: begin.

HORACE.

Alas! 'tis all in vain, 10
While I with impotence of rage abuse
My harmless pens, the guiltless walls accuse;
Walls, that seem rais'd in angry heaven's despite,
The curse of peevish poets, when they write.

DAMASIPPUS.

And yet you threaten'd something wondrous great,
When you should warm you in your country-seat.
Why crowd the volumes of the Grecian sage,
Rang'd with the writers of the comic stage?
Think you the wrath of envy to appease,
Your virtue lost in idleness and ease? 20
Unhappy bard, to sure contempt you run,
Then learn the siren Idleness to shun;
Or poorly be content to lose the fame,
Which your past hours of better life might claim.

HORACE.

Sage Damasippus, may the powers divine,
For this same excellent advice of thine,

Give thee a barber, in their special grace,
To nurse your beard, that wisdom of the face.
Yet, prithee, tell me whence I'm so well known?

DAMASIPPUS.

When I had lost all business of my own, 30
And at the' exchange my shipwreck'd fortunes broke,
I minded the affairs of other folk.
In rare antiques full curious was my taste,
Here the rude chissel's rougher strokes I trac'd;
In flowing brass a vicious hardness found,
Or bought a statue for five hundred pound.
A perfect connoisseur at gainful rate,
I purchas'd gardens, or a mansion-seat.
Thus through the city was I known to fame,
And 'Mercury's favourite' my public name. 40

HORACE.

I knew your illness, and amaz'd beheld
Your sudden cure.

DAMASIPPUS.

A new disease expell'd
My old distemper: as when changing pains
Fly to the stomach from the head and reins.
Thus the lethargic, starting from his bed
In boxing frenzy, broke his doctor's head.

HORACE.

Spare but this frenzy, use me as you please—

DAMASIPPUS.

Good sir, don't triumph in your own disease;
For all are fools or mad, as well as you,
At least, if what Stertinius says, be true; 50
Whose wondrous precepts I with pleasure heard,
What time he bade me nurse this reverend beard,
Cheerful from the Fabrician bridge depart,
And with the words of comfort fill'd my heart.

For when, my fortune lost, resolv'd I stood,
Covering my head, to plunge into the flood,
Propitious he address'd me—

STERTINIUS.

Friend, take heed,
Nor wrong yourself by this unworthy deed.
'Tis but a vicious modesty to fear
Among the mad a madman to appear. 60
But listen heedful first, while I explain
What madness is, what error of the brain;
And if in you alone appear its power,
Then bravely perish: I shall say no more.
Whom vicious passions, or whom falsehood, blind,
Are by the stoics held of madding kind.
All but the wise are by this process bound,
The subject nations, and the monarch crown'd;
And they, who call you fool, with equal claim
May plead an ample title to the name. 70
When in a wood we leave the certain way,
One error fools us, though we various stray,
Some to the left, and some to t'other side;
So he, who dares thy madness to deride,
Though you may frankly own yourself a fool,
Behind him trails his mark of ridicule.
For various follies fill the human breast,
As, with unreal terrors when possess'd,
A wretch in superstitious frenzy cries,
'Lo! in the plain what rocks, what rivers rise!' 80
A different madness, though not less, inspires
The fool, who rushes wild through streams and fires;
His mother, sister, father, friends and wife,
Cry out, in vain, 'ah! yet preserve thy life;
That headlong ditch! how dreadful it appears!
That hanging precipice!' no more he hears,

Than drunken Fusius, lately at a play
Who fairly slept Ilione away;
While the full pit, with clamorous thousands, cries,
'Arise, dear mother, to my aid, arise.' 90
Now listen, while full clearly I maintain
Such is the vulgar error of the brain.
Some rare antique, suppose, your madness buys;
Is he, who lends the money, less unwise?
Or if the usurer Perillius said,
Take what I ne'er expect shall be repaid;
Are you a fool to take it, or not more
To affront the god, who sends the shining store?

PERILLIUS.

Ay; but I make him on a banker draw—

STERTINIUS.

'Tis not enough: add all the forms of law; 100
The knotty contracts of Cicuta's brain,
This wicked Proteus shall escape the chain:
Drag him to justice, he's a bird, tree, stone,
And laughs, as if his cheeks were not his own.
If bad economists are held unwise,
In good economy some wisdom lies:
And then Perillius is of tainted brain,
Who takes your bond, to sue for it in vain.
Come all, whose breasts with bad ambition rise,
Or the pale passion, that for money dies, 110

Ver. 87. *Than drunken Fusius.*] Fusius was an actor, who played the character of Ilione, who was to be wakened by the ghost of her son Polydore, in these words, 'Dear mother, hear me;' but being drunk, he fell really asleep; and, not answering, all the audience repeated the words,

With luxury, or superstition's gloom,
Whate'er disease your health of mind consume,
Compose your robes; in decent ranks draw near,
And, that ye all are mad, with reverence hear.
Misers make whole Anticyra their own:
Its hellebore reserv'd for them alone.
Staberius thus compell'd his heirs t'engrave
On his proud tomb what legacies he gave;
Or stand condemn'd to give the crowd a feast,
By Arrius form'd in elegance of taste, 120
And gladiators, ev'n an hundred pair,
With all the corn of Afric's fruitful year.
Such is my will, and whether fool or wise,
I scorn your censures the testator cries;
Wisely perceiving—

DAMASIPPUS.

What could he perceive,
Thus on his tomb his fortune to engrave?

STERTINIUS.

Long as he liv'd, he look'd on poverty,
And shun'd it as a crime of blackest dye!
And had he died one farthing less in pelf,
Had seem'd a worthless villain to himself; 130
For virtue, glory, beauty, all divine
And human powers, immortal gold! are thine;
And he, who piles the shining heap, shall rise
Noble, brave, just—

DAMASIPPUS.

You will not call him wise.

STERTINIUS.

Yes; any thing; a monarch, if he please;
And thus Staberius, nobly fond of praise,

By latest times might hope to be admir'd,
As if his virtue had his wealth acquir'd.
  When Aristippus, on the Lybian waste
Commands his slaves, because it stop'd their haste,
To throw away his gold; does he not seem 141
To be as mad, in opposite extreme?

DAMASIPPUS.

By such examples, truth can ne'er be tried:
They but perplex the question, not decide.

STERTINIUS.

If a man fill'd his cabinet with lyres,
Whom neither music charms, nor Muse inspires:
Should he buy lasts and knives, who never made
A shoe; or if a wight, who hated trade,
The sails and tackle for a vessel bought,
Madman or fool he might be justly thought. 150
But, prithee, where's the difference, to behold
A wretch, who heaps and hides his darling gold;
Unknowing how to use the massy store,
Yet dreads to violate the sacred ore?
  With a long club, and ever-open eyes,
To guard his corn its wretched master lies,
Nor dares, though hungry, touch the hoarded grain,
While bitter herbs his frugal life sustain;
If in his cellar lie a thousand flasks
(Nay, let them rise to thrice a thousand casks) 160
Of old Falernian, or of Chian vine;
Yet if he drink mere vinegar for wine;
If, at fourscore, of straw he made his bed,
While moths upon his rotting carpets fed;
By few, forsooth, a madman he is thought,
For half mankind the same disease have caught.

Thou dotard, cursed in the love of pelf,
For fear of starving, will you starve yourself?
Or do you this ill-gotten treasure save
For a luxurious son, or favourite slave? 170
How little would thy mass of money waste,
Did you on better oil and cabbage feast;
Or on thy clotted hair and dandruff-head,
A sweeter essence more profusely shed?
If nature wish for no immoderate store,
Then why forswear, and rob, and steal for more?
Yet are you sound? But when your folly raves,
If you should stone the people or your slaves;
Those slaves, whom you with pelf, how precious! buy,
'A madman, madman;' ev'n the children cry. 180
Is your head safe, although you hang your wife,
Or take by poison your old mother's life?
What! nor in Argos you commit the deed,
Nor did your mother by a dagger bleed;
Nor by a mad Orestes was she slain—
But was Orestes of untainted brain;
Or was he not by furies dire possess'd,
Before he plung'd the dagger in her breast?
Yet from the time you hold him hurt in mind,
His wildest actions are of harmless kind: 190
He neither stabs his sister nor his friend,
In a few curses his worst passions end:
He calls her fury, or whatever names
Flow from a breast, which choler high enflames.
Opimius, wanting ev'n what he possess'd,
In earthen cups, on some more solemn feast,
Quaff'd the poor juices of a meagre vine,
On week-days dead and vapid was his wine;
When with an heavy lethargy oppress'd,
His heir in triumph ran from chest to chest; 200

Swift to his aid his faithful doctor flies,
And to restore him this expedient tries;
From out his bags he pours the shining store,
And bids a crowd of people count it o'er;
Then plac'd the table near his patient's bed,
And loud, as if he rous'd him from the dead,
'Awake, and guard your wealth; this moment wake:
Your ravening heir will every shilling take.'
'What! while I live?' 'Then, wake, that you may live;
Here take the best prescription I can give. 210
Your bloodless veins, your appetite shall fail,
Unless you raise them by a powerful meal.
Take this ptisane—' 'What will it cost? nay, hold.'
A very trifle.'—'Sir, I will be told.'—
'Three pence.'—'Alas! what does it signify,
Whether by doctors, or by thieves I die?'

DAMASIPPUS.

Who then is sound?

STERTINIUS.

Whoever's not a fool.

DAMASIPPUS.

What think you of the miser?

STERTINIUS.

By my rule,
Both fool and madman.

DAMASIPPUS.

Is he sound and well.
If not a miser?

STERTINIUS.

No.

DAMASIPPUS.

I prithee tell, 220
Good stoic, why?

STERTINIUS.

Let us suppose you heard
An able doctor, who perchance declar'd
His patient's stomach good; yet shall he rise,
Or is he well? ah! no, the doctor cries;
Because a keen variety of pains
Attack the wretch's side, or vex his reins.
You are not perjur'd, nor to gold a slave;
Let Heaven your grateful sacrifice receive.
But if your breast with bold ambition glows
Set sail where hellebore abundant grows. 230
For, prithee, say, what difference can you find,
Whether to scoundrels of the vilest kind
You throw away your wealth in lewd excess,
Or know not to enjoy what you possess?
When rich Oppidius, as old tales relate,
To his two sons divided his estate,
Two ancient farms; he call'd them to his bed,
And dying thus with faltering accent said;
'In your loose robe when I have seen you bear
Your play-things, Aulus, with an heedless air, 240
Or careless give them to your friends away,
Or with a gamester's desperate spirit play;
While you, Tiberius, anxious counted o'er
Your childish wealth, and hid the little store;
A different madness seem'd to be your fate,
Misers or spendthrifts born to imitate.

Then, by our household gods, my sons, I charge,
That you ne'er lessen, that you ne'er enlarge
What seems sufficient to your tender sire,
And nature's most unbounded wants require. 250
'That glory ne'er may tempt ye, hear this oath,
By whose eternal power I bind ye both;
Curs'd be the wretch, an object of my hate,
Whoe'er accepts an office in the state.
Will you in largesses exhaust your store,
That you may proudly stalk the circus o'er?
Or in the capitol embronz'd may stand,
Spoil'd of your fortune and paternal land?
And thus, forsooth, Agrippa's praise engage,
Or shew, with reynard's tricks, the lion's rage? 260
Wherefore does Ajax thus unburied lie?

AGAMEMNON.

We are a king.

STERTINIUS.

A base Plebeian I,
Shall ask no more.

AGAMEMNON.

'Twas just what we decreed;
But, if you think it an unrighteous deed,
In safety speak. We here our rights resign.

STERTINIUS.

Greatest of monarchs, may the powers divine
A safe return permit you to enjoy,
With your victorious fleet, from ruin'd Troy—
But may I ask, and answer without fear? 269

AGAMEMNON.

You may.

STERTINIUS.

Then wherefore rots great Ajax here,
For many a Grecian sav'd who well might claim
To brave Achilles the next place in fame?
Is it that Priam, and the sires of Troy,
May view his carcass with malignant joy;
By whom their sons so oft destroy'd in fight
In their own country want the funeral rite?

AGAMEMNON.

A thousand sheep the frantic kill'd, and cry'd,
'Here both Atrides; there Ulysses died.'

STERTINIUS.

When your own child you to the altar led,
And pour'd the salted meal upon her head; 280
When you beheld the lovely victim slain,
Unnatural father! were you sound of brain?

AGAMEMNON.

Why not?

STERTINIUS.

Then what did frantic Ajax do,
When in his rage a thousand sheep he slew?
Nor on his wife or son he drew his sword,
But on your head his imprecations pour'd;
Nor on his brother turn'd the vengeful steel,
Nor did Ulysses his resentment feel.

AGAMEMNON.

But I, while adverse winds tempestuous roar,
To loose our fated navy from the shore 290
Wisely with blood the powers divine atone—

STERTINIUS.

What! your own blood, you madman?

AGAMEMNON.

Yes, my own;
But yet not mad.

STERTINIUS.

'Tis a disorder'd head,
Which, by the passions in confusion led,
The images of right and wrong mistakes,
And rage or folly no great difference makes.
Was Ajax mad, when those poor lambs he slew,
And are your senses right, while you pursue,
With such a crime, an empty title's fame?
Is the heart pure high-swelling for a name? 300
Should a man take a lambkin in his chair,
With fondling names caress the spotless fair;
Clothes, maids and gold, as for his child, provide,
And a stout husband for the lovely bride,
His civil rights the judge would take away,
And to trustees in guardianship convey.
Then sure you will not call him sound of brain,
By whom his daughter for a lamb was slain.
Blood-stain'd Bellona thunders round his head,
Who is by glassy fame in triumph led. 310
Now try the sons of luxury, you'll find,
That reason proves them fools of madding kind,
A thousand talents yonder youth receives,
Paternal wealth, and straight his orders gives,
That all the trades of elegance and taste,
All who with wit and humour joy a feast,
The impious crowd that fills the Tuscan street,
And the whole shambles, at his house should meet.
What then? they frequent his command obey'd,
And thus his speech the wily Pander made. 320

Whate'er these people have: whate'er is mine;
To-day, to-morrow send, be sure is thine.
  Hear the just youth this generous answer make,
'In clumsy boots, dear hunter for my sake,
You sleep in wild Lucania's snowy waste,
That I, at night, on a whole boar may feast.
For fish you boldly sweep the wintry seas,
That I, unworthy, may enjoy my ease.
Let each five hundred pounds, with pleasure, take,
To thee, dear Pander, I a present make 330
Of twice a thousand, that with all her charms
Your wife at night may run into my arms.'
  An actor's son dissolv'd a wealthy pearl
(The precious ear-ring of his favourite girl)
In vinegar, and thus luxurious quaff'd
A thousand solid talents at a draught.
Had he not equally his wisdom shown,
Into the sink, or river, were it thrown?
  A noble pair of brothers, twins, in truth,
In all the' excesses, trifles, crimes of youth, 340
On nightingales of monstrous purchase din'd;
What is their process? are they sound of mind?
  Suppose, in childish architecture skill'd,
A bearded sage his castle-cottage build,
Play odd and even, ride his reedy cane,
And yoke his harness'd mice; 'tis madness plain.
But what if reason, powerful reason, prove
'Tis more than equal childishness to love?
If there's no difference, whether in the dust
You sport your infant works, or high in lust, 350
An harlot's cruelty with tears deplore,
Will you, like much-chang'd Polemon of yore,

Ver. 333. *An actor's son, &c.*] The same story is told of Cleopatra.

Throw off the ensigns of the dear disease,
The arts of dress, and earnestness to please?
For the gay youth, though high with liquor warm'd,
Was by the sober sage's doctrine charm'd;
Chastis'd he listen'd to the' instructive lore,
And from his head the breathing garland tore.
A peevish boy shall proffer'd fruit despise;
'Take it, dear puppy.' No; and yet he dies 360
If you refuse it. Does not this discover
The froward soul of a discarded lover, [slighted
Thus reasoning with himself? what! when thus
Shall I return, return though uninvited?
Yes, he shall sure return, and lingering wait
At the proud doors he now presumes to hate.
'Shall I not go if she submissive send,
Or here resolve, my injuries shall end?
Expell'd, recall'd, shall I go back again?
No; let her kneel; for she shall kneel in vain.' 370
When lo! his wily servant well replied,
Think not by rule and reason, Sir, to guide
What ne'er by reason or by measure move,
For peace and war succeed by turns in love;
And while tempestuous these emotions roll,
And float with blind disorder in the soul,
Who strives to fix them by one certain rule,
May by right rule and reason play the fool.
When from the roof the darted pippins bound,
Does the glad omen prove your senses sound? 380
With aged tongue you breathe the lisping phrases—
Is he more mad, who that child-cottage raises?
Then add the murders of this fond desire,
And with the sword provoke the madding fire.
When jealous Marius late his mistress slew,
And from a precipice himself he threw,

Was he not mad; or can you by your rule
Condemn the murderer, and absolve the fool?
But though in civil phrase you change the name,
Madman and fool for ever are the same. 390

With hands clean wash'd, a sober, ancient wight,
Ran praying through the streets at early light,
'Snatch me from death; grant me alone to live;
No mighty boon; with ease the gods can give.'
Sound were his senses, yet if he were sold,
His master sure this weakness must have told;
And if not fond a law-suit to maintain,
Must have confess'd the slave unsound of brain.
This crowd is by the doctrine of our schools
Enroll'd in the large family of fools. 400

Her child beneath a quartan fever lies
For full five months, when the fond mother cries,
'Sickness and health are thine, all-powerful Jove,
Then from my son this dire disease remove;
And when your priests thy solemn fast proclaim,
Naked the boy shall stand in Tiber's stream.
Should chance, or the physician's art up-raise
Her infant from this desperate disease,
The frantic dame shall plunge her hapless boy,
Bring back the fever, and the child destroy. 410
Tell me, what horrors thus have turn'd her head?
Of the good gods a superstitious dread.

DAMASIPPUS.

These arms Stertinius gave me, our eighth sage,
That none unpunish'd may provoke my rage;
Who calls me mad, shall hear himself a fool,
And know he trails his mark of ridicule.

HORACE.

Great stoic, so may better bargains raise
Your ruin'd fortune; tell me, if you please,

Since follies are thus various in their kind,
To what dear madness am I most inclin'd. 420
For I, methinks, my reason will maintain—

DAMASIPPUS.

What! did Agave then suspect her brain,
When, by a bacchanalian frenzy led,
In her own hand she carried her son's head?

HORACE.

Since we must yield to truth, 'tis here confess'd,
I am a fool; with madness too possess'd;
But since my mind's distemper'd, if you please,
What seems the proper kind of my disease?

DAMASIPPUS.

First that you build, and scarce of two foot height,
Mimic the mighty stature of the great: 430
While you, forsooth, a dwarf in arms, deride
His haughty spirit, and gigantic stride:
Yet are you less ridiculous, who dare,
Mere mimic, with Mæcenas to compare!
Perchance, a mother-frog had stroll'd abroad,
When a fell ox upon her young ones trod;
Yet one alone escap'd, who thus express'd
The doleful news—'Ah me! a monstrous beast
My brothers hath destroy'd.' 'How large?' she cries,
And swelling forth—'was this the monster's size?' 441
Then larger grows—'What! is he larger still?'
When more and more she strives her bulk to fill;
'Nay, though you burst, you ne'er shall be so great.'
No idle image, Horace, of thy state.
Your verses too; that oil, which feeds the flame;
If ever bard was wise, be thine the name.
That horrid rage of temper—

HORACE.

Yet have done?

DAMASIPPUS.

That vast expense—

HORACE.

Good stoic, mind your own.

DAMASIPPUS.

Those thousand furious passions for the fair—

HORACE.

Thou mightier fool, inferior idiots spare. 450

SATIRE IV.

HORACE. CATIUS.

HORACE.

WHENCE comes my Catius? whither in such haste?

CATIUS.

I have no time in idle prate to waste.
I must away, to treasure in my mind
A set of precepts, novel and refin'd;
Such as Pythagoras could never reach,
Nor Socrates, nor scienc'd Plato teach.

Sanadon, in his introductory note, says, the friend of Catius was as ignorant of cookery as he was of philosophy. I think it more probable that he was describing what were really esteemed delicacies at the tables of Rome. It is curious enough that this sagacious critic takes the obvious irony of Catius all through the Satire for serious pomposity.

HORACE.

I ask your pardon, and confess my crime,
To interrupt you at so cross a time.
But yet, if aught escap'd through strange neglect,
You shall with ease the wisdom recollect; 10
Whether you boast, from nature or from art,
This wondrous gift of holding things by heart.

CATIUS.

I meant to store them total in my head,
The matter nice, and wrought of subtle thread.

HORACE.

But prithee, Catius, what's your sage's name:
Is he a Roman, or of foreign fame?

CATIUS.

His precepts I shall willingly reveal,
And sing his doctrines, but his name conceal.
Long be your eggs, far sweeter than the round,
Cock-eggs they are, more nourishing and sound. 20
In thirsty fields a richer colewort grows,
Than where the watery garden overflows.
If by an evening guest perchance surpris'd,
Lest the tough hen (I prithee be advis'd)
Should quarrel with his teeth, let her be drown'd
In lees of wine, and she'll be tender found.
Best flavour'd mushrooms pasture-land supplies,
In other kinds a dangerous poison lies.

Ver. 27. *Pasture.*] Francis, out of respect to Sanadon, who is an *ignis fatuus* that is continually leading him astray, renders this, 'meadow,' and inserts the following note from him: 'Nothing is more false. The best mushrooms, generally speaking, are those gathered in woods, heaths, and downs.' But the word *pratentis* in the original may be applied to any kind of pasture, as well as to meadows; and as for woods, I

He shall with vigour bear the summer's heat,
Who after dinner shall be sure to eat 30
His mulberries, of blackest, ripest dyes,
And gather'd ere the morning-sun arise.
Aufidius first, most injudicious, quaff'd
Strong wine and honey for his morning draught.
With lenient beverage fill your empty veins,
And smoother mead shall better scour the reins.
Sorrel and white-wine, if you costive prove,
And muscles, all obstructions shall remove.
In the new moon all shell-fish fill with juice,
But not all seas the richer sort produce; 40
The largest in the Lucrine lake we find,
But the Circæan are of sweeter kind.
Crayfish are best on the Misenian coasts,
And soft Tarentum broadest scollops boasts.
If not exact and elegant of taste,
Let none presume to understand a feast;
'Tis not enough to buy the precious fish,
But know what sauce gives flavour to the dish,
If stew'd or roasted it shall relish best,
And to the table rouse the languid guest. 50
If the half-tainted flesh of boars you hate,
Let the round dishes bend beneath the weight
Of those with acorns fed; though fat, indeed,
The rest are vapid from the marshy reed.
The vine-fed goat's not always luscious fare;
Wise palates choose the wings of pregnant hare.
None before me so sapient to engage
To tell the various nature or the age

never knew them produce any other fungus than the toadstool. Miller says, the best mushrooms are found in rich pastures. This kind of mushroom is in particular requisition among the modern Italians, who call it *pratolino*.

Of fish and fowl; that secret was my own,
Till my judicious palate quite unknown. 60
In some new pastry that man's genius lies,
Yet in one art 'tis meanness to be wise.
For should we not be careful lest our oil,
Though excellent our wine, the fish should spoil?
The sky serene, put out your massic wine;
In the night-air its foulness shall refine,
And lose the scent, unfriendly to the nerves,
But filtrated no flavour it preserves.
He, who with art would pour a stronger wine
On smooth Falernian lees, should well refine 70
The' incorporated mass with pigeon's eggs;
The falling yolk will carry down the dregs.
Stew'd shrimps and Afric cockles shall excite
A jaded drinker's languid appetite;
For lettuce after wine is cold and crude,
But ham or sausage is provoking food:
Perhaps he may prefer with higher zest,
Whatever is in filthy taverns dress'd.
Two sorts of sauce are worthy to be known;
Simple the first, of sweetest oil alone: 80
The other mix'd with full and generous wine,
With the true pickle of Byzantian brine;
Let it with shredded herbs and saffron boil,
And when it cools, pour in Venafran oil.
Picenian fruits with juicy flavour grow;
But Tibur's with superior beauty glow.
Some grapes have with success in pots been tried;
Albanian better in the smoke are dried;
With them and apples and the lees of wine,
White pepper, common salt, and herring-brine, 90
I first invented a delicious treat,
And gave to every guest a separate plate.

Monstrous, to spend a fortune on a dish,
Or crowd the table with a load of fish.
It strongly turns the stomach, when a slave
Shall on your cup the greasy tokens leave
Of what rich sauce the luscious caitiff stole;
Or when vile mould incrusts your antique bowl.
Brooms, mats, and saw-dust, are so cheaply bought,
That not to have them is a shameless fault. 100
What! sweep with dirty broom a floor inlaid,
Or on foul couches Tyrian carpets spread?

HORACE.

Catius, by friendship, by the powers divine,
Take me to hear this learned sage of thine:
For though his rules you faithfully express,
This mere repeating makes the pleasure less.
Besides, what joy to view his air and mien!
Trifles to you, because full often seen.
Nor mean that ardour, which my breast inflames,
To visit wisdom's even remoter streams; 110
And by your learned, friendly guidance led,
Quaff the pure precept at the fountain head.

SATIRE V.

ULYSSES. TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

BESIDES the precepts which you gave before,
Resolve this question, and I ask no more:

Though there is great merit in this Satire, there is the most gross deviation from propriety of character, in putting it into the mouths of Ulysses and Tiresias.

Say by what arts and methods I may straight
Repair the ruins of a lost estate.
How now, Tiresias! whence those leering smiles?

TIRESIAS.

Already vers'd in double-dealing wiles,
Are you not satisfied to reach again
Your native land, and view your dear domain?

ULYSSES.

How poor and naked I return, behold,
Unerring prophet! as you first foretold. 10
The wooing tribe, in revellings employ'd,
My stores have lavish'd, and my herds destroy'd;
But high descent and meritorious deeds,
Unbless'd with wealth, are viler than sea-weeds.

TIRESIAS.

Since, to be brief, you shudder at the thought
Of want; attend, how riches may be caught.
Suppose a thrush, or any dainty thing
Be sent to you, dispatch it on the wing
To some rich dotard. What your garden yields,
The choicest honours of your cultur'd fields, 20
To him be sacrific'd; and let him taste,
Before your gods, the vegetable feast.
Though he be perjur'd, and ignobly born,
Stain'd with fraternal blood, the public scorn,
A runagate; yet if requir'd, abide
The test, and dance attendance by his side
With low submission.

ULYSSES.

What! obey the call
Of such a wretch, and give a slave the wall?

Not thus at Troy I prov'd my lofty mind,
Contending ever with the nobler kind. 30

TIRESIAS.

Then poverty shall be your fate!

ULYSSES.

If so;
Let me with soul undaunted undergo
This loathsome evil, since my valiant heart
In greater perils bore a manly part.
But instant tell me, prophet, how to scrape
Returning wealth, and pile the splendid heap.

TIRESIAS.

I told, and tell you: you may safely catch
The wills of dotards, if you wisely watch;
And though one hunks or two perceive the cheat,
Avoid the hook, or nibble off the bait; 40
Lay not aside your golden hope of prey,
Or drop your art, though baffled in your play.
Should either great, or less important suit,
In court become the matter of dispute,
Espouse the man of prosperous affairs,
Pregnant with wealth, if indigent in heirs;
Though he should hamper with a wicked cause
The juster party, and insult the laws:
Despise the citizen of better life,
If clogg'd with children, or a fruitful wife. 50
Accost him thus (for he with rapture hears
A title tingling in his tender ears):
'Quintus, or Publius, on my faith depend,
Your own deserts have render'd me your friend:
I know the mazy doubles of the laws,
Untie their knots, and plead with vast applause.

Had you a nut, the villain might as well
Pluck out my eyes, as rob you of the shell.
This is the business of my life profess'd,
That you lose nothing, or become a jest.' 60
Bid him go home, of his sweet self take care;
Conduct his cause; proceed, and persevere;
Should the red dog-star infant statues split,
Or fat-paunch'd Furius in poetic fit
Bombastic howl, and, while the tempest blows,
Befoam the winter Alps with hoary snows.
Some person then, who chances to be nigh,
Shall pull your client by the sleeve, and cry,
'See with what patience he pursues your ends!
Was ever man so active for his friends?' 70
Thus gudgeons daily shall swim in apace,
And stock your fish-ponds with a fresh increase.
This lesson also well deserves your care,—
If any man should have a sickly heir,
And large estate; lest you yourself betray
By making none but bachelors your prey,
With weening ease the pleasing bane instil,
In hopes to stand the second in his will;
And if the boy by some disaster hurl'd,
Should take his journey to the nether world, 80
Your name in full reversion may supply
The void: for seldom fails this lucky die.
Should any miser bid you to peruse
His will, be sure you modestly refuse,
And push it from you; but obliquely read
The second clause, and quick run o'er the deed;
Collecting, whether, to reward your toil,
You claim the whole, or must divide the spoil.
A season'd scrivener, bred in office low,
Full often dupes, and mocks the gaping crow. 90

Thus foil'd Nasica shall become the sport
Of old Coranus, while he pays his court.

ULYSSES.

What! are you mad, or purpos'd to propose
Obscure predictions, to deride my woes?

TIRESIAS.

O son of great Laertes! every thing
Shall come to pass, or never, as I sing;
For Phœbus, monarch of the tuneful Nine,
Informs my soul, and gives me to divine.

ULYSSES.

But, good Tiresias, if you please, reveal
What means the sequel of that mystic tale. 100

TIRESIAS.

What time a youth, who shall sublimely trace
From fam'd Æneas his heroic race,
The Parthian's dread, triumphant shall maintain
His boundless empire over land and main:
Nasica, loth to re-imburse his coin,
His blooming daughter shall discreetly join
To brave Coranus, who shall slily smoke
The harpy's aim, and turn it to a joke;
The son-in-law shall gravely give the sire
His witness'd will, and presently desire 110
That he would read it: coyly he complies,
And silent cons it with attentive eyes,
But finds, alas! to him and his forlorn
No legacy bequeath'd—except to mourn.
  Add to these precepts, if a crafty lass,
Or free-man manage a delirious ass,
Be their ally; their faith applaud, that you,
When absent, may receive as much in lieu:

'Tis good to take these out-works to his pelf,
But best to storm the citadel itself. 120
Writes he vile verses in a frantic vein?
Augment his madness, and approve the strain:
Prevent his asking, if he loves a wench,
And let your wife his nobler passion quench.

ULYSSES.

Can you suppose, a dame so chaste, so pure,
Could e'er be tempted to the guilty lure,
Whom all the suitors amorously strove
In vain to stagger in her plighted love?

TIRESIAS.

The youth too sparing of their presents came;
They lov'd the banquet, rather than the dame; 130
And thus your prudent honourable spouse,
It seems, was faithful to her nuptial vows.
But had she touch'd a wealthy dotard's fee,
Her cully smack'd, and shar'd the gains with thee;
She never after could be terrified,
Sagacious beagle, from the reeking hide.
I'll tell a tale, well worthy to be told,
A fact that happen'd, and I then was old:
A hag at Thebes, a wicked one, no doubt,
Was thus, according to her will, lugg'd out 140
Stiff to the pile. Upon his naked back
Her heir sustain'd the well-anointed pack.
She likely took this crotchet in her head,
That she might slip, if possible, when dead,
From him, who trudging through a filthy road,
Had stuck too closely to the living load.
Be cautious therefore, and advance with art,
Nor sink beneath, nor over-act your part.
A noisy fellow must of course offend
The surly temper of a sullen friend: 150

Yet be not mute—like Davus in the play,
With head inclin'd, his awful nod obey,
Creep into favour: if a ruder gale
Assault his face, admonish him to veil
His precious pate. Oppose your shoulders, proud
To disengage him from the bustling crowd.
If he love prating, hang an ear; should lust
Of empty glory be the blockhead's gust,
Indulge his eager appetite, and puff
The growing bladder with inspiring stuff, 160
Till he with hands uplifted to the skies,
'Enough! enough!' in glutted rapture cries.
When he shall free you from your servile fear,
And tedious toil; when broad awake, you hear:
'To good Ulysses, my right trusty slave,
A fourth division of my lands I leave.'
'Is then (as void of consolation roar)
My dearest friend, my Dama, now no more?
Where shall I find another man so just,
Firm in his love, and faithful to his trust?' 170
Squeeze out some tears: 'tis fit in such a case
To cloak your joys beneath a mournful face.
Though left to your discretionary care,
Erect a tomb magnificently fair;
And let your neighbours, to proclaim abroad
Your fame, the pompous funeral applaud.
If any vassal of the will-compeers,
With asthma gasping, and advanc'd in years,
Should be dispos'd to purchase house or land,
Tell him, that he may readily command 180
Whatever may to your proportion come,
And for the value, let him name the sum—
But I am summon'd by the queen of hell
Back to the shades. Live artful; and farewell.

SATIRE VI.

I OFTEN wish'd I had a farm,
A decent dwelling, snug and warm,
A garden, and a spring as pure
As crystal, running by my door;
Besides a little ancient grove,
Where at my leisure I might rove.
  The gracious gods, to crown my bliss,
Have granted this, and more than this;
I have enough in my possessing,
'Tis well: I ask no greater blessing, 10
O Hermes! than, remote from strife,
To have and hold them for my life.
  If I was never known to raise
My fortune by dishonest ways;
Nor, like the spendthrifts of the times,
Shall ever sink it by my crimes:
If thus I neither pray, nor ponder—
Oh! might I have that angle yonder,
Which disproportions now my field,
What satisfaction it would yield? 20
Oh! that some lucky chance but threw
A pot of silver in my view;
As lately to the man, who bought
The very land, in which he wrought!
If I am pleas'd with my condition,
O! hear, and grant this last petition:
Indulgent let my cattle batten,
Let all things, but my fancy, fatten;
And thou continue still to guard,
As thou art wont, thy suppliant bard. 30

This Satire has been imitated by the joint labours of Swift and Pope.

Whenever therefore I retreat
From Rome into my Sabine seat,
By mountains fenc'd on either side,
And in my castle fortified,
What should I write with greater pleasure,
Than satires in familiar measure?
Nor mad ambition there destroys,
Nor sickly wind my health annoys;
Nor noxious autumn gives me pain,
The ruthless undertaker's gain. 40
Whatever title please thine ear,
Father of morning, Janus, hear;
Since mortal men by heaven's decree,
Commence their toils, imploring thee;
Director of the busy throng,
Be thou the prelude of my song.
At Rome you press me: 'Without fail
A friend expects you for his bail;
Be nimble to perform your part,
Lest any rival get the start. 50
Though rapid Boreas sweep the ground,
Or winter in a narrower round
Contracts the day, through storm and snow;
At all adventures, you must go.'
When bound beyond equivocation,
Or any mental reservation,
By all the ties of legal traps,
And to my ruin too, perhaps;
I still must bustle through the crowd,
And press the tardy; when aloud 60
Some wicked fellow reimburses
This usage with a peal of curses.—
'What madness hath possess'd thy pate,
To justle people at this rate;

When puffing through the streets you scour
To meet Mæcenas at an hour?'
  This pleases me, to tell the truth,
And is as honey to my tooth.
But when I breathe Esquilian air,
I find as little quiet there: 70
An hundred men's affairs confound
My senses, and besiege me round.
'Roscius entreated you to meet
At court to-morrow before eight—
The secretaries have implor'd
Your presence at their council-board—
Pray, take this patent, and prevail
Upon your friend to fix the seal—'
'Sir, I shall try'—replies the man,
And urges: 'If you please, you can—' 80
  'Tis more than seven years complete,
It hardly wants a month of eight,
Since good Mæcenas, fond of sport,
Receiv'd me first in friendly sort,
Whom he might carry in his chair,
A mile or two, to take the air,
And might entrust with idle chat,
Discoursing upon this or that;
As in a free familiar way,—
'How, tell me, Horace, goes the day? 90
And can that Thracian wight engage
The Syrian Hector of the stage?
The morning air is very bad
For them, who go but thinly clad.'—
  Our conversation chiefly dwells
On these, and such like bagatelles,
As might, without incurring fears,
Be well repos'd in leaky ears.

But since this freedom first began,
And I was thought a lucky man, 100
The more each day, the more each hour
I find myself in envy's power:—
'This fortune's favourite son ('tis cried)
Is ever by Mæcenas' side;
Companion wheresoe'er he goes,
In rural sports or festal shows.'
Should any rumour, without head
Or tail, about the streets be spread;
Whoever meets me gravely nods,
And says, 'As you approach the gods, 110
It is no mystery to you;
What do the Dacians mean to do?'
'Indeed I know not.'—'How, you joke,
And love to sneer at simple folk!'
'But vengeance seize this head of mine,
If I have heard or can divine—'
'Then, prithee, where are Cæsar's bands
Allotted their long-promis'd lands?'
Although I swear I know no more
Of that, than what was ask'd before, 120
They stand amaz'd, and think me then
The most reserv'd of mortal men.
Bewilder'd thus amidst a maze,
I lose the sunshine of my days,
And often wish: 'Oh! when again
Shall I behold the rural plain?
And when with books of sages deep,
Sequester'd ease, and gentle sleep,

Ver. 118. *Long-promis'd lands.*] Augustus had promised his soldiers to divide the lands of some of the conquered party among them; but neglecting to fulfil his promise, some of his troops mutinied.

In sweet oblivion, blissful balm!
The busy cares of life becalm: 130
Oh! when shall Pythagoric beans,
With wholesome juice enrich my veins?
And bacon-ham and savory pottage
Be serv'd beneath my simple cottage?
O nights, that furnish such a feast
As even gods themselves might taste!'
Thus fare my friends; thus feed my slaves,
Alert, on what their master leaves!
  Each person there may drink, and fill
As much, or little, as he will; 140
Exempted from the bedlam-rules
Of roaring prodigals and fools:
Whether in merry mood or whim
He takes a bumper to the brim;
Or, better pleas'd to let it pass,
Grows mellow with a scanty glass.
  Nor this man's house, nor that's estate
Becomes the subject of debate;
Nor whether Lepos, the buffoon,
Can dance, or not, a rigadoon; 150
But what concerns us more, I trow,
And were a scandal not to know;
If happiness consist in store
Of riches, or in virtue more:
Whether esteem, or private ends
Direct us in the choice of friends:
What's real good without disguise,
And where its great perfection lies.
While thus we spend the social night,
Still mixing profit with delight, 160
My neighbour Cervius never fails
To club his part in pithy tales:

Suppose, Arellius, one should praise
Your anxious opulence: he says—
  A country-mouse, as authors tell,
Of old invited to her cell
A city-mouse, and with her best
Would entertain the courtly guest.
Thrifty she was, and full of cares
To make the most of her affairs; 170
Yet, in the midst of her frugality,
Would give a loose to hospitality.
In short, she goes, and freely fetches
Whole ears of hoarded oats, and vetches;
Dry grapes and raisins cross her chaps,
And dainty bacon, but in scraps,
If delicacies could invite
My squeamish lady's appetite,
Who turn'd her nose at every dish,
And saucy piddled, with a—pish! 180
  The matron of the house, reclin'd
On downy chaff, discreetly din'd
On wheat, and darnel from a manger,
And left the dainties for the stranger.
  The cit, displeas'd at this repast,
Attacks our simple host at last.
'What pleasure can you find, alack!
To live behind a mountain's back?
Would you prefer the town, and men,
To this unsocial dreary den; 190
No longer, moping, loiter here,
But come with me to better cheer.
  'Since animals but draw their breath,
And have no being after death;
Nor yet the little, nor the great,
Can shun the rigour of their fate;

At least be merry while you may,
The life of mice is but a day;
Reflect on this, maturely live,
And all that day to pleasure give.' 200
Encourag'd thus, the nimble mouse,
Transported, sallies from her house:
They both set out, in hopes to crawl
At night beneath the city-wall.
And now the night, claps'd eleven,
Possess'd the middle space of heaven,
When, harass'd with a length of road,
They came beneath a grand abode,
Where ivory couches, overspread
With Tyrian carpets, glowing, fed 210
The dazzled eye. To lure the taste,
The trophies of a costly feast,
Remaining, fresh but yesterday,
In baskets, pil'd on baskets, lay.
When madam on a purple seat
Had plac'd her rustic friend in state,
She bustles, like a busy host,
Supplying dishes boil'd and roast;
Nor yet omits the courtier's duty
Of tasting, ere she brings the booty. 220
The country-mouse, with rapture strange,
Rejoices in her fair exchange;
And, lolling like an easy guest,
Enjoys the cheer, and cracks her jest.
When, on a sudden, opening gates,
Loud-jarring, shook them from their seats.
They ran, affrighted, through the room,
And, apprehensive of their doom,
Now trembled more and more; when, hark!
The mastiff-dogs began to bark; 230

The dome, to raise the tumult more,
Resounded to the surly roar.
The bumpkin then concludes, 'Adieu!
This life, perhaps, agrees with you:
My grove and cave, secure from snares,
Shall comfort me with chaff and tares.'

SATIRE VII.

DAVUS. HORACE.

DAVUS.

I'LL hear no more, and with impatience burn,
Slave as I am, to answer in my turn:
And yet I fear—

HORACE.

What! Davus, is it you?

DAVUS.

Yes. Davus, Sir, the faithful and the true.
With wit enough no sudden death to fear—

HORACE.

Well. Since this jovial season of the year
Permits it, and our ancestors ordain,
No more the dear impertinence restrain.

DAVUS.

Among mankind, while some with steady view
One constant course of darling vice pursue; 10

Ver. 6. *Jovial season.*] During the festival of the Saturnalia, which was celebrated by the Romans in December, the slaves were permitted to say what they chose to their master. The same liberty is claimed and exercised by the soldiers of our army, with regard to their officers, during a march.

Most others float along the changing tide,
And now to virtue, now to vice they glide.
Lo! from three rings how Priscus plays the light;
Now shows his naked hand—The various wight
With every hour a different habit wears:
Now in a palace haughtily appears,
Then hides him in some vile and filthy place,
Where a clean slave would blush to show his face:
Now rakes at Rome, and now to Athens flies;
Intensely studies with the learn'd and wise. 20
Sure all the gods, who rule this varying earth,
In deep despite presided at his birth.
Old Volanerius, once that man of joke,
When the just gout his crippled fingers broke,
Maintain'd a slave to gather up the dice,
So constant was he to his darling vice.
Yet less a wretch than he, who now maintains
A steady course, now drives with looser reins.

HORACE.

Tell me, thou tedious varlet, whither tends
This wretched stuff?

DAVUS.

At you direct it bends. 30

HORACE.

At me, you scoundrel?

DAVUS.

When with lavish praise
You vaunt the happiness of ancient days,
Suppose some god should take you at your word,
Would you not scorn the blessing you implor'd?
Whether not yet convinc'd, as you pretend,
Or weak the cause of virtue to defend;

And, sinking in the mire, you strive in vain,
Too deeply plung'd, to free your foot again.
While you're at Rome, the country has your sighs;
A rustic grown, you vaunt into the skies 40
The absent town. Perchance, if uninvited
To dine abroad, oh! then you're so delighted
With your own homely meal, that one would think,
That he who next engages you to drink,
Must tie you neck and heels; you seem so bless'd,
When with no bumper-invitation press'd.
But should Mæcenas bid his poet wait
(Great folks, like him, can never dine till late)
Sputtering with idle rage the house you rend, 49
'Where is my essence? Rogues, what, none attend?'
While the buffoons, you promis'd to have treated,
Sneak off with curses—not to be repeated.
I own to some a belly-slave I seem;
I throw my nose up to a savory steam:
Or folks may call me, careless, idle sot,
Or say I pledge too oft the other pot:
But shall the man of deeper vice, like you,
With malice unprovok'd my faults pursue;
Because with specious phrase, and terms of art,
You clothe, forsooth, the vices of your heart? 60
What if a greater fool your worship's found,
Than the poor slave you bought for twenty pound?
Think not to fright me with that threatening air,
Nay keep your temper, sir, your fingers spare;
While I the maxims, sage and wise, repeat,
Taught me by Crispin's porter at his gate.

Ver 42. *Dine.*] I have substituted *dine* for *sup*, as it stands in Francis; for the *cœna* of the Romans, both from the hour, and from its being their principal meal, resembles much more our dinner than our supper: indeed, it is even too early for our dinners at present, as the hour of the *cœna* was about four.

You tempt your neighbour's wife; an humble harlot
Contents poor Davus—Who's the greater varlet?
When nature fires my veins, I quench the flame,
And leave the wanton with uninjur'd fame; 70
Nor shall one jealous care disturb my breast,
By whom the fair-one shall be next possess'd.
When you throw off those ensigns of your pride,
Your ring, your judge's robe, and basely hide,
Beneath a slave's vile cap, your essenc'd hair;
Say, are you not the wretch whose clothes you wear?
And where's the difference, whether you engage
Through scourges, wounds and death, to mount the stage;
Or by the conscious chamber-maid are press'd
Quite double, neck and heels, into a chest? 80
Does not the husband's power o'er both extend?
Yet shall his juster wrath on you descend:
For she ne'er strolls abroad in vile disguise,
And when her lewder wishes highest rise,
She dares but half indulge the sin; afraid,
Even by the man she loves, to be betray'd.
You take the yoke, and to the husband's rage
Your fortune, person, life and fame engage.
Have you escap'd? methinks, your future care
Might wisely teach you to avoid the snare. 90
No; you with ardour to the danger run,
And dare a second time to be undone.
Repeated slave! What beast, that breaks his chain,
In love with bondage would return again?
But you, it seems, ne'er touch the wedded dame—
Then, by the son of Jove, I here disclaim
The name of thief; when, though with backward eye,
I wisely pass the silver goblet by.
But take the danger and the shame away,
And vagrant nature bounds upon her prey, 100

Spurning the reins. But say, shall you pretend
O'er me to lord it, who thus tamely bend
To each proud master; to each changing hour
A very slave? Not e'en the Prætor's power,
With thrice-repeated rites, thy fears control,
Or vindicate the freedom of thy soul.
  But as the slave, who lords it o'er the rest,
Is but a slave, a master-slave at best,
So art thou, insolent! by me obey'd;
Thou thing of wood and wires, by others play'd. 110

HORACE.

Who then is free?

DAVUS.

The wise, who well maintains
An empire o'er himself: whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire,
Who boldly answers to his warm desire,
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise,
Firm in himself who on himself relies;
Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force.
  What is there here, that you can justly claim,
Or call your own? when an imperious dame 120
Demands her price, with insults vile pursues thee;
Driven out of doors, with water well bedews thee,
Then calls you back: for shame, shake off her chain,
And boldly tell her you are free—In vain;
A tyrant-lord thy better will restrains,
And spurs thee hard, and breaks thee to his reins.
  If some fam'd piece the painter's art displays,
Transfix'd you stand, with admiration gaze;
But is your worship's folly less than mine,
When I with wonder view some rude design 130

In crayons or in charcoal, to invite
The crowd to see the gladiators fight?
Methinks, in very deed they mount the stage,
And seem in real combat to engage;
Now in strong attitude they dreadful bend;
Wounded they wound; they parry and defend:
Yet Davus is with rogue and rascal grac'd,
But you're a critic, and a man of taste.
I am, forsooth, a good-for-nothing knave,
When by a smoking pasty made a slave: 140
In you it shows a soul erect and great,
If you refuse e'en one luxurious treat.
Why may not I, like you, my guts obey?—
My shoulders for the dear indulgence pay.
But should not you with heavier stripes be taught,
Who search for luxuries, how dearly bought?
For soon this endless, this repeated feast,
Its relish lost, shall pall upon the taste;
Then shall your trembling limbs refuse the weight
Of a vile carcass, with disease replete. 150
How seldom from the lash a slave escapes,
Who trucks some trifle, that he stole, for grapes?
And shall we not the servile glutton rate,
To please his throat who sells a good estate?
You cannot spend one vacant hour alone;
You cannot make that vacant hour your own:
A self-deserter, from yourself you stray,
And now with wine, and now with sleep allay
Your cares; in vain; companions black as night,
Thy pressing cares, arrest thee in thy flight. 160

HORACE.

Is there no stone?

DAVUS.

At whom, good sir, to throw it?

HORACE.

Have I no dart?

DAVUS.

What mischief ails our poet?
He's mad or making verses—

HORACE.

Hence, you knave,
Or to my farm I'll send thee, the ninth slave.

SATIRE VIII.

HORACE. FUNDANIUS.

HORACE.

THEY told me, that you spent the jovial night
With Nasidienus, that same happy wight,
From early day, or you had been my guest;
But, prithee, tell me how you lik'd the feast.

FUNDANIUS.

Sure never better.

HORACE.

Tell me, if you please,
How did you first your appetite appease.

FUNDANIUS.

First a Lucanian boar, of tender kind,
Caught, says our host, in a soft southern wind:

This is obviously a Satire on a person of bad taste giving a dinner to men of superior rank; where (as Francis observes) every delicacy of the season, though commended with ostentation by the host, is either tainted by being kept too long, or spoiled by bad cookery, and disgraced by the awkwardness of the attendants: but there is no feature of the miser, as he insinuates, in the picture of Nasidienus.

Around him lay whatever could excite,
With pungent force, the jaded appetite; 10
Rapes, lettuce, radishes, anchovy-brine,
With skerrets, and the lees of Coan wine.
This dish remov'd, a slave expert and able
With purple napkin wip'd a maple table:
Another sweeps the fragments of the feast,
That nothing useless might offend the guest.
Like Ceres' priestess dark Hydaspes rears
A bowl that Cæcuba's rich vintage bears,
While of the Chian grape, the much-fam'd juice,
But dead and vapid, Alcon's hands produce. 20
If Alban and Falernian please you more,
So says our host, you may have both good store;
Poor wealth indeed——

HORACE.

But tell me, who were there,
Thus happy to enjoy such luscious fare?

FUNDANIUS.

On the first couch I haply lay between
Viscus and Varius, if aright I ween;
Servilius and Vibidius both were there,
Brought by Mæcenas; and with him they share
The middle bed. Our master of the feast
On the third couch, in seat of honour plac'd, 30
Porcius betwixt and Nomentanus lies;
Porcius, who archly swallows custard-pies,
While Nomentanus with his finger shows
Each hidden dainty which so well he knows;
For we, poor folk, unknowing of our feast,
Eat fish and wild-fowl—of no common taste.
But he, to prove how luscious was the treat,
With a broil'd flounder's entrails crowds my plate;

Then told me, apples are more ruddy bright,
If gather'd by fair Luna's waning light. 40
He best can tell you where the difference lies—
But here Servilius to Vibidius cries,
'Sure to be poison'd, unreveng'd we die,
Unless we drink the wretched talker dry.
Slave, give us larger glasses.'—Struck with dread,
A fearful pale our landlord's face o'erspread;
Great were his terrors of such drinking folk,
Because with too much bitterness they joke,
Or that hot wines, dishonouring his feast,
Deafen the subtle judgment of the taste. 50
When our two champions had their goblets crown'd,
We did them justice, and the glass went round;
His parasites alone his anger fear'd,
And the full flask unwillingly they spar'd.
In a large dish an outstretch'd lamprey lies,
With shrimps all floating round: the master cries,
'This fish, Mæcenas, full of roe was caught,
For after spawning-time its flesh is naught.
The sauce is mix'd with olive oil; the best,
And purest from the vats Venafran press'd; 60
And, as it boil'd, we pour'd in Spanish brine,
Nor less than five-year-old Italian wine.
A little Chian's better when 'tis boil'd,
By any other it is often spoil'd.
Then was white pepper o'er it gently pour'd,
And vinegar of Lesbian vintage sour'd.

Ver. 46. *A fearful pale.*] Horace here expressly gives the reason why Nasidienus disliked hard drinking, to show that it was not from avarice.

Ver. 50. *Deafen* seems oddly applied to the taste, but it is so in the original.

'I first among the men of sapience knew
Roquets and herbs in cockle-brine to stew,
Though in the same rich pickle, 'tis confess'd,
His unwash'd cray-fish sage Curtillus dress'd.' 70
But lo! the canopy that o'er us spreads,
Tumbled, in hideous ruin, on our heads;
With dust, how black! not such the clouds arise
When o'er the plain a northern tempest flies.
Some horrors, yet more horrible, we dread,
But raise us, when we found the danger fled.
Poor Rufus droop'd his head, and sadly cried,
As if his only son untimely died.
Sure he had wept, till weeping ne'er had end,
But Nomentanus thus up-rais'd his friend; 80
'Fortune, thou cruellest of powers divine,
To joke poor mortals is a joke of thine.'
While Varius with a napkin scarce suppress'd
His laughter, Balatro, who loves a jest,
Cries, 'Such the lot of life, nor must you claim,
For all your toils, a fair return of fame.
While you are tortur'd thus, and torn with pain,
A guest like me, polite to entertain
With bread well bak'd, with sauces season'd right,
With slaves in waiting elegantly tight, 90
Down rush the canopies, a trick of fate,
Or a groom-footman stumbling breaks a plate.
Good fortune hides, adversity calls forth,
A landlord's genius, and a leader's worth.'
To this mine host; 'Thou ever-gentle guest,
May all thy wishes by the gods be bless'd,
Thou best good man'—But when we saw him rise,
From bed to bed the spreading whisper flies.
No play was half so fine.

HORACE.

But, prithee, say,
How afterwards you laugh'd the time away. 100

FUNDANIUS.

'Slaves, (cries Vibidius) have you broach'd the cask?
How often must I call for t'other flask?'
With some pretended joke our laugh was dress'd,
Servilius ever seconding the jest;
When you, great host, return'd with alter'd face,
As if to mend with art your late disgrace.
The slaves behind in mighty charger bore
A crane in pieces torn, and powder'd o'er
With salt and flour; and a white gander's liver,
Stuff'd fat with figs, bespoke the curious giver; 110
Besides the wings of hares, for, so it seems,
No man of luxury the back esteems.
Then saw we black-birds with o'er-roasted breast,
Laid on the board, and ring-doves rumpless dress'd!
Delicious fare! did not our host explain
Their various qualities in endless strain,
Their various natures: but we fled the feast,
Resolv'd in vengeance nothing more to taste;
As if Canidia, with empoison'd breath,
Worse than a serpent's, blasted it with death. 120

EPISTLES.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

O THOU, to whom the Muse first tun'd her lyre,
Whose friendship shall her latest song inspire,
Wherefore, Mæcenas, would you thus engage
Your bard, dismiss'd with honour from the stage,
Again to venture in the lists of fame,
His youth, his genius, now no more the same?
  Secure in his retreat Vejanius lies,
Hangs up his arms, nor courts the doubtful prize;
Wisely resolv'd to tempt his fate no more,
Or the light crowd for his discharge implore. 10
  The voice of reason cries with piercing force,
Loose from the rapid car your aged horse,
Lest in the race derided, left behind,
He drag his jaded limbs, and burst his wind.
  Then farewell all the' amusements of my youth,
Farewell to verses, for the search of truth

This Epistle was excellently imitated by Pope, and addressed to Lord Bolingbroke.

And moral decency hath fill'd my breast,
Hath every thought and faculty possess'd;
And now I form my philosophic lore,
For all my future life a treasur'd store. 20
You ask, perhaps, what sect, what chief I own?
I'm of all sects, but blindly sworn to none:
For as the tempest drives, I shape my way,
Now active plunge into the world's wide sea;
Now virtue's precepts rigidly defend,
Nor to the world—the world to me shall bend:
Then make a looser moralist my guide,
And to a school less rigid smoothly glide.
As night seems tedious to the' expecting youth,
Whose fair one breaks her assignation truth; 30
As to a slave appears the lengthen'd day,
Who works for former debts, not future pay;
As, when the guardian mother's too severe,
Impatient minors waste their last, long year;
So sadly slow the time ungrateful flows,
Which breaks the' important systems I propose:
Systems, whose useful precepts might engage
Both rich and poor; both infancy and age;
But meaner precepts now my life must rule,
These, the first principles of wisdom's school. 40
What thought you cannot hope for eagle's eyes,
Will you a lenient, strengthening salve despise?

Ver. 29. *As night seems tedious*, &c.] Though this whole passage is in general done admirably well by Pope, yet this line of his,

'Long as the night to her whose love's away.'

by no means expresses the meaning of Horace; it only relates to absence, but Horace unites expectation and disappointment with it.

Though matchless Glycon's limbs you cannot gain,
Will you not cure the gout's decrepit pain?
Though of exact perfection you despair,
Yet every step to virtue's worth your care.
  Ev'n while you fear to use your present store,
Yet glows your bosom with a lust of more?
The power of words, and soothing sounds appease
The raging pain, and lessen the disease. 50
Is fame your passion? Wisdom's powerful charm,
If thrice read over, shall its force disarm.
The slave to envy, anger, wine or love,
The wretch of sloth, its excellence shall prove:
Fierceness itself shall bear its rage away,
When listening calmly to the' instructive lay.
Even in our flight from vice some virtue lies,
And free from folly, we to wisdom rise.
A little fortune, and the foul disgrace
To urge in vain your interest for a place: 60
These are the ills you shun with deepest dread:
With how much labour both of heart and head?
To distant climes that burn with other suns,
Through seas and rocks, the' undaunted merchant [runs
In search of wealth, yet heedless to attend
To the calm lectures of some wiser friend,
Who bids him scorn, what now he most desires,
And with an idiot's ignorance admires.
  What strolling gladiator would engage
For vile applause to mount a country-stage, 70
Who at the' Olympic games could gain renown,
And without danger bear away the crown?

Ver. 43. *Glycon.*] So called from the name of Glycon, the artist, inscribed on the pedestal, was the celebrated statue of Hercules.

Silver to gold, we own, must yield the prize,
And gold to virtue; louder Avarice cries,
Ye sons of Rome, let money first be sought;
Virtue is only worth a second thought.
This maxim echoes through the banker's street,
While young and old the pleasing strain repeat:
For though you boast a larger fund of sense,
Untainted morals, honour, eloquence, 80
Yet want a little of the sum that buys
The titled honour, and you ne'er shall rise
Above the crowd: yet boys, at play, proclaim,
"If you do well, be monarch of the game."
Be this thy brazen bulwark of defence,
Still to preserve thy conscious innocence,
Nor e'er turn pale with guilt. But prithee tell,
Shall Otho's law the children's song excel?
The sons of ancient Rome first sung the strain,
Which bids the wise, the brave, the virtuous reign. 90
My friend, get money; get a large estate,
By honest means; but get, at any rate;
That you may rise distinguish'd in the pit,
And view the weeping scenes that Pupius writ.
But is he not a friend of nobler kind,
Who wisely fashions and informs thy mind,
To answer, with a soul erect and brave,
To fortune's pride, and scorn to be her slave?
But should the people ask me, while I use
The public converse, wherefore I refuse 100
To join the public judgment and approve,
Or fly, whatever they dislike or love;
Mine be the answer prudent Reynard made
To the sick lion—'Truly I'm afraid,
When I behold the steps, that to thy den
Look forward all, but none return again.'

But what a many-headed beast is Rome?
For what opinion shall I choose, or whom?
Some joy the public revenues to farm;
By presents some the ravening widow charm; 110
Others their nets for dying dotards lay,
And make the childless bachelor their prey;
By dark extortion some their fortunes raise:
Thus every man some different passion sways:
But where is he, who can with steady view
E'en for an hour his favourite scheme pursue?
If a rich lord, in wanton rapture, cries,
'What place on earth with charming Baiæ vies!'
Soon the broad lake and spreading sea shall prove
The' impatient whims of his impetuous love; 120
But if his fancy point some other way
(Which like a sign from heaven he must obey)
Instant, ye builders, to Teanum haste,
An inland country is his lordship's taste.
Knows he the genial bed, and fruitful wife?
'How happy then is an unmarried life!'
Is he a bachelor?' 'the only bless'd,
He swears, are of the bridal joy possess'd.
Say, while he changes thus, what chains can bind
These various forms; this Proteus of the mind? 130
But now to lower objects turn your eyes,
And lo! what scenes of ridicule arise.
The poor, in mimicry of heart, presumes
To change his barbers, baths, and beds, and rooms;
And, since the rich in their own barges ride,
He hires a boat, and pukes in mimic pride.
If some unlucky barber notch my hair,
Or if my robes of different length I wear;
If my new vest a tatter'd shirt confess,
You laugh to see such quarrels in my dress: 140

But if my judgment, with itself at strife,
Should contradict my general course of life;
Should now despise, what it with warmth pursued,
And earnest wish for what with scorn it view'd;
Float like the tide; now high the building raise;
Now pull it down; nor round, nor square can please,
You call it madness of the usual kind,
Nor laugh, nor think trustees should be assign'd
To manage my estate; nor seem afraid
That I shall want the kind physician's aid; 150
While yet, my great protector and my friend,
On whom my fortune, and my hopes depend,
An ill-pair'd nail you with resentment see
In one, who loves and honours you like me.
In short, the wise is only less than Jove,
Rich, free, and handsome; nay a king above
All earthly kings; with health supremely bless'd—
Except when sharp defluctions break his rest.

EPISTLE II.

TO LOLLIUS.

WHILE you, my Lollius, on some chosen theme,
With youthful eloquence at Rome declaim,

Ver. 158. *Except when sharp defluxions*, &c.] The point of this line seems to allude to the following passage of Epictetus: 'Can there be a Providence, cries an Epicurean, or could it suffer this continual defluction to torment me thus?'—'Slave as you are,' says Epicurus, 'why are you formed with hands. Were they not given you to wipe your nose?'—'Yes: but were it not better,' answers the disciple, 'that there were no such thing as phlegm?'—'And is it not better,' replies Epicurus, 'to wipe your nose than to deny the existence of Providence?'

I read the Grecian poet o'er again,
Whose works the beautiful and base contain;
Of vice and virtue more instructive rules,
Than all the sober sages of the schools.
Why thus I think, if not engag'd, attend;
And, Lollius, hear the reasons of your friend.
  The well-wrought fable, that sublimely shows
The loves of Paris, and the lengthen'd woes 10
Of Greece in arms; presents, as on a stage,
The giddy tumults, and the foolish rage
Of kings and people. Hear Antenor's scheme;
'Cut off the cause of war; restore the dame:'
But Paris treats this counsel with disdain,
Nor will be forc'd in happiness to reign.
While hoary Nestor, by experience wise,
To reconcile the angry monarchs tries:
His injur'd love the son of Peleus fires,
And equal passion, equal rage inspires 20
The breasts of both. When doating monarchs urge
Unsound resolves, their subjects feel the scourge.
Trojans and Greeks, seditious, base, unjust,
Offend alike in violence and lust.
To show what pious wisdom's power can do,
The poet sets Ulysses in our view,
Who conquer'd Troy, and with sagacious ken
Saw various towns and policies of men;
While for himself, and for his native train,
He seeks a passage through the boundless main, 30
In perils plung'd, the patient hero braves
His adverse fate, and buoys above the waves.
  The Siren songs and Circe's cups you know,
Which with his mates, voracious of their woe,
If he had blindly tasted, he had been
A brutal vassal to a lustful queen;

Had liv'd a dog, debas'd to vile desire,
Or loathsome swine, and grovel'd in the mire.
But we, mere cyphers in the book of life,
Like those, who boldly woo'd our hero's wife, 40
Born to consume the fruits of earth; in truth,
As vain and idle, as Phæacia's youth;
Mere outside all, to fill the mighty void
Of life, in dress and equipage employ'd,
Who sleep till mid-day, and with melting airs
Of empty music soothe away our cares.
  Rogues nightly rise to murder men for pelf;
Will you not rouse you to preserve yourself?
But though in health you doze away your days,
You run, when puff'd with dropsical disease. 50
Unless you light your early lamp to find
A moral book; unless you form your mind
To nobler studies; you shall forfeit rest,
And love or envy shall distract your breast.
For the hurt eye an instant cure you find;
Then why neglect, for years, the sickening mind?
  Who sets about, hath half perform'd his deed;
Dare to be wise, and, if you would succeed,
Begin. The man, who has it in his power
To practise virtue, and protracts the hour; 60
Waits till the river pass away: but lo!
Ceaseless it flows, and will for ever flow.
At wealth, and wives of faithfulness, we aim,
We stub the forest, and the soil reclaim;
Who hath sufficient, should not covet more:
Nor house, nor lands, nor heaps of labour'd ore
Can give the feverish lord one moment's rest,
Or drive one sorrow from his anxious breast;
The fond possessor must be bless'd with health,
To reap the comforts of his hoarded wealth. 70

Domain and fortune gratify the breast,
For lucre lusting, or with fear depress'd;
As pictures, glowing with a vivid light,
Afford amusement to a blemish'd sight;
As chafing quells the gout, or music cheers
The tingling organs of imposthum'd ears.
For tainted vessels sour what they contain;
Then fly from pleasures, dearly bought with pain.
He wants for ever, who would more acquire,
Set certain limits to your wild desire. 80
The man, who envies, must behold with pain
Another's joys, and sicken at his gain:
Nor could Sicilia's tyrants ever find
A greater torment than an envious mind.
The man, unable to control his ire,
Shall wish undone, what hate and wrath inspire:
To sate his rage, precipitate he flies,
Yet in his breast the' unsated vengeance lies.
Anger's a shorter frenzy: then subdue
Your passion, or your passion conquers you. 90
Let lordly reason hold the guiding reins,
And bind the tyrant with coercive chains.
The jockey forms the tender steed with skill,
To move obedient to the rider's will.
Since first the home-taught hound began to bay
The buck-skin trail'd, he challenges his prey
Through woody wilds. Now pliantly inure
Your mind to virtue, while your heart is pure;
Now suck in wisdom; for the vessel, well
With liquor season'd, long retains the smell. 100
But if you lag, or run a-head, my friend;
I leave the slow, nor with the swift contend.

EPISTLE III.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

FLORUS, I long to know where Claudius leads
The distant rage of war: whether he spreads
His conquering banners o'er the Thracian plains,
Or freezing Hebrus bound in snowy chains.
Or does the Hellespont's high-tower'd sea,
Or Asia's fertile soil his course delay?
What works of genius do the youth prepare,
Who guard his sacred person? Who shall dare
To sing the glories of Augustus' name,
And give his peaceful honours down to fame? 10
How fares my Titius? Say, when he intends
To publish? Does he not forget his friends?
He, who disdains the springs of common fame,
And dauntless quaffs the deep Pindaric stream;
Does he design, while all the Muse inspires,
To tune to Theban sounds the Roman lyres?
Or with the transports of theatric rage,
And its sonorous language, shake the stage?
Let Celsus be admonish'd, o'er and o'er,
To search the treasures of his native store, 20
Nor touch what Phœbus consecrates to fame,
Lest, when the birds their various colours claim,
Stripp'd of his stolen pride, the crow forlorn
Should stand the laughter of the public scorn.
What do you dare? who float with active wing
Around the thymy fragrance of the spring?
Not yours the genius of a lowly strain,
Nor of uncultur'd, or unpolish'd vein,

Whether you plead with eloquence his cause;
Or to your client clear the doubtful laws; 30
Then sure to gain, for amatory lays,
The wreaths of ivy, with unenvied praise.
Could you the passions, in their rage, control,
That damp the nobler purpose of the soul;
Could you these soothing discontents allay,
Soon should you rise where wisdom points the way;
Wisdom heaven-born, at which we all should aim,
The little vulgar, and the known to fame;
If we would live, within our proper sphere,
Dear to ourselves, and to our country dear. 40
Now tell me, whether Plancus holds a part
(For sure he well deserves it) in your heart?
Or was the reconciliation made in vain,
And like an ill-cur'd wound breaks forth again;
While inexperienc'd youth, and blood inflam'd,
Drive you, like coursers, to the yoke untam'd?
Where'er ye are, too excellent to prove
The broken union of fraternal love,
A votive heifer gratefully I feed,
For your return in sacrifice to bleed. 50

Ver. 29. *Whether you plead*, &c.] Exactly as we might now say to a counsel, 'whether you give your client your opinion in your chambers, or plead his cause in the courts.'

EPISTLE IV.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

ALBIUS, in whom my satires find
A candid critic, and a kind,
Do you, while at your country-seat,
Some rhyming labours meditate,
That shall in volum'd bulk arise,
And even from Cassius bear the prize;
Or, sauntering through the silent wood,
Think what befits the wise and good?
  Thou art not form'd of lifeless mould,
With breast inanimate and cold; 10
To thee the gods a form complete,
To thee the gods a large estate
In bounty gave, with skill to know
How to enjoy what they bestow.
  Can a fond nurse one blessing more
Ev'n for her favourite boy implore,
With sense and clear expression bless'd,
Of friendship, honour, health possess'd,
A table, elegantly plain,
And a poetic, easy vein? 20
  By hope inspir'd, depress'd with fear,
By passion warm'd, perplex'd with care,
Believe, that every morning's ray,
Hath lighted up thy latest day;

Albius Tibullus (to whom Ode 33. Book i. is also addressed) was one of the purest of the Roman poets, next, perhaps, to Virgil. The English reader may form some judgment of his works from Hammond's Love Elegies, which are nearly translations of them.

Then, if to-morrow's sun be thine,
With double lustre shall it shine.
  Such are the maxims I embrace,
And here, in sleek and joyous case,
You'll find, for laughter fitly bred,
A hog by Epicurus fed.

EPISTLE V.

TO TORQUATUS.

If, dear Torquatus, you can kindly deign
To lie on beds, of simple form and plain,
Where herbs alone shall be your frugal feast;
At evening I expect you for my guest.
Nor old, I own, nor excellent, my wine;
Of five years vintage, and a marshy vine;
If you have better, bring the' enlivening cheer,
Or, from an humble friend, this summons bear.
  Bright shines my hearth, my furniture is clean,
With joy my courtly guest to entertain: 10
Then leave the hope, that, wing'd with folly, flies;
Leave the mean quarrels, that from wealth arise:
Leave the litigious bar; for Cæsar's birth
Proclaims the festal hour of ease and mirth;
While social converse, and sincere delight,
Shall stretch, beyond its length, the summer's night.
Say, what are fortune's gifts, if I'm denied
Their cheerful use? for nearly are allied
The madman and the fool, whose sordid care
Makes himself poor, but to enrich his heir. 20
Give me to drink; and, crown'd with flowers, despise
The grave disgrace of being thought unwise.

What cannot wine perform? It brings to light
The secret soul: it bids the coward fight;
Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts
Drives the dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.
Whom hath not an inspiring bumper taught
A flow of words, and loftiness of thought?
E'en in the' oppressive grasp of poverty
It can enlarge, and bid the wretch be free. 30
Cheerful my usual task I undertake,
(Nor a mean figure in my office make)
That no foul linen wrinkle up the nose;
That every plate with bright reflection shows
My guest his face; that none, when life grows gay,
The social hour of confidence betray.
That all in equal friendship may unite,
Your Butra and Septicius I'll invite;
And, if he's not engag'd to better cheer,
Or a kind girl, Sabinus shall be here. 40
Still there is room; and yet the summer's heat
May prove offensive, if the crowd be great:
But write me word, how many you desire,
Then instant from the busy world retire;
And while your tedious clients fill the hall,
Slip out at the back-door, and bilk them all.

EPISTLE VI.

TO NUMICIUS.

To view all nature with unwondering breast,
Is the sole mean to make, to keep us bless'd.

This Epistle has been imitated by Pope. Dr. Warton justly says of it, that 'it is the most finished of all his imitations,

There are, untainted with the thoughts of fear,
Who see the certain changes of the year
Unerring roll; who see the glorious sun,
And the fix'd stars, their annual progress run:
But with what different eye do they behold
The gifts of earth; or diamonds or gold;
Old ocean's treasures, and the pearly stores,
Wafted to farthest India's wealthy shores? 10
Or with what sense, what language, should we gaze
On shows, employments, or the people's praise?
Whoever dreads the opposite extreme,
Of disappointment, poverty, or shame,
Is raptur'd with almost the same desires,
As he, who doats on what the world admires;
Equal their terrors, equal their surprise,
When accidental dangers round them rise:
Nor matters it, what passions fill his breast,
With joy or grief, desire or fear oppress'd, 20
With down-fix'd eyes, who views the varying scene,
Whose soul grows stiff, and stupified his brain.
E'en virtue, when pursued with warmth extreme,
Turns into vice, and fools the sage's fame.
Now go, Numicius, and with higher gust
Admire thy treasur'd gold, the marble bust,
Or bronze antique, the purple's various glow,
And lustred gem; those works, which arts bestow.
Let gazing crowds your eloquence admire,
At early morn to court, at night retire, 30

and executed in that high manner the Italian painters call *con amore.*' Pope adopts the first couplet of Creech, which begins '*Not to admire,*' which Francis also adopted; but (though derived from it) to admire, is a very unfaithful translation of *admirari,* which implies here, '*surprise, mingled with terror,* as well as desire; in which last sense only we use *to admire.*

Lest Mutus wed a wife of large estate;
While, deeper your dishonour to complete,
The low-born wretch to you no honour pays,
Though you on him with admiration gaze.
  But time shall bring the latent birth to light,
And hide the present glorious race in night;
For though Agrippa's awful colonade,
Or Appian way, thy passing pomp survey'd;
It yet remains to tread the drear descent,
Where good Pompilius, and great Ancus went. 40
  Would you not wish to cure the' acuter pains,
That rack thy tortur'd side, or vex thy reins?
Would you, and who would not, with pleasure live?
If virtue can alone the blessing give,
With ardent spirit her alone pursue,
And with contempt all other pleasures view.
Yet if you think, that virtue's but a name;
That groves are groves, nor from religion claim
A sacred awe; fly to the distant coast,
Nor let the rich Bithynian trade be lost. 50
A thousand talents be the rounded sum,
You first design'd; then raise a second plumb;
A third successive be your earnest care,
And add a fourth to make the mass a square;
For gold, the sovereign queen of all below,
Friends, honour, birth and beauty can bestow:
The goddess of persuasion forms his train,
And Venus decks the well-bemoney'd swain.
  The Cappadocian king, though rich in slaves,
Yet wanting money, was but rich by halves; 60
Be not like him. Lucullus, as they say,
Once being ask'd to furnish for a play
A hundred martial vests, in wonder cried,
'Whence can so vast a number be supplied?

But yet, whate'er my wardrobe can afford,
You shall command:' then instant wrote him word,
Five thousand vests were ready at his call;
He might have part, or, if he pleas'd, take all.
Poor house! where no superfluous wealth's unknown
To its rich lord, that thieves may make their own.
Well, then, if wealth alone our bliss insure, 71
Our first, our latest toil, should wealth secure:
If pride, and public pomp the blessing claim,
Let's buy a slave to tell each voter's name,
And give the hint, and through the crowded street
To stretch the civil hand to all we meet.
The Fabian tribe his interest largely sways;
This the Velinian; there a third, with ease,
Can give or take the honours of the state,
The consul's fasces, and the prætor's seat. 80
According to their age adopt them all,
And brother, father, most facetious call.
If he lives well, who revels out the night,
Be gluttony our guide: away; 'tis light.
Let's fish, or hunt; and then, at early day,
Across the crowded forum take our way;
Or to the Campus Martius change the scene,
And let our slaves display our hunting train:
That gazing crowds by one poor mule be taught,
At what a price the mighty boar was bought. 90
Then let us bathe, while the' indigested food
Lies in the swelling stomach raw and crude;
Forgetting all of decency and shame,
From the fair book of freedom strike our name,
And like the' abandon'd Ulyssean crew,
Our Ithaca forgot, forbidden joys pursue.

If life's insipid without mirth and love,
Let love and mirth insipid life improve.
Farewell; and if a better system's thine,
Impart it frankly, or make use of mine. 100

EPISTLE VII.

TO MÆCENAS.

I PROMIS'D at my country farm to stay
But a few days; yet August roll'd away,
And left your loiterer here. But kind forgive,
(In cheerful health if you would have me live)
And to my fears the same indulgence show,
As to my real illness you bestow.
The purpled fig now paints the sickly year,
And undertakers in black pomp appear;
The father, and, with softer passions warm'd,
The tender mother for her son's alarm'd; 10
The crowded levee with a fever kills,
And the long lawyer's plea unseals our wills:
But when the snows on Alba's mountain lie,
To some warm sea-port town your bard shall fly,
There o'er a book not too severely bend;
Resolv'd to visit his illustrious friend
When western winds, and the first swallows, bring
The welcome tidings of returning spring.
In other taste to me your bounty flow'd,
Than to his guest the rough Calabrian show'd— 20
'These pears are excellent, then prithee feed.'—
'I've eaten quite enough'—'Well:—You indeed
Shall take some home—as many as you please,
For children love such little gifts as these.'

'I thank you, sir, as if they all were mine.'—
'Nay! if you leave, you leave them for the swine.'
Thus fools and spendthrifts give what they despise;
And hence such thankless crops for ever rise.
The wise and good with better choice bestow,
Yet real gold from play-house counters know. 30
But thus much merit let me boldly claim,
No base ingratitude shall stain my name:
And yet if I must never leave you more,
Give me my former vigour, and restore
The hair that on the youthful forehead plays;
Give me to prate with joy, to laugh with ease,
And o'er the flowing bowl, in sighing strain,
To talk of wanton Cinera's disdain.

Into a wicker cask, where corn was kept,
Perchance of meagre corps, a field-mouse crept; 40
But when she fill'd her paunch, and sleek'd her hide,
How to get out again, in vain she tried.
A weasel, who beheld her thus distress'd,
In friendly sort the luckless mouse address'd,
'Would you escape, you must be poor and thin,
To pass the hole, as when you ventur'd in.'

If in this tale the' unlucky picture's mine,
Cheerful the gifts of fortune I resign;
Nor with a load of luxury oppress'd,
Applaud the sleep, that purer meals digest: 50
Nor would exchange, for bless'd Arabia's gold,
My native ease, and freedom uncontroll'd.

You oft have prais'd me, that no bold request,
A modest poet! on your friendship press'd;
My grateful language ever was the same,
I call'd you every tender, awful name;
However try me, whether I can part
From all your bounty, with a cheerful heart.

The youth, whose sire such various woes had tried,
To Menelaus, not unwise, replied, 60
' Our island hath no rich and fertile plain,
No wide-extended course, in which to train
The generous horse; then grant me to refuse
A present, that you better know to use.'
For little folks become their little fate;
And, at my age, not Rome's imperial seat,
But soft Tarentum's more delicious ease,
Or Tibur's solitude, my taste can please.
Philip, whose youth was spent in feats of war,
Now grown a famous lawyer at the bar, 70
Returning home from court one sultry day,
Complain'd, how tedious was the lengthen'd way
To folks in years; then wistfully survey'd
A new trimm'd spark, who, joying in the shade,
Loll'd in a barber's shop, with ease reclin'd,
And par'd his nails, full indolent of mind:—
' Demetrius, (so was call'd his favourite slave,
For such commissions a right-trusty knave)
Run and inquire of yonder fellow straight,
His name, friends, country, patron and estate.' 80
He goes, returns—' Vulteius is his name;
Of little fortune, but of honest fame;
A public crier, who a thousand ways
Bustles to get what he enjoys with ease.
A boon companion 'mongst his equals known,
And the small house he lives in is his own.
His business over, to the public shows,
Or to the field of Mars, he sauntering goes.'
Methinks, I long to see this wondrous wight;
Bid him be sure to sup with me to-night. 90
Menas, with awkward wonder, scarce believes
The courteous invitation he receives:

At last, politely begs to be excus'd—
'And am I then with insolence refus'd?
Whether from too much fear, or too much pride,
I know not, but he flatly has denied.'
Philip next morn our honest pedlar found
Dealing his iron merchandise around
To his small chaps;—the first good-morrow gave;
Menas confus'd—'Behold a very slave, 100
To business chain'd, or I should surely wait
An early client at your Worship's gate;
Or had I first perceiv'd you—as I live'—
Well, sup with me to night, and I forgive
All past neglect. Be punctual to your hour;
Remember I expect you just at four.
Till then farewell; your growing fortunes mend,
And know me for your servant and your friend.
Behold him now at supper, where he said,
Or right or wrong, what came into his head; 110
When Philip saw his eager gudgeon bite,
At morn an early client, and at night
A certain guest, his project to complete,
He takes him with him to his country-seat.
On horseback now he ambles at his ease,
The soil, the climate, his incessant praise.
Philip, who well observ'd our simple guest,
Laughs in his sleeve, resolv'd to have his jest
At any rate; then lends him fifty pound,
And promis'd more, to buy a spot of ground. 120
But, that our tale no longer be delay'd,
Bought is the ground. and our spruce merchant made
A very rustic; while at endless rate,
Vineyards and furrows are his constant prate.
He plants his elms for future vines to rise,
Grows old with care, and on the prospect dies.

But when his goats by sickness, and by thieves
His sheep are lost, his crop his hope deceives,
And his one ox is kill'd beneath the yoke,
Such various losses his best spirits broke. 130
At midnight dragging out his only horse,
He drives to Philip's house his desperate course;
Who, when he saw him rough, deform'd with hair,
'Your ardent love of pelf, your too much care
Hath surely brought you to this dismal plight.'—
'Oh! call me wretch, if you would call me right,'
The caitiff cries; but let this wretch implore,
By your good genius—all that you adore,—
By that right hand, sure never pledg'd in vain,—
Restore me to my former life again.' 140
To his first state let him return with speed,
Who sees how far the joys he left exceed
His present choice: for all should be confin'd
Within the bounds which Nature hath assign'd.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

To Celsus, Muse, my warmest wishes bear,
And if he kindly ask you how I fare,
Say, though I threaten many a vast design,
Nor happiness, nor wisdom, yet are mine.
Not that the driving hail my vineyards beat;
Not that my olives are destroy'd with heat;
Not that my cattle pine in foreign plains—
More in my mind than body lie my pains.
Reading I hate, and with unwilling ear
The voice of comfort, or of health I hear. 10

Friends or physicians I with pain endure,
Who strive this languor of my soul to cure.
Whate'er may hurt me, I with joy pursue;
Whate'er may do me good, with horror view.
Inconstant as the wind I various rove;
At Tibur, Rome: at Rome, I Tibur love.
  Ask how he does; what happy arts support
His prince's favour, nor offend the court?
If all be well, say first, that we rejoice,
And then, remember, with a gentle voice 20
Instil this precept at his listening ear,
'As you your fortune, we shall Celsus bear.'

EPISTLE IX.

TO TIBERIUS NERO.

SEPTIMIUS only knows, at least, would seem
To know, the share I hold in your esteem;
And when he asks, nay would by prayer prevail,
That I present him with my warmest zeal,
Worthy of Nero's family, and heart,
Where only men of merit claim a part;
When fondly he persuades himself I hold
A place among your nearer friends enroll'd:
Much better than myself he sees and knows
How far my interest with Tiberius goes. 10

This is the most delicate recommendation of a friend to the patronage of a great man that can possibly be imagined, and had all the success it deserved. It was imitated with very good effect by Prior, in a recommendation of his friend Mr. Skelton to Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford.

A thousand things I urg'd to be excus'd,
Though fearful, if too warmly I refus'd,
I might, perhaps, a mean dissembler seem,
To make a property of your esteem.
Thus have I with a friend's request complied,
And on the confidence of courts relied:
If you forgive me, to your heart receive
The man I love, and know him good and brave.

EPISTLE X.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

To Fuscus, who in city-sports delights,
A country bard with gentle greeting writes;
In this we differ, but in all beside,
Like twin-born brothers, are our souls allied:
And, as a pair of fondly-constant doves,
Though link'd in love, whom different duty moves;
You keep the nest, I love the rural mead,
The brook, the mossy rock and woody glade:
In short, I live and reign, whene'er I fly
The joys, you vaunt with rapture to the sky, 10
And like a slave, from the priest's service fled,
I nauseate honey'd cakes, and long for bread.
Would you to Nature's laws obedience yield;
Would you a house for health or pleasure build;

Ver. 13. *Would you to nature's laws*, &c.] Very few persons indeed are really sensible of the beauties of rural scenery, and the pleasures of rural retirement; they are entirely lost on the votaries of ambition, of luxury, of commerce, and even of agriculture.

Where is there such a situation found,
As where the country spreads its blessings round?
Where is the temperate winter less severe?
Or when the sun ascending fires the year,
Where breathes a milder zephyr to assuage
The dog-star's fury, or the lion's rage? 20
Where do less envious cares disturb our rest?
Or are the fields, in nature's colours dress'd,
Less grateful to the smell, or to the sight,
Than the rich floor, with inlaid marble bright?
Is water purer from the bursting lead,
Than gently murmuring down its native bed?
Among your columns, rich with various dyes,
Unnatural woods with awkward art arise:
You praise the house, whose situation yields
An open prospect to the distant fields. 30
Though Nature be expell'd with proud disdain,
The powerful goddess will return again;
Return in silent triumph to deride
The weak attempts of luxury and pride.

The man, who cannot with judicious eye
Compare the fleece that drinks the Tyrian dye,
With the pale Latian; yet shall ne'er sustain
A loss so touching, of such heart-felt pain,
As he, who can't, with sense of happier kind,
Distinguish truth from falshood in the mind. 40

They, who in Fortune's smiles too much delight,
Shall tremble when the goddess takes her flight;
For if her gifts our fonder passions gain,
The frail possession we resign with pain.

Then leave the gaudy blessings of the great;
The cottage offers a secure retreat,
Where you may make a solid bliss your own,
To kings, and favourites of kings, unknown.

A lordly stag, arm'd with superior force,
Drove from their common field a vanquish'd horse,
Who for revenge to man his strength enslav'd, 51
Took up his rider, and the bit receiv'd:
But, when he saw his foe with triumph slain,
In vain he strove his freedom to regain,
He felt the weight, and yielded to the rein.
So he, who poverty with horror views,
Nor frugal Nature's bounty knows to use;
Who sells his freedom in exchange for gold,
(Freedom for mines of wealth too cheaply sold)
Shall make eternal servitude his fate, 60
And feel a haughty master's galling weight.
Our fortunes and our shoes are near allied;
We're pinch'd in strait, and stumble in the wide.
Then learn thy present fortune to enjoy,
And on my head thy just reproach employ,
If e'er, forgetful of my former self,
I toil to raise unnecessary pelf;
For gold will either govern or obey,
But better shall the slave, than tyrant, play.
This near the shrine of idleness I pen'd, 70
Sincerely bless'd, but that I want my friend.

EPISTLE XI.

TO BULLATIUS.

Do the fam'd islands of the' Ionian seas,
Lesbos, or Chios, my Bullatius please?
Or Sardis, where great Crœsus held his court?
Say, are they less, or greater than report?
Does Samos, Colophon, or Smyrna, yield
Compar'd to Tibur, or to Mars's field?

Would you, fatigu'd with toils of lands and seas,
In Lebedus, or Asia, spend your days?
You tell me, Lebedus is now become
More desert than our villages at home; 10
Yet there you gladly fix your future lot,
Your friends forgetting, by your friends forgot;
Enjoy the calm of life, and safe on shore,
At distance hear the raging tempest roar.
A traveller, though wet with dirt and rain,
Would not for ever at an inn remain:
Or pierc'd with cold, and joying in the heat
Of a warm bath, believe his joys complete. [tost,
Though by strong winds your bark were tempest
Say, would you sell it on a distant coast? 20
Believe me, at delicious Rhodes to live,
To a sound mind no greater bliss can give,
Than a thick coat in summer's burning ray,
Or a light mantle on a snowy day,
Or to a swimmer Tiber's freezing stream,
Or sunny rooms in August's mid-day flame.
While yet 'tis in your power; while fortune smiles,
At Rome with rapture vaunt those happy isles;
And with a grateful hand the bliss receive,
If Heaven an hour more fortunate shall give. 30
Seize on the present joy, and thus possess,
Where'er you live, an inward happiness.
If reason only can our cares allay,
Not the bold site, that wide commands the sea:
If they, who through the venturous ocean range,
Not their own passions, but the climate change:
Anxious through seas and land to search for rest,
Is but laborious idleness at best.
In desert Ulubræ the bliss you'll find,
If you preserve a firm and equal mind. 40

EPISTLE XII.

TO ICCIUS.

WHILE Iccius farms Agrippa's large estate,
If he with wisdom can enjoy his fate,
No greater riches Jove himself can give;
Then cease complaining, friend, and learn to live.
He is not poor to whom kind fortune grants,
Ev'n with a frugal hand, what nature wants.
Are you with food, and warmth, and raiment bless'd?
Not royal treasures are of more possess'd;
And if, for herbs and shell-fish at a feast,
You leave the various luxuries of taste, 10
Should Fate enrich you with a golden stream,
Your life and manners shall be still the same;
Whether mere money cannot change the soul,
Or virtue should our appetites control.
That vagrant herds in days of yore should eat
The sage's harvest, while without its weight
His spirit rov'd abroad, shall ne'er be told
As wonderful; since, not debas'd by gold
And its infection, Iccius, bravely wise,
Spurns this vile earth, and soars into the skies. 20
Curious you search what bounds old ocean's tides;
What through the various year the seasons guides;
Whether the stars, by their own proper force,
Or foreign power, pursue their vagrant course;
Why shadows darken the pale queen of night;
Whence she renews her orb, and spreads her light:

In Ode 29. Book i. Horace had rallied Iccius for leaving his studies for the profession of arms; he now congratulates him on his return to his philosophical pursuits.

What nature's jarring sympathy can mean,
And who, among the wise, their systems best maintain.
But whether slaughter'd onions crown your board,
Or murder'd fish an impious feast afford; 30
Receive Pompeius Grosphus to your heart,
And, ere he asks, your willing aid impart;
He ne'er shall make a bold, unjust request,
And friendship's cheap, when good men are distress'd.
Now condescend to hear the public news:
Agrippa's war the sons of Spain subdues.
The fierce Armenian Nero's virtue feels:
Short by the knees the haughty Parthian kneels:
Again the monarch is by Cæsar crown'd,
And golden plenty pours her blessings round. 40

EPISTLE XIII.

TO VINIUS ASELA.

VINIUS, I oft desir'd you, ere you went,
Well seal'd my votive volumes to present,
If Cæsar's high in health, in spirits gay,
Or if he ask'd to read the' unoffer'd lay,
Lest you offend with too officious zeal,
And my poor works his just resentment feel.
Throw down the burden, if it gall your back,
Nor at the palace fiercely break the pack,
Lest my dear ass become the laughing sport,
The quibbling fable of the wits at court. 10

Ver. 9. *Lest my dear ass.*] This quibble on the name of Asela, his messenger, does no great honour to the taste of our poet.

Through rivers, steeps, and fens, exert your force,
Nor, when you're victor of the destin'd course,
Under your arm the letter'd bundle bear,
As rustics do their lambs, with awkward air;
As Pyrrhia, reeling from the drunken bowl,
Conveys away the ball of wool she stole;
Or in his pride, a tribe-invited guest
Carries his cap and slippers to a feast;
Nor loud proclaim, with how much toil you bear
Such verse, as may detain ev'n Cæsar's ear. 20
Farewell; make haste; and special caution take,
Lest you should stumble, and my orders break.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO HIS STEWARD IN THE COUNTRY.

STEWARD of my woods and fields, those calm retreats,
That give me to myself; from those lone seats,
Which you despise, by five small mansions sent,
Five prudent sires to Varia's council went:
Let us enquire, if you, with happier toil,
Root out the thorns and thistles of the soil,
Than Horace tears his follies from his breast;
Whether my farm or I be cultur'd best.
Though Lamia's pious tears, that ceaseless mourn
A brother lost, have hinder'd my return; 10
Thither my warmest wishes bend their force,
Start from the goal, and beat the distant course.
Rome is your rapture, mine the rural seat;
Pleas'd with each other's lot, our own we hate;
But both are fools, and fools in like extreme;
Guiltless the place, that we unjustly blame;

For in the mind alone our follies lie,
The mind, that never from itself can fly.
  A slave at Rome, and discontented there,
A country life was then your silent prayer: 20
A rustic grown, your first desires return,
For Rome, her public games and baths, you burn.
More constant to myself, I leave with pain,
By hateful business forc'd, the rural scene.
From different objects our desires arise,
And thence the distance, that between us lies;
For what you call inhospitably drear,
To me with beauty and delight appear;
For well I know, a tavern's greasy steam,
And a vile stew with joy your heart inflame, 30
While my small farm yields rather herbs than vines,
Nor there a neighbouring tavern pours its wines.
Nor harlot-minstrel sings, when the rude sound
Tempts you with heavy heels to thump the ground.
  But you complain, that with unceasing toil,
You break, alas! the long unbroken soil;
Or loose the wearied oxen from the plough,
And feed with leaves new-gather'd from the bough.
Then feels your laziness an added pain,
If e'er the rivulet be swoln with rain; 40
What mighty mounds against its force you rear,
To teach its rage the sunny mead to spare!
  Now hear from whence our sentiments divide;
In youth, perhaps with not ungrateful pride,
I wore a silken robe, perfum'd my hair,
And without presents charm'd the venal fair:
From early morning quaff'd the flowing glass;
Now a short supper charms, or on the grass
To lay me down at some fair river's side,
And sweetly slumber as the waters glide; 50

Nor do I blush to own my follies past,
But own those follies should no longer last.
None there with eye askance my pleasures views,
With hatred dark, or poison'd spite pursues;
My neighbours laugh to see with how much toil
I carry stones, or break the stubborn soil.
You with my city-slaves would gladly join,
And on their daily pittance hardly dine;
While more refin'd they view with envious eye
The gardens, horses, fires, that you enjoy. 60
Thus the slow ox would gaudy trappings claim;
The sprightly horse would plough amidst the team;
By my advice, let each with cheerful heart,
As best he understands, employ his art.

EPISTLE XV.

TO VALA.

By my physician's learn'd advice, I fly
From Baia's waters; yet with angry eye
The village views me, when I mean to bathe
The middle winter's freezing wave beneath;
Loudly complaining that their myrtle groves
Are now neglected; their sulphureous stoves,
Of ancient fame our feeble nerves to raise,
And dissipate the lingering cold disease;
While the sick folks in Clusium's fountains dare
Plunge the bold head, or seek a colder air. 10
The road we now must alter, and engage
The' unwilling horse to pass his usual stage:

The construction of the beginning of this Epistle is much confused, and equally puzzling to the reader and the translator.

'Ho! whither now?' his angry rider cries,
And to the left the restive bridle plies.
'We go no more to Baiæ; prithee hear—'
But in his bridle lies an horse's ear.
Dear Vala, say, how temperate, how severe,
Are Velia's winters, and Salernum's air;
The genius of the folks, the roads how good;
Which eats the better bread, and when a flood 20
Of rain descends, which quaffs the gather'd shower,
Or do their fountains purer water pour?
Their country-vintage is not worth my care,
For though at home, whatever wine, I bear,
At sea-port towns I shall expect to find
My wines of generous and of smoother kind.
To drive away my cares, and to the soul,
Through the full veins, with golden hopes to roll;
With flowing language to inspire my tongue,
And make the listening fair-one think me young. 30
With hares or boars which country's best supplied?
Which seas their better fish luxurious hide?
That I may home return in luscious plight—
'Tis ours to credit, as 'tis yours to write.
When Mænius had consum'd, with gallant heart,
A large estate, he took the jester's art:
A vagrant zany, of no certain manger,
Who knew not, ere he din'd, or friend or stranger:
Cruel, and scurrilous to all, his jest:
The ruin'd butcher's gulf, a storm, a pest. 40
Whate'er he got his ravening guts receive,
And when or friend or foe no longer gave,
A lamb's fat paunch was a delicious treat,
As much as three voracious bears could eat;
Then, like reformer Bestius, would he tell ye,
That gluttons should be branded on the belly.

But if, perchance, he found some richer fare,
Instant it vanish'd into smoke and air—
'By Jove I wonder not, that folks should eat,
At one delicious meal, a whole estate; 50
For a fat thrush is most delightful food,
And a swine's paunch superlatively good.'
Thus I, when better entertainments fail,
Bravely commend a plain and frugal meal;
On cheaper suppers show myself full wise,
But if some dainties more luxurious rise—
'Right sage and happy they alone, whose fate
Gives them a splendid house, and large estate.'

EPISTLE XVI.

TO QUINTIUS.

Ask not, dear Quintius, if my farm maintain
With fruits, or meadows, or abundant grain,
Its wealthy master: ask not if the vine
Around its bridegroom elm luxuriant twine;
For I'll describe, and in loquacious strain,
The site and figure of the pleasing scene.
A lengthen'd chain of mountains, that divide,
And open to the sun on either side;
The right wide spreading to the rising day,
The left is warm'd beneath his setting ray. 10
How mild the clime, where sloes luxurious grow,
And blushing cornels on the hawthorn glow!
With plenteous acorns are my cattle fed,
Whose various oaks around their master spread;

The description of his villa, which was a favourite subject of Horace, and the transition to precepts of philosophy and morality, is one of the happiest efforts of his Muse.

For you might say, that here Tarentum waves
Its dusky shade, and pours forth all its leaves.
A fountain to a rivulet gives its name,
Cooler and purer than a Thracian stream;
Useful to ease an aching head it flows,
Or when with burning pain the stomach glows. 20
This pleasing, this delicious soft retreat,
In safety guards me from September's heat.
Would you be happy, be the thing you seem,
And sure you now possess the world's esteem;
Nor yet to others too much credit give,
But in your own opinion learn to live;
For know the bliss in our own judgment lies,
And none are happy but the good and wise.
Nor though the crowd pronounce your health is good,
Disguise the fever lurking in your blood, 30
'Till trembling seize you at the' unfinish'd meal;
For fools alone their ulcer'd ills conceal.
If some bold flatterer soothe your listening ears,
'The conquer'd world, dread Sir, thy name reveres;
And Jove, our guardian god, with power divine,
Who watches o'er Rome's happiness and thine,
Yet holds it doubtful, whether Rome or you,
With greater warmth, each other's good pursue.'
This praise, you own, is sacred Cæsar's fame;
But can you answer to your proper name, 40
When you are call'd the' accomplish'd, or the wise;
Names which we all with equal ardour prize?
Yet he, who gives to-day this heedless praise,
Shall take it back to-morrow, if he please:

Ver. 34. *The conquer'd world, &c.*] Horace is peculiarly successful in taking these unexpected opportunities of flattering his patron.

As when the people from some worthless knave
Can tear away the consulship they gave;
' Lay down the name of wisdom, Sir, 'tis mine;'
Confus'd I leave him, and his gifts resign.
What if he say, I hang'd my aged sire,
Call me a thief, a slave to lewd desire; 50
Shall I be tortur'd with unjust disgrace,
Or change the guilty colours of my face?
False praise can charm, unreal shame control—
Whom, but a vicious or a sickly soul?
Who then is good?

QUINTIUS.

Who carefully observes
The senate's wise decrees, nor ever swerves
From the known rules of justice and the laws:
Whose bail secures, whose oath decides a cause.

HORACE.

Yet his own house, his neighbours, through his art
Behold an inward baseness in his heart. 60
Suppose a slave should say, ' I never steal,
I never ran away'—' nor do you feel
The flagrant lash"—" No human blood I shed"—
" Nor on the cross the ravening crows have fed."—
' But Sir, I am an honest slave, and wise'—
' My Sabine neighbour there the fact denies.
For wily wolves the fatal pit-fall fear;
Kites fly the bait, and hawks the latent snare;
But virtuous minds a love of virtue charms:
The fear of chastisement thy guilt alarms. 70
When from my stores you steal one grain of wheat,
My loss indeed is less, your crime as great.'
Your honest man, on whom with awful praise
The forum and the courts of justice gaze,

If e'er he make a public sacrifice,
Dread Janus, Phœbus, clear and loud he cries;
But when his prayer in earnest is prefer'd,
Scarce moves his lips, afraid of being heard—
'Beauteous Laverna, my petition hear;
Let me with truth and sanctity appear: 80
O! give me to deceive, and with a veil
Of darkness and of night my crimes conceal.'
Behold the miser bending down to earth
For a poor farthing, which the boys in mirth
Fix'd to the ground; and shall the caitiff dare
In honest freedom with a slave compare?
Whoever wishes is with fear possess'd,
And he, who holds that passion in his breast,
Is in my sense a slave; hath left the post
Where virtue plac'd him, and his arms hath lost:
To purchase hasty wealth his force applies, 91
And overwhelm'd beneath his burden lies.
Say, is not this a very worthless knave?
But if you have the most untoward slave,
Yet kill him not, he may some profit yield, [field;
Of strength to guard your flocks and plough your
Or let him winter in the stormy main,
By imports to reduce the price of grain.
The good and wise, like Bacchus in the play,
Dare, to the king of Thebes, undaunted say— 100
What can thy power? thy threatnings I disdain.

PENTHEUS.

I'll take away thy gods.

BACCHUS.

Perhaps you mean
My cattle, money, moveables or land:—
Then take them all.

PENTHEUS.

But, slave, if I command,
A cruel jailor shall thy freedom seize.

BACCHUS.

A god shall set me free, whene'er I please.

HORACE.

Death is that god; the poet here intends
That utmost course, where human sorrow ends.

EPISTLE XVII.

TO SCÆVA.

ALTHOUGH my Scæva knows, with art complete,
How to converse familiar with the great;
Yet to the' instruction of an humble friend,
Who would himself be better taught, attend:
Though blind your guide, some precepts yet unknown
He may disclose, which you may make your own.
Are you with tranquil, quiet pleasure, bless'd,
Or after sun-rise love an hour of rest!
If dusty streets, the rattling chariot's noise,
Or if the neighbouring tavern's midnight joys, 10
Delight you not; by my advice retreat
To the calm raptures of a rural seat:
For pleasure's not confin'd to wealth alone,
Nor ill he lives, who lives and dies unknown;

Ver. 107. *Death is that god.*] The words of the preceding line are from Euripides; where Bacchus, by a god, means himself, which the explanation of Horace misrepresents, since Bacchus as a god, could not be also a mortal.

But would you serve your friends and joyous waste
The bounteous hour, perfume you for the feast.
  His patient herbs could Aristippus eat,
He had disdain'd the tables of the great;
' And he, who censures me, (the sage replies)
If he could live with kings, would herbs despise. 20
  Tell me, which likes you best; or, younger, hear,
Why Aristippus' maxims best appear?
For with the snarling cynic well he play'd,
' I am my own buffoon; you take the trade
To please the crowd; yet sure 'tis better pride,
Maintain'd by monarchs, on my horse to ride.
And while at court observant I attend,
For things of vileness you submissive bend;
Own a superior, and yet proudly vaunt,
Imperious cynic, that you nothing want.' 30
  Yet Aristippus every state became;
In every various change of life the same;
And though he aim'd at things of higher kind,
Yet to the present held an equal mind.
But that a man, whom patience taught to wear
A double coat, should ever learn to bear
A change of life, with decency and ease,
May justly, I confess, our wonder raise.
  Yet Aristippus, though but meanly dress'd,
Nor wants, nor wishes for a purple vest; 40
He walks, regardless of the public gaze,
And knows in every character to please;
But neither dog's nor snake's envenom'd bite
Can, like a silken robe, the cynic fright.

Ver. 36. *A double coat.*] This must appear inexplicable to the reader who does not know that this was one of the three distinctions of a cynic; for a Greek poet calls Diogenes ' a man who carries a staff, wears a double coat, and feeds upon air.'

'Give him his mantle, or he dies with cold.—'
'Nay give it, let the fool his blessing hold.'
In glorious war a triumph to obtain,
Celestial honours, and a seat shall gain
Fast by the throne of Jove; nor mean the praise
These deities of human kind to please. 50
'But, midst the storms and tempests of a court,
Not every one shall reach the wish'd-for port;
And sure the man, who doubts of his success,
Wisely declines the' attempt.'—Then you confess,
That who succeeds, thus difficult his part,
Gives the best proof of courage, as of art.
Then here, or no where, we the truth shall find;
Conscious how weak in body or in mind,
When we behold the burden with despair,
Which others boldly try, with spirit bear; 60
If virtue's aught beyond an empty name,
Rewards and honours they with justice claim.
In silence who their poverty conceal,
More than the' importunate, with kings prevail:
And whether we with modest action take,
Or snatch the favour, may some difference make.
From this fair fountain our best profits rise,
For when with plaintive tone a suppliant cries,
'My sister lies unportion'd on my hands:
My mother's poor, nor can I sell my lands, 70
Or they maintain me;' might not he have said,
'Give me, ah give me, Sir, my daily bread?'
While he, who hears him, chants on t'other side,
'With me your bounty, ah! with me divide;'
But had the crow his food in silence eat,
Less had his quarrels been, and more his meat.
A jaunt of pleasure should my lord intend,
And with him deign to take an humble friend,

To talk of broken roads, of cold and rain,
Or of his plunder'd baggage to complain, 80
Is but the trick, which wily harlots try,
Who for a girdle, or a necklace, cry;
So oft they weep, that we believe no more,
When they with tears a real loss deplore.
He, whom a lying lameness once deceives,
No more the falling vagabond believes.
And though with streaming tears the caitiff cries,
'Help me, ah! cruel! help a wretch to rise;'
Though loud he swear, 'my leg is really broke;
By great Osiris I no longer joke;' 90
Yet the hoarse village answers to his cries,
'Go find a stranger to believe your lies.'

EPISTLE XVIII.

TO LOLLIUS.

LOLLIUS, if well I know your heart,
Your frankness can disdain an art,
That will to sordid flattery bend,
And basely counterfeit the friend:
For such the difference, I ween,
The flatterer and friend between,
As is betwixt a virtuous dame,
And prostitute of common fame.
  Behold, in opposite excess,
A different vice, though nothing less; 10
Rustic, inelegant, uncouth,
With shaggy beard, and nasty tooth,

The subject of this Epistle is very near the same with that of the preceding one.

That fondly would be thought to be
Fair virtue, and pure liberty:
But virtue in a medium lies,
From whence these different follies rise.
  Another, with devotion fervent,
Is more than your obsequious servant;
Admitted as an humble guest,
Where men of money break their jest, 20
He waits the nod, with awe profound,
And catches, ere it reach the ground,
The falling joke, and echoes back the sound.
A school-boy thus with humble air,
Repeats to pedagogue severe;
Thus players act an under-part,
And fear to put forth all their art.
  Another in dispute engages,
With nonsense arm'd for nothing rages,
'Shall not my word be first receiv'd? 30
My word of honour not believ'd?
And shall I, whether right or wrong,
Be forc'd, forsooth, to hold my tongue?
No—, at a price so base and mean,
I would a thousand lives disdain.'
  But what provokes the dire contest?
Which gladiator fences best;
Which takes you to Brundusium's bay,
The Appian or Minucian way?
  Now, Lollius, mark the wretch's fate, 40
Who lives dependent on the great.

Ver. 38. *Which takes you, &c.*] There were two roads from Rome to Brundusium: the Appian, which went along the Tuscan sea; and the Minucian, which crossed over the country of the Sabines.

If the precipitating dice,
If Venus be his darling vice;
If vanity his wealth consumes
In dressing, feasting, and perfumes;
If thirst of gold his bosom sways,
A thirst, which nothing can appease;
If poverty with shame he views,
And wealth with every vice pursues;
My lord, more vicious as more great, 50
Views him with horror, and with hate;
At least, shall o'er him tyrannize,
And like a fond mamma advise,
Who bids her darling daughter shun
The paths of folly she had run.
'Think not, he cries, to live like me;
My wealth supports my vanity;
Your folly should be moderate,
Proportion'd to a small estate.'
Eutrapelus, in merry mood, 60
The objects of his wrath pursu'd,
And where he deepest vengeance meant,
Fine clothes with cruel bounty sent;
For when the happy coxcomb's dress'd,
Strange hopes and projects fill his breast;
He sleeps till noon, nor will the varlet,
For fame or fortune, leave his harlot.
Lavish he feeds the usurer's store,
And when the miser lends no more,
He learns the gladiator's art, 70
Or humbly drives a gardener's cart.
Strive not with mean, unhandsome lore,
Your patron's bosom to explore;
And let not wine or anger wrest
The' intrusted secret from your breast.

Nor blame the pleasures of your friend,
Nor to your own too earnest bend;
Nor idly court the froward Muse,
While he the vigorous chase pursues.
Humours like these could fatal prove 80
To Zethus' and Amphion's love,
Until Amphion kind complied,
And laid the' offensive lyre aside.
So to your patron's will give way,
His gentle insolence obey,
And when he pours into the plain
His horses, dogs, and hunting-train,
Break from the peevish Muse away,
Divide the toils, and share the prey.
The chase was by our sires esteem'd 90
Healthful, and honourable deem'd.
Thy swiftness far the hounds exceeds;
The boar beneath thy javelin bleeds;
And who, like thee, with grace can wield
The weapons of the martial field;
Or with such loud applause as thine,
Amidst the youthful battle shine?
In the destructive war of Spain
Early you made your first campaign,
Beneath a leader, who regains 100
Our eagles from the Parthian fanes;
And boundless now extends his sway,
And bids a willing world obey.
Lollius, though all your actions rise
From judgment regularly wise,
Yet oft at home you can unbend,
And ev'n to trifling sports descend.
Your little boats, with mimic rage,
Like Actium's mighty fleets engage;

Your lake, like Adria's ocean spreads, 110
The adverse war your brother leads:
'Till victory her wings display,
And crown the conqueror of the day.
Cæsar, who finds that you approve
His taste, shall your diversions love.
  If my advice regard may claim,
Be tender of another's fame,
And be the man with caution tried,
In whose discretion you confide.
The' impertinent be sure to hate; 120
Who loves to ask, will love to prate.
Ears, that unfold to every tale,
Intrusted secrets ill conceal,
And you shall wish, but wish in vain,
To call the fleeting words again.
  Be not by foolish love betray'd
To tempt your patron's favourite maid;
For, if he grant your fond request,
He now believes you fully bless'd;
If he refuse, you sure must prove 130
The tortures of despairing love.
  With cautious judgment, o'er and o'er,
The man you recommend explore,
Lest, when the scoundrel's better known,
You blush for errors not your own.
Then frankly give him up to shame,
But boldly guard the injur'd fame
Of a well-known and valued friend,
And with your utmost power defend;
For, be assur'd, when he's defam'd, 140
At you the' envenom'd shaft is aim'd.
When flames your neighbour's dwelling seize,
Your own with instant rage shall blaze;

Then haste to stop the spreading fire,
Which, if neglected, rises higher.
  Untried, how sweet a court-attendance!
When tried, how dreadful the dependence!
Yet, while your vessel's under sail,
Be sure to catch the flying gale,
Lest adverse winds, with rapid force, 150
Should bear you from your destin'd course.
  The grave a gay companion shun;
Far from the sad the jovial run:
The gay, the witty, and sedate,
Are objects of each other's hate;
And they who quaff their midnight glass,
Scorn them who dare a bumper pass,
Although they loudly swear, they dread
A sick debauch and aching head.
  Be every look serenely gay, 160
And drive all cloudy cares away:
The modest oft too dark appear,
The silent thoughtfully severe.
  Consult the wisdom of each page,
Inquire of every scienc'd sage,
How you may glide with gentle ease
Adown the current of your days;
Nor vex'd by mean and low desires,
Nor warm'd by wild ambition's fires,
By hope alarm'd, depress'd by fear, 170
For things but little worth your care.
  Enquire if virtue's hallow'd rules
Proceed from nature, or the schools;
What may the force of care suspend,
And make you to yourself a friend;
Whether the tranquil mind and pure,
Honours or wealth our bliss insure;

Or down through life unknown to stray,
Where lonely leads the silent way.
When happy in my rural scene, 180
Whose fountain chills the shuddering swain,
Such is my prayer—Let me possess
My present wealth, or even less;
And if the bounteous gods design
A longer life, that life be mine.
Give me of books the mental cheer;
Of wealth, sufficient for a year;
Nor let me float in fortune's power,
Dependant on the future hour.
To Jove for life and wealth I pray, 190
These Jove may give, or take away;
But, for a firm and tranquil mind,
That blessing in myself I'll find.

EPISTLE XIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

To sage Cratinus if you credit give,
No water-drinker's verses long shall live,
Or long shall please. Among his motley fold,
Satyrs and fauns, when Bacchus had enroll'd

This praise of wine-drinking poets is evidently an ironical Satire on those writers who could only imitate the intemperance, and not the merit, of their predecessors. Yet, that our ancestors esteemed the use of wine a stimulus to genius, may be inferred from the annual butt of sack allowed to the Laureat; now reduced to a modus of not a fourth of its value, though perhaps a fair equivalent in the time of Dryden, when it was established on account of the duty on tonnage and poundage being given up.

The brain-sick rhymer, soon the tuneful Nine
At morning breath'd, and not too sweet, of wine.
When Homer sings the joys of wine, 'tis plain,
Great Homer was not of a sober strain;
And father Ennius, 'till with drinking fir'd,
Was never to the martial song inspir'd. 10
Let thirsty spirits make the bar their choice,
Nor dare in cheerful song to raise their voice.
Soon as I spoke, our rival bards engage,
And o'er their wine eternal warfare wage.
What! if with naked feet and savage air,
Cato's short coat some mimic coxcomb wear;
Say, shall his habit and affected gloom,
Great Cato's virtues or his worth assume?
When yonder moor was well resolv'd to please
With well-bred raillery, and talking ease, 20
To rival gay Timagenes he tried,
Yet burst with disappointed spleen and pride;
By such examples many a coxcomb's caught,
Whose utmost art can imitate a fault.
Should I by chance grow pale, our bardlings think,
That bloodless cumin's the true rhyming drink.
Ye wretched mimics, whose fond hearts have been,
How oft! the objects of my mirth and spleen,
Through open worlds of rhyme I dar'd to tread,
In paths unknown, by no bold footsteps led; 30
And he, who knows himself with conscious pride,
Most certainly the buzzing hive shall guide.
To keen iambics I first tun'd the lyre,
And warm'd with great Archilochus's fire,
His rapid numbers chose, but shun'd with care
That style that drove Lycambes to despair.
I fear'd to change the structure of his line,
And shall a short-liv'd wreath be therefore mine?

Sappho, whose verse with manly spirit glows,
And great Alcæus his iambics chose; 40
In different stanzas though he forms his lines,
And to a theme more merciful inclines;
No perjur'd sire with blood-stain'd verse pursues,
Nor ties, in damning rhyme, his fair-one's noose.
I first attempted in the lyric tone
His numbers, to the Roman lyre unknown,
And joy, that works of such unheard-of taste
By men of worth and genius were embrac'd.
  But would you know, why some condemn abroad,
Thankless, unjust, what they at home applaud? 50
I never hunt the' inconstant people's vote
With costly suppers, or a thread-bare coat;
The works of titled wits I never hear,
Nor vengeful in my turn assault their ear.
The tribe of grammar-pedants I despise,
And hence their tears of spleen and anger rise.
I blush in grand assemblies to repeat
My worthless works, and give such trifles weight;
Yet these professions they with wonder hear—
  'No. You reserve them for dread Cæsar's ear; 60
With your own beauties charm'd, you surely know
Your verses with a honey'd sweetness flow.'
Nor dare I rally with such dangerous folk,
Lest I be torn in pieces for a joke;
Yet beg, they would appoint another day,
A place more proper to decide the fray;
For jests a fearful strife and anger breed,
Whence quarrels fierce, and funeral wars proceed.

Ver. 39. *Manly.*] Francis in a note says, the epithet of *mascula*, (manly) was applied to Sappho, from the spirit and force of her poetry. If ancient scandal may be believed, there is probably another reason for the epithet. Tenderness, not force, was the character of Sappho's poetry.

EPISTLE XX.

TO HIS BOOK.

THE shops of Rome impatient to behold,
And elegantly polish'd to be sold,
You hate the tender seal, and guardian keys,
Which modest volumes love, and fondly praise
The public world, ev'n sighing to be read—
Unhappy book! to other manners bred.
Indulge the fond desire with which you burn,
Pursue thy flight, yet think not to return.
  But, when insulted by the critic's scorn,
How often shall you cry, 'ah! me forlorn!' 10
When he shall throw the tedious volume by,
Nor longer view thee with a lover's eye.
  If rage pervert not my prophetic truth,
Rome shall admire, while you can charm with youth;
But soon as vulgar hands thy beauty soil,
The moth shall batten on the silent spoil;
Then fly to Afric, or be sent to Spain,
Our colonies of wits to entertain.
This shall thy fond adviser laughing see,
As, when his ass was obstinate like thee, 20
The clown in vengeance push'd him down the hill:
For who would save an ass against his will?
  At last thy stammering age in suburb-schools
Shall toil in teaching boys their grammar-rules:
But when in evening mild the listening tribe
Around thee throng, thy master thus describe;
A free-man's son, with moderate fortune bless'd,
Who boldly spread his wings beyond his nest;
What from my birth you take, to virtue give,
And say, with ease and happiness I live, 30

With all that Rome in peace and war calls great;
Of lowly stature; fond of summer's heat;
Early turn'd gray; to passion quickly rais'd,
Yet not ill-natur'd, and with ease appeas'd.
Let them, who ask my age, be frankly told,
That I was forty-four Decembers old,
When Lollius chose with Lepidus to share
The power and honours of the consul's chair.

EPISTLES.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you alone sustain the' important weight
Of Rome's affairs, so various and so great:
While you the public weal with arms defend,
Adorn with morals, and with laws amend:
Shall not the tedious letter prove a crime,
That steals one moment of our Cæsar's time?
  Rome's founder, Leda's twins, the god of wine,
By human virtues rais'd to power divine;
While they with pious cares improv'd mankind,
To various states their proper bounds assign'd, 10
Commanded war's destroying rage to cease,
And bless'd their cities with the arts of peace;
Complain'd their virtues and their toils could raise
But slight returns of gratitude and praise.

This Epistle has been imitated, or rather parodied, by Pope, who turned the hyperbolical flattery of Augustus into ironical sarcasm on George II. Pope's aversion to the House of Hanover had no bounds. The first six lines of Francis are a model of good translation. We are fond of abusing our language for its sibilation. In the first fifteen words of the original, the letter *s* occurs thirteen times. The object of this Epistle is, to censure those critics who will allow no merit to the poetry of their contemporaries.

Who crush'd the Hydra, when to life renew'd,
And monsters dire with fated toil subdued,
Found that the monster envy never dies,
Till low in equal death her conqueror lies;
For he, who soars to an unusual height,
Oppressive dazzles, with excess of light, 20
The arts beneath him: yet, when dead, shall prove
An object worthy of esteem and love.

Yet Rome to thee her living honours pays:
By thee we swear, to thee our altars raise;
While we confess no prince so great, so wise,
Hath ever risen, or shall ever rise.

But that your people raise their Cæsar's name
Above the Greek and Roman chiefs in fame,
Proves them, in this, indeed, most just and wise;
Yet other things they view with other eyes; 30
With cold contempt they treat the living bard;
The dead alone can merit their regard.

To elder bards so lavish of applause,
They love the language of our ancient laws:
On Numa's hymns with holy rapture pore,
And turn our mouldy records o'er and o'er,
Then swear transported, that the sacred Nine
Pronounc'd, on Alba's top, each hallow'd line.

But if, because the world with justice pays
To the first bards of Greece its grateful praise, 40
In the same scale our poets must be weigh'd,
To such disputes what answer can be made?
Since we have gain'd the height of martial fame,
Let us in peaceful arts assert our claim;
The sons of Greece no longer shall excel:
They neither wrestle, sing, nor paint so well.

But let me ask, since poetry, like wine,
Is taught by time to mellow and refine,

When shall the' immortal bard begin to live?
Say, shall a hundred years completely give 50
Among your ancients a full right of claim,
Or with the wretched moderns fix his name?
Some certain point should finish the debate,
'Then let him live a hundred years complete.'
What if we take a year, a month, a day,
From this judicious sum of fame away;
Shall he among the ancients rise to fame,
Or sink with moderns to contempt and shame?
'Among the ancients let the bard appear,
Though younger by a month, or ev'n a year.' 60
I take the grant, and by degrees prevail,
(For hair by hair I pull the horse's tail)
And while I take them year by year away,
Their subtle heaps of arguments decay,
Who judge by annals, nor approve a line,
Till death has made the poetry divine.
'Ennius, the brave, the lofty, and the wise,
Another Homer in the critic's eyes,
Forgets his promise, now secure of fame,
And heeds no more his Pythagoric dream. 70
No longer Nævius, or his plays, remain:
Yet we remember every pleasing scene;
So much can time its awful sanction give,
In sacred fame to bid a poem live.
'Whate'er disputes of ancient poets rise,
In some one excellence their merit lies:
What depth of learning old Pacuvius shows!
With strong sublime the page of Accius glows;
Menander's comic robe Afranius wears;
Plautus as rapid in his plots appears, 80
As Epicharmus: Terence charms with art,
And grave Cæcilius sinks into the heart.

These are the plays to which our people crowd,
Till the throng'd playhouse crack with the dull load:
These are esteem'd the glories of the stage,
From the first drama to the present age.'
  Sometimes the crowd a proper judgment makes,
But oft they labour under gross mistakes;
As, when their ancients lavishly they raise
Above all modern rivalship of praise. 90
But that sometimes their style uncouth appears,
Or their harsh numbers rudely hurt our ears,
Or that full flatly flows the languid line—
He, who owns this, hath Jove's assent and mine.
  Think not I mean, in vengeance, to destroy
The works for which I smarted when a boy:
But when as perfect models they are prais'd,
Correct and chaste, I own I stand amaz'd;
When if some better phrase or happier line,
With sudden lustre, unexpected shine, 100
However harsh the rugged numbers roll,
It stamps a price and merit on the whole.
  I feel my honest indignation rise,
When, with affected air, a coxcomb cries,
'The work, I own, has elegance and ease,
But sure no modern should presume to please:'
Then for his favourite ancients dares to claim
Not pardon only, but rewards and fame.
  When flowers o'erspread the stage, and sweets perfume
The crowded theatre, should I presume 110
The just success of Atta's plays to blame,
The senate would pronounce me lost to shame.
What! criticise the scenes that charm'd the age,
When Æsop and when Roscius trod the stage!
  Whether too fond of their peculiar taste,
Or that they think their age may be disgrac'd,

Should they, with awkward modesty, submit
To younger judges in the cause of wit,
Or own that it were best, provoking truth!
In age to' unlearn the learning of their youth. 120
He to whom Numa's hymns appear divine,
Although his ignorance be great as mine,
Not to the' illustrious dead his homage pays,
But envious robs the living of their praise.
Did Greece, like us, her moderns disregard,
How had we now possess'd one ancient bard?
When Greece beheld her wars in triumph cease,
She soon grew wanton in the arms of peace:
Now she with rapture views the' Olympic games,
And now the sculptor's power her breast inflames;
Sometimes, with ravish'd soul and ardent gaze, 131
The painter's art intensely she surveys;
Now hears, transported, music's pleasing charms,
And now the tragic Muse her passions warms.
Thus a fond girl, the nurse's darling joy,
Now seeks impatient, and now spurns her toy.
For what can long our pain or pleasure raise?
Such are the' effects of happiness and ease.
For many an age our fathers entertain'd
Their early clients, and the laws explain'd: 140
Wisely they knew, their cautious wealth to lend,
While youth was taught with reverence to attend,
And hear the old, point out the prudent ways
To calm their passions, and their fortunes raise.
Now the light people bend to other aims:
A lust of scribbling every breast inflames;
Our youth, our senators, with bays are crown'd,
And at our feasts eternal rhymes go round.
E'en I, who verse and all its works deny,
Can faithless Parthia's lying sons out-lie; 150

And, ere the rising sun displays his light,
I call for tablets, papers, pens, and write.
  A pilot only dares a vessel steer;
A doubtful drug unlicens'd doctors fear;
Musicians are to sounds alone confin'd,
And every artist hath his trade assign'd;
But every desperate blockhead dares to write:
Verse is the trade of every living wight.
  And yet this wandering levity of brain
Hath many a gentle virtue in its train. 160
No cares of wealth a poet's heart control;
Verse is the only passion of his soul.
He laughs at losses, flight of slaves, or fires;
No wicked scheme his honest breast inspires
To hurt his pupil, or his friend betray:
Brown bread and roots his appetite allay;
And though unfit for war's tumultuous trade,
In peace his gentle talents are display'd,
If you allow, that things of trivial weight
May yet support the grandeur of a state. 170
  He forms the infant's tongue to firmer sound,
Nor suffers vile obscenity to wound
His tender ears; but with the words of truth
Corrects the passions, and the pride of youth.
The' illustrious dead, who fill his sacred page,
Shine forth examples to each rising age;
The languid hour of poverty he cheers,
And the sick wretch his voice of comfort hears.
  Did not the Muse inspire the poet's lays,
How could the youthful choir their voices raise 180
In prayer harmonious, while the gods attend,
And gracious bid the fruitful shower descend;
Avert their plagues, dispel each hostile fear,
And with glad harvests crown the wealthy year?

Thus can the sound of all melodious lays
The' offended powers of heaven and hell appease.
Our ancient swains, of hardy, vigorous kind,
At harvest-home, us'd to unbend the mind
With festal sports; those sports, that bade them bear,
With cheerful hopes, the labours of the year. 190
Their wives and children shar'd their hours of mirth,
Who shar'd their toils; when to the goddess earth
Grateful they sacrific'd a teeming swine,
And pour'd the milky bowl at Sylvan's shrine.
Then to the genius of their fleeting hours,
Mindful of life's short date, they offer'd wine and flowers.
Here, in alternate verse, with rustic jest
The clowns their awkward raillery express'd,
And as the year brought back the jovial day,
Freely they sported, innocently gay; 200
Till cruel wit was turn'd to open rage,
And dar'd the noblest families engage.
When some, who, by its tooth envenom'd bled,
Complain'd aloud; others were struck with dread,
Though yet untouch'd; and, in the public cause,
Implor'd the just protection of the laws,
Which from injurious libels wisely guard
Our neighbour's fame: and now the prudent bard,
Whom the just terrors of the lash restrain,
To pleasure and instruction turns his vein. 210
When conquer'd Greece brought in her captive arts,
She triumph'd o'er her savage conquerors' hearts;
Taught our rough verse its numbers to refine,
And our rude style with elegance to shine.
And yet some marks of our first rustic strain
Continued long, and ev'n till now remain.
For it was late before our bards inquir'd
How the dramatic Muse her Greeks inspir'd;

How Æschylus and Thespis form'd the stage,
And what improv'd the Sophoclean page. 220
Then to their favourite pieces we applied,
Proud to translate, nor unsuccessful tried;
For high and ardent is our native vein,
It breathes the spirit of the tragic scene,
And dares successful; but the Roman Muse
Disdains, or fears the painful file to use.
  Because the comic poet forms his plays
On common life, they seem a work of ease;
But, since we less indulgence must expect,
Sure we should labour to be more correct. 230
E'en Plautus ill sustains a lover's part,
A frugal sire's or wily pander's art.
Dossennus slip-shod shambles o'er the scene,
Buffoons, with hungry jests, his constant train;
For gold was all their aim, and then the play
Might stand or fall—indifferent were they.
  He, who on glory's airy chariot tries
To mount the stage, full often lives and dies:
A cold spectator chills the bard to death,
But one warm look recals his fleeting breath. 240
Such light, such trivial things depress or raise
A soul impassion'd with a lust of praise.
  Farewel the stage; for humbly I disclaim
Such fond pursuits of pleasure or of fame,
If I must sink in shame, or swell with pride,
As the gay palm is granted or denied.
For sure the bard, though resolutely bold,
Must quit the stage, or tremble to behold
The little vulgar of the clamorous pit,
Though void of honour, virtue, sense, or wit, 250
When his most interesting scenes appear,
Call for a prize-fight, or a baited bear;

And should the nobles check their dear delight,
They rise tumultuous, and prepare for fight.
  But ev'n our nobles now from genius fly
To pageant shows, that charm the wandering eye.
The scenes are drawn, and lo! for many an hour
Wide o'er the stage the flying squadrons pour:
Then kings in chains confess the fate of war,
And weeping queens attend the victor's car: 260
Chairs, coaches, carts, in rattling rout are roll'd,
And ships of mighty bulk their sails unfold.
At last the model of some captive towns,
In ivory built, the splendid triumph crowns.
  Sure, if Democritus were yet on earth,
Whether a beast of mix'd and monstrous birth
Bid them with gaping admiration gaze,
Or a white elephant their wonder raise,
The crowd would more delight the laughing sage,
Than all the farce and follies of the stage; 270
To think that asses should in judgment sit,
In solid deafness, on the works of wit.
For where's the voice so strong as to confound
The shouts with which our theatres resound?
Loud as when surges lash the Tuscan shore,
Or mountain-forests with a tempest roar,
So loud the peoples' cries, when they behold
The foreign arts of luxury and gold;
And if an actor be but richly dress'd,
Their joy is in repeated claps express'd. 280
'But has he spoken?' No. 'Then whence arose
That loud applause?' His robe with purple glows.

Ver. 256. *To pageant shows.*] This is exactly a picture of the taste of the English audience now. The parody of Pope shows it was not so in his day.

But lest you think I rally more than teach,
And praise malignly what I cannot reach;
I own he seems to reach the' extent of art,
Who with imagin'd sorrow moves my heart;
Who soothes by pity, or by terror pains,
And makes me feel each sorrow that he feigns;
Who bears me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, or where. 290
But let the bards some little care engage,
Who dare not trust the rough, contemptuous stage,
Yet to the reader's judgment would submit,
If you would offer to the god of wit
Such volumes as his best protection claim;
Or would you warm them in pursuit of fame,
Bid them the hills of Helicon ascend,
Where, ever green, the flowery lawns extend.
Yet into sad mishaps we poets fall
(I own the folly's common to us all) 300
When, to present the labours of our Muse,
Your hours of business or repose we choose;
When e'en the manly freedom of our friends,
Who blame one verse, our tenderness offends;
When we, unask'd, some favourite lines repeat,
Complaining that our toils, how wondrous great!

Ver. 283. *But lest*, &c.] This and the seven following lines are taken, with a little alteration, from Pope, and give the exact sense of the original. Why Francis deviated so widely from it, he shall speak for himself. 'We must understand this of different plays, for the Greek and Roman stage by no means allowed that change of scenes, which is indulged to an English theatre.' I own my opinion, that Horace alludes to one play, 'The Suppliants of Euripides;' where Theseus marches from Athens to Thebes, gains a complete victory, and a messenger returns with an account of the battle, during a short lyric dialogue between his mother Æthra and the chorus.

Are unobserv'd—that subtlety of thought,
That fine-spun thread, with which our poem's wrought:
Or when we hope, that soon as Cæsar knows
That we can rhymes abundantly compose, 310
Our fortune's made; he shall to court invite
Our bashful Muse, compelling us to write.
Yet is it thine, O Cæsar, to inquire
How far thy virtue can her priests inspire;
In peace or war, to sing her hero's fame,
Nor trust to worthless bards the sacred theme.
Dull Chœrilus was favourite poet made
By Philip's conquering son, who bounteous paid
The gold, on which his father's image shines,
For misbegotten and unshapen lines; 320
And yet as ink the spotless hand defiles,
So our fair fame a wretched scribbler soils.
Yet the same monarch, who thus lavish paid
For worthless rhymes, a solemn edict made,
That none but fam'd Apelles dare to trace,
In desperate colours, his imperial face;
And that Lysippus should presume alone,
To mould great Ammon's son in brass or stone.
Yet take this critic in the arts, that lie
Beneath the power and judgment of the eye; 330
Take him to books, and poetry; you'll swear,
This king was born in thick Bœotian air.
But never, sir, shall your judicious taste
By Virgil or by Varius be disgrac'd;
For to your bounty they shall grateful raise
A deathless monument of fame and praise.
Nor form'd in brass, with more expression shines
The hero's face, than in the poet's lines

His life and manners; nor would Horace choose
These low and groveling numbers, could his Muse
The rapid progress of your arms pursue; 341
Paint distant lands, and rivers to the view;
Up the steep mountain with thy war ascend,
Storm the proud fort, and bid the nations bend;
Or bid fell war's destructive horrors cease,
And shut up Janus in eternal peace,
While Parthia bows beneath the Roman name,
And yields her glories to our prince's fame.
  But Cæsar's majesty would sure refuse
The feeble praises of my lowly Muse; 350
Nor I, with conscious modesty, should dare
Attempt a subject I want strength to bear:
For sure, a foolish fondness of the heart,
At least, in rhyming and the Muse's art,
Hurts whom it loves; since quickly we discern,
With ease remember, and with pleasure learn,
Whate'er may ridicule and laughter move,
Not what deserves our best esteem and love.
  All such provoking fondness I disclaim;
Nor would I stand expos'd to public shame 360
In wax-work form'd, with horrible grimace,
Or in vile panegyric show my face;
Blushing the fulsome present to receive,
And with my author be condemn'd to live;
Perhaps, in the same open basket laid,
Down to the street together be convey'd,
Where pepper, odours, frankincense are sold,
And all small wares in wretched rhymes enroll'd.

EPISTLE II.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

DEAR Florus, faithful to the good and brave,
If any person, who would sell a slave,
Should thus treat with you, 'Sir, this boy's complete
From head to foot, and elegantly neat:
He shall be yours for fifty pounds. He plays
The vassal's part, and at a nod obeys
His master's will—then for the Grecian tongue,
He has a relish—pliable and young,
Like clay, well-temper'd with informing skill,
He may be moulded to what shape you will. 10
His notes are artless, but his air is fine,
To entertain you o'er a glass of wine:
He sinks in credit, who attempts to raise
His venal wares with over-rating praise,
To put them off his hands. My wants are none,
My stock is little, but that stock my own.
No common dealer, sir, would sell a slave
On equal terms, nor should another have
So good a bargain. Guilty of one slip
It seems, and fearful of the pendent whip, 20
I own he loiter'd once. The money pay;
The lad is only apt to run away.'
I think, he safely may the sum enjoy;
You know his failing, and would buy the boy:
The form was legal, yet you still dispute
The sale, and plague him with an endless suit.

This Epistle has been also imitated by Pope: it is far from being one of his best works. The Epistle is an apology to Florus, for having neglected to write to him.

At your departure I declar'd, my vein
Was lull'd asleep, unable to sustain
The task of writing, lest I should offend
In corresponding never with my friend. 30
But what avails whatever I can say,
If you demur against so just a plea?
Besides you murmur, that my Muse betrays
Your expectations in her promis'd lays.
A common soldier, who by various toils
And perils gain'd a competence in spoils,
At night fatigu'd, while he supinely snor'd,
Lost to a farthing his collected hoard.
This rous'd his rage, in vengeance for his pelf,
Against the foe, nor less against himself. 40
A very wolf, with empty, craving maw,
Now whetting keen his wide-devouring jaw,
He charg'd with fury, as the folks report,
Scal'd the high wall, and sack'd a royal fort,
Replete with various wealth: for this renown'd,
His name is honour'd, and his courage crown'd:
Besides, in money he receives a meed,
A sum proportion'd to the glorious deed.
His chief soon after purposing to form
Another siege, and take a town by storm, 50
Began to rouse this desperado's fire
With words, that might a coward's heart inspire.
'Go whither your heroic spirit calls;
Go, my brave friend, propitious mount the walls,
And reap fresh honours with an ample prize:—
What stops your course?' The rustic shrewd replies;
'Let him, let him attack this dangerous post,
Who mourns with heavy heart his money lost.'
It was my fortune to be bred and taught
At Rome, what woes enrag'd Achilles wrought 60

To Greece: kind Athens yet improv'd my parts
With some small tincture of ingenuous arts,
To learn a right line from a curve, and rove
In search of wisdom through the museful grove.
But lo! the time, destructive to my peace,
Me rudely ravish'd from the charming place;
The rapid tide of civil war amain
Swept into arms, unequal to sustain
The might of Cæsar. Dread Philippi's field
First clip'd my wings, and taught my pride to yield.
My fortune ruin'd, blasted all my views, 71
Bold hunger edg'd, and want inspir'd my Muse.
But say, what dose could purify me, bless'd
With store sufficient, should I break my rest,
To scribble verse? the waning years apace
Steal off our thoughts, and rifle every grace:
Alas! already have they snatch'd away
My jokes, my love, my revellings, and play.
They strive to wrest my poems from me too:
Instruct me then what method to pursue. 80
In short, the race of various men admire
As various numbers: thee, the softer lyre
Delights: this man approves the tragic strain;
That joys in Bion's keen satiric vein.
Three guests I have, dissenting at my feast,
Requiring each to gratify his taste
With different food. What courses must I choose?
What not? what both would order, you refuse?
What you commend, offensive to their sight,
Would mar their meal, and pall their appetite. 90
But think you, thus amidst a world of cares
And toils, that I can write harmonious airs?
One bids me be his bail; another prays,
That I would only listen to his lays,

All other cares or business laid aside,
Although the length of Rome their homes divide;
Yet both must be obey'd: and here you see
A special distance—'But the streets are free,
And, while you move with flowing fancy fraught,
Nothing occurs to disconcert your thought.' 100
A builder hastens with his loaded team,
His porters: now a stone, and now a beam
Nods cumbrous ruin: justling waggons jar
With mournful hearses in tumultuous war:
Hence runs a madding dog with baneful ire:
Thence a vile pig polluted with the mire.
Go then, and bustle through the noisy throng,
Invoke the Muse, and meditate the song.
The tribe of writers, to a man, admire
The peaceful grove, and from the town retire; 110
Devote to Bacchus, indolently laid,
Court soft repose, and triumph in the shade;
How then in noise unceasing tune the lay,
Or tread where others hardly find their way?
A manly genius, who, long wont to choose
The calm retreat of Athens for his muse;
Seven years hath studied, and with meagre looks
Hath waxen old in discipline and books;
Dumb as a statue slowly stalks along,
And yields diversion to the gaping throng. 120
Plung'd in a tide of business, through the town
Toss'd by the noisy tempest up and down;
How can my Muse with animating fire
Adapt her numbers to the sounding lyre?
A rhetorician, and a lawyer once,
Brothers, and each in his profession dunce,
Dispens'd the palms between themselves alone,
And this a Gracchus, that a Mucius shone.

What milder frenzy goads the rhyming train?
I deal in lyric, he in mournful strain: 130
How grand the diction, copious the design!
A wondrous work, and polish'd by the Nine!
See, with what air of magisterial pride
And high disdain we view from side to side
Apollo's temple; as if we ourselves,
And none but we, supplied the vacant shelves!
Then follow further, if your time admits,
And at a distance hear these mighty wits;
How far entitled to his blast of praise,
Each freely gives, and arrogates the bays. 140
Like gladiators, who with bloodless toils
Prolong the combat, for they fight with foils;
With mimic rage we rush upon the foe,
Divide the palm, and measure blow for blow.
Alcæus I in his opinion shine,
He soars a new Callimachus in mine;
Or if Mimnermus more excite his flame,
He struts and glories in the darling name.
Much I endure, when writing I would bribe
The public voice, and soothe the fretful tribe 150
Of rival poets: now my rhyming heat
Is cool'd, and reason reassumes her seat;
I boldly bar mine ears against the breed
Of babbling bards, who without mercy read.
Bad poets ever are a standing jest,
But they rejoice, and, in their folly bless'd,
Admire themselves; nay, though you silent sit,
Extort applause, and wanton in their wit.
But he, who studies masterly to frame
A finish'd piece, and build an honest fame, 160
Shall with his papers, faithful to his trust,
Assume the spirit of a censor just;

Boldly blot out whatever seems obscure,
Or lightly mean, unworthy to procure
Immortal honour, though the words give way
With warm reluctance, and by force obey;
Though yet enshrin'd within his desk they stand,
And claim a sanction from his parent hand.
As from the treasure of a latent mine,
Long darken'd words he shall with art refine; 170
Full into light, to dignify his page,
Shall bring the beauties of a former age,
Once by the Catoes and Cethegi told,
But now deform'd, and obsolete with mold.
New words he shall endenizen, which use
Shall authorize, and currently produce;
Then, brightly smooth, and yet sublimely strong,
Like a pure river, through his flowing song
Shall pour the riches of his fancy wide,
And bless his Latium with a vocal tide. 180
Luxuriant phrases, under due command
He shall restrain with wholesome, forming hand;
Polish the rude, and sever from its place
Whatever wants an elegance or grace.
He seems with freedom, what with pain he proves,
And now a satyr, now a cyclops moves.
I, for my part, would rather fairly pass
For dotard, scribbler, stupid dolt, or ass,
Could I but please, or dupe myself in short,
Than write good sense, and smart severely for't.
At Argos liv'd a citizen well known, 191
Who long imagin'd, that he heard the tone
Of deep tragedians on an empty stage,
And sat applauding in ecstatic rage:
In other points a person, who maintain'd
A due decorum, and a life unstain'd,

Whose real virtues you might well commend,
A worthy neighbour, hospitable friend,
Of easy humour and of heart sincere,
Fond of his wife, nor to a slave severe, 200
Nor prone to rage, although the felon's fork
Defac'd the signet of a bottle-cork;
A man, who shun'd, (well knowing which was which)
The rock high pendent, and the yawning ditch:
He, when his friends, at much expense and pains,
Had amply purg'd with hellebore his brains,
Wrought off his madness, and the man return'd
Full to himself, their operation spurn'd:
'My friends, 'twere better you had stop'd my breath;
Your love was rancour, and your cure was death,
To rob me thus of pleasure so refin'd, 211
The dear delusion of a raptur'd mind.'
'Tis wisdom's part to bid adieu to toys,
And yield amusements to the taste of boys;
Not the soft sound of empty words admire,
And model measures to the Roman lyre,
But learn such strains and rhapsodies, as roll
Tuneful through life, and harmonize the soul.
If no repletion from the limpid stream
Allay'd the cravings of your thirsty flame, 220
You straight would tell the doctor your distress;
And is there none, to whom you dare confess,
That, in proportion to your growing store,
Your lust of lucre is inflam'd the more?
If you were wounded, and your sores imbib'd
No soothing ease from roots or herbs prescrib'd;
You would avoid such medicines, be sure,
As roots and herbs, that could effect no cure.
But you have heard, that folly flies apace
From him, whom heaven hath gifted with the grace

Of happy wealth, and though you have aspir'd 231
Not more to wisdom, since you first acquir'd
A fund, yet will you listen to no rule,
But that from fortune's insufficient school?
Could riches add but prudence to your years,
Restrain your wishes, and abate your fears,
You then might blush with reason, if you knew
One man on earth more covetous than you.
If that be yours, for which you fairly told
The price concluded, (and, as lawyers hold, 240
In some things use a property secures)
The land, which feeds you, must of course be yours.
Your neighbour's bailiff, who manures the fields,
And sows the corn, which your provision yields,
Finds in effect that he is but your slave:
You give your coin, and in return receive
Fowls, eggs, and wine; and thus it will be found
That you have bought insensibly the ground,
The fee of which to purchasers before 249
Perhaps had been two thousand pounds, or more:
For what avails it in a life well past,
At first to pay the purchase, or at last?
The frugal man, who purchas'd two estates,
Yet buys the pot-herbs which his worship eats,
Though he thinks not: this tyrant of the soil
Buys the mere wood which makes his kettle boil;
And yet he calls that length of land his own,
From which the poplar, fix'd to limits known,
Cuts off disputes; as if he had the power
Of that, which in the moment of an hour 260
By favour, purchase, force, or fate's commands,
May change its lord, and fall to other hands.
Since thus no mortal properly can have
A lasting tenure; and, as wave o'er wave,

Heir comes o'er heir; what pleasure can afford
Thy peopled manors, and encreasing hoard?
Or what avails it, that your fancy roves
To join Lucanian to Calabrian groves;
If death, to gold inflexible, must mow
Down great and small together at a blow? 270
The gaudy splendour and the costly state
Of jewels, marble, Tuscan medals, plate,
Pure ivory statues, pictures hung on high,
And garments tinctur'd with Sidonian dye,
There are, who never could pretend to share;
There is, who never thought them worth his care.
One brother, fond of sauntering and perfume,
Prefers his pleasure to the wealthy bloom
Of Herod's gardens; while in quest of wealth,
Though rich, another shall forego his health, 280
From dawning day till shady night with toil
Burn the thick copse, and tame the savage soil.
But whence these turns of inclination rose,
The genius this, the god of nature knows:
That mystic power which our actions guides,
Attends our stars, and o'er our lives presides:
This we may trace, propitious or malign,
Stamp'd on each face, and varied through each line.

Ver. 271. *The gaudy splendour*, &c.] This and the five following lines are from three in the original. Pope has very happily expressed the full sense in four:

> 'Gold, silver, ivory vases, sculptur'd high,
> Paint, marble gems, and robes of Persian dye,
> There are who have not; and thank heaven there are,
> Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.'

It is remarkable, that in these four spirited lines, there are only six words that are not monosyllables.

I from a fortune moderate shall grant
Myself enough to satisfy my want; 290
Nor fear the censure of my thankless heir,
That I have left too little to his share:
And yet the wide distinction would I scan
Between an open, hospitable man,
And prodigal; the frugalist secure,
And miser, pinch'd with penury; for sure
It differs whether you profusely spend
Your wealth, or never entertain a friend;
Or, wanting prudence, like a play-day boy!
Blindly rush on, to catch the flying joy. 300
Avert, ye gods, avert the loathsome load
Of want inglorious, and a vile abode.
To me are equal, so they bear their charge,
The little pinnace and the lofty barge:
Nor am I wafted by the swelling gales
Of winds propitious, with expanded sails,
Nor yet expos'd to tempest-bearing strife,
Adrift to struggle through the waves of life,
Last of the first, first of the last in weight,
Parts, vigour, person, virtue, birth, estate. 310
You are not covetous: be satisfied:
But are you tainted with no vice beside?
From vain ambition, dread of death's decree,
And fell resentment, is thy bosom free?
Say, can you laugh indignant at the schemes
Of magic terrors, visionary dreams,
Portentous wonders, witching imps of hell,
The nightly goblin, and enchanting spell;
Dost thou recount with gratitude and mirth
The day revolv'd, that gave thy being birth? 320
Indulge the failings of thy friends; and grow
More mild and virtuous, as thy seasons flow?

Pluck out one thorn to mitigate thy pain,
What boots it while so many more remain?
Or act with just propriety your part,
Or yield to those of elegance and art.
Already glutted with a farce of age,
'Tis time for thee to quit the wanton stage;
Lest youth, more decent in their follies, scoff
The nauseous scene, and hiss thee reeling off.

ART OF POETRY.

SUPPOSE a painter to a human head
Should join a horse's neck, and wildly spread
The various plumage of the feather'd kind
O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly join'd;
Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid
Above the waist with every charm array'd,
Should a foul fish her lower parts infold;
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold?
Such is the book, that, like a sick man's dreams,
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes. 10
'Painters and poets our indulgence claim,
Their daring equal, and their art the same.'
I own the' indulgence—Such I give and take:
But not through nature's sacred rules to break,

The Art of Poetry is an Epistle addressed to Lucius Piso and his two sons. Like the poetic of Aristotle, from which much of it is taken, though principally noticing tragedy, it occasionally alludes to comedy and other kinds of poetry.

Ver. 5. *Or if he gave to view*] The substitution of *or* for *so that*, *aut* for *ut* in the original, is adopted from Sanadon, where the addition of one letter makes that sense which was before nonsense—there is no room for hesitation! Let the English reader for the above line substitute

So that the figure of a beauteous maid,

and see how he can reconcile it with the various plumage and different limbs: Horace evidently supposes two pictures, and not one.

Monstrous to mix the cruel and the kind,
Serpents with birds, and lambs with tigers join'd.
  Your opening promises some grand design,
And shreds of purple with broad lustre shine
Sew'd on your poem. Here in labour'd strain
A sacred grove, or fair Diana's fane 20
Rises to view; there through delicious meads
A murmuring stream its winding water leads:
Here pours the rapid Rhine; the wat'ry bow
There bends its colours, and with pride they glow.
Beauties they are; but beauties out of place;
For though your talent be to paint with grace
A mournful cypress, would you pour its shade
O'er the tempestuous deep, if you were paid
To paint a sailor, midst the winds and waves,
When on a broken plank his life he saves? 30
  Why will you thus a mighty vase intend,
If in a worthless bowl your labours end?
Then learn this wandering humour to control,
And keep one equal tenor through the whole.
  But oft, our greatest errors take their rise
From our best views. I strive to be concise:
I prove obscure. My strength, my fire decays,
When in pursuit of elegance and ease.
Aiming at greatness some to fustian soar;
Some in cold safety creep along the shore, 40
Too much afraid of storms; while he, who tries
With ever-varying wonders to surprise,
In the broad forest bids his dolphins play,
And paints his boars disporting in the sea.
Thus, injudicious, while one fault we shun,
Into its opposite extreme we run.
  One happier artist of the' Æmilian square,
Who graves the nails, and forms the flowing hair,

Though he excels in every separate part,
Yet fails of just perfection in his art; 50
In one grand whole unknowing to unite
Those different parts: and I no more would write
Like him, than with a nose of hideous size
Be gaz'd at for the finest hair and eyes.
Examine well, ye writers, weigh with care
What suits your genius; what your strength can bear.
To him, who shall his theme with judgment choose,
Nor words, nor method, shall their aid refuse.
In this, or I mistake, consists the grace
And force of method, to assign a place 60
For what with present judgment we should say,
And for some happier time the rest delay.
Would you to fame a promis'd work produce,
Be delicate and cautious in the use
And choice of words: nor shall you fail of praise,
When nicely joining two known words you raise
A third unknown. A new-discover'd theme
For those, unheard in ancient times, may claim
A just and ample licence; which, if us'd
With fair discretion, never is refus'd. 70
New words, and lately made, shall credit claim,
If from a Grecian source they gently stream;
For Virgil sure, and Varius may receive
That kind indulgence, which the Romans give
To Plautus and Cæcilius: or shall I
Be envied, if my little fund supply
Its frugal wealth of words; since bards, who sung
In ancient days, enrich'd their native tongue
With large increase? An undisputed power
Of coining money from the rugged ore, 80
Nor less of coining words is still confess'd;
If with a legal, public stamp impress'd.

As when the forest, with the bending year,
First sheds the leaves which earliest appear;
So an old race of words maturely dies,
And some new-born in youth and vigour rise.
We and our noblest works to Fate must yield,
E'en Cæsar's mole, which regal pride might build,
Where Neptune far into the land extends,
And from the raging north our fleets defends; 90
That barren marsh, whose cultivated plain
Now gives the neighbouring towns its various grain;
Tiber, who, taught a better current, yields
To Cæsar's power, nor deluges our fields:
All these must perish; and shall words presume
To hold their honours and immortal bloom?
Many shall rise, that now forgotten lie;
Others, in present credit, soon shall die,
If custom will, whose arbitrary sway,
Words, and the forms of language, must obey. 100
By Homer taught, the modern poet sings
In epic strains, of heroes, wars, and kings.
Unequal measures first were tun'd to flow
Sadly expressive of the lover's woe;
But now, to gayer subjects form'd, they move
In sounds of pleasure, and the joys of love:
By whom invented, critics yet contend,
And of their vain disputings find no end.
Archilochus, with fierce resentment warm'd,
Was with his own severe iambics arm'd; 110
Whose rapid numbers, suited to the stage,
In comic humour, or in tragic rage,
With sweet variety were found to please,
And taught the dialogue to flow with ease;
Their numerous cadence was for action fit,
And form'd to quell the clamours of the pit.

The Muse to nobler subjects tunes her lyre;
Gods, and the sons of gods, her song inspire.
Wrestler and steed, who gain'd the' Olympic prize:
Love's pleasing cares, and wine's unbounded joys.
  But if, through weakness, or my want of art,
I can't to every different style impart 122
The proper strokes and colours it may claim,
Why am I honour'd with a poet's name?
Absurdly modest, why my fault discern,
Yet rather burst in ignorance than learn?
  Nor will the genius of the comic Muse
Sublimer tones or tragic numbers use;
Nor will the direful Thyestean feast
In comic phrase and language be debas'd. 130
Then let your style be suited to the scene,
And its peculiar character maintain.
  Yet comedy sometimes her voice may raise,
And angry Chremes rail in swelling phrase:
As oft the tragic language humbly flows;
For Telephus or Peleus, mid the woes
Of poverty or exile, must complain
In prose-like style; must quit the swelling strain,
And words gigantic; if with nature's art 139
They hope to touch their melting hearer's heart.
  'Tis not enough, ye writers, that ye charm
With ease and elegance; a play should warm
With soft concernment; should possess the soul,
And, as it wills, the listening crowd control.
  With them who laugh, our social joy appears;
With them who mourn, ye sympathise in tears;
If you would have me weep, begin the strain,
Then I shall feel your sorrows, feel your pain;
But if your heroes act not what they say,
I sleep or laugh the lifeless scene away. 150

The varying face should every passion show,
And words of sorrow wear the look of woe;
Let it in joy assume a vivid air;
Fierce when in rage; in seriousness, severe:
For nature to each change of fortune forms
The secret soul, and all its passions warms:
Transports to rage, dilates the heart with mirth,
Wrings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.
The tongue these various movements must express,
But, if ill-suited to the deep distress 160
His language prove, the sons of Rome engage
To laugh the' unhappy actor off the stage.
Your style should an important difference make
When heroes, gods, or awful sages speak;
When florid youth, whom gay desires inflame;
A busy servant, or a wealthy dame;
A merchant wandering with incessant toil,
Or he, who cultivates the verdant soil;
But if in foreign realms you fix your scene,
Their genius, customs, dialects maintain. 170
Or follow fame, or in the' invented tale
Let seeming, well-united truth prevail:
If Homer's great Achilles tread the stage,
Intrepid, fierce, of unforgiving rage;
Like Homer's hero, let him spurn all laws,
And by the sword alone assert his cause.
With untam'd fury let Medea glow,
And Ino's tears in ceaseless anguish flow.

Ver. 171. *Or follow fame, &c.*] Mr. Mason has erred violently against this rule in his Elfrida, where he has drawn, as a pattern of conjugal fidelity, the most abandoned monster that ever disgraced her sex—a woman that betrayed her husband to disgrace and death, and murdered her step-son and her sovereign.

From realm to realm her griefs let Io bear,
And sad Orestes rave in deep despair. 180
But if you venture on an untried theme,
And form a person yet unknown to fame,
From his first entrance to the closing scene,
Let him one equal character maintain.
'Tis hard a new-form'd fable to express,
And make it seem your own. With more success
You may from Homer take the tale of Troy
Than on an untried plot your strength employ.
Yet would you make a common theme your own,
Dwell not on incidents already known; 190
Nor word for word translate with painful care,
Nor be confin'd in such a narrow sphere,
From whence (while you should only imitate)
Shame and the rules forbid you to retreat.
Begin your work with modest grace and plain,
Nor like the bard of everlasting strain,
'I sing the glorious war and Priam's fate'—
How will the boaster hold this yawning rate?
The mountains labour'd with prodigious throes,
And lo! a mouse ridiculous arose. 200
Far better he, who ne'er attempts in vain,
Opening his poem in this humble strain,
'Muse, sing the man, who, after Troy subdued,
Manners and towns of various nations view'd;'
He does not lavish at a blaze his fire,
Sudden to glare, and in a smoke expire;
But from a cloud of smoke he breaks to light,
And pours his specious miracles to sight;

Ver. 197. *I sing the glorious war,* &c.] One should hardly think Horace would censure his friend Virgil; but the opening of the Æneid is not totally unlike this; very different from the modest beginning of the Odyssey.

Antiphates his hideous feast devours,
Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars. 210
He would not, like our modern poet, date
His hero's wanderings from his uncle's fate;
Nor sing ill-fated Ilium's various woes,
From Helen's birth, from whom the war arose;
But to the grand event he speeds his course,
And bears his readers, with impetuous force,
Into the midst of things; while every line
Opens, by just degrees, his whole design.
Artful he knows each circumstance to leave,
Which will not grace and ornament receive; 220
Then truth and fiction with such skill he blends,
That equal he begins, proceeds, and ends.
Mine and the public judgment are the same;
Then hear what I, and what your audience claim.
If you would keep us till the curtain fall,
And the last chorus for a plaudit call;
The manners must your strictest care engage,
The levities of youth and strength of age.
The child, who now with firmer footing walks,
And with unfaltering, well-form'd accents talks,
Loves childish sports; with causeless anger burns,
And, idly pleas'd, with every moment turns. 232
The youth, whose will no forward tutor bounds,
Joys in the sunny field, his horse and hounds;
Yielding like wax, the' impressive folly bears;
Rough to reproof, and slow to future cares;

Ver. 229. *The child*, &c.] This enumeration of character of the different ages of man will remind the reader of the celebrated speech of Jaques in 'As you like it.' Shakspeare has the advantage in characterizing youth rather by love than sporting; but his examples of manhood and old age are not so happy:—all mature men are not soldiers, nor all old men justices.

Profuse and vain; with every passion warm'd,
And swift to leave what late his fancy charm'd.
With strength improv'd, the manly spirit bends
To different aims, in search of wealth and friends;
Boldly ambitious in pursuit of fame, 241
And wisely cautious in the doubtful scheme.
A thousand ills the aged world surround,
Anxious in search of wealth; and when 'tis found,
Fearful to use what they with fear possess,
While doubt and dread their faculties depress.
Fond of delay, they trust in hope no more,
Listless, and fearful of the' approaching hour;
Morose, complaining, and with tedious praise
Talking the manners of their youthful days; 250
Severe to censure, earnest to advise,
And with old saws the present race chastise.
The blessings flowing in with life's full tide,
Down with our ebb of life decreasing glide;
Then let not youth or infancy engage
To play the parts of manhood or of age;
For where the proper characters prevail,
We dwell with pleasure on the well-wrought tale.
The business of the drama must appear
In action or description. What we hear 260
With weaker passion will affect the heart,
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part.
But let no deed upon the stage be brought
Which better should behind the scenes be wrought;
Nor force the' unwilling audience to behold
What may with grace and eloquence be told.
Let not Medea, in the people's face,
With savage rage destroy her infant race;

Ver. 267. *Let not Medea.*] It is the improbability of Medea's killing her children in the presence of the Chorus, not

Nor Atreus his detested feast prepare, 269
Nor Cadmus roll a snake, nor Progne wing the air.
For while upon such monstrous scenes we gaze,
They shock our faith, our indignation raise.
If you would have your play deserve success,
Give it five acts complete; nor more, nor less:
Nor let a god in person stand display'd,
Unless the labouring plot demand his aid:
Nor a fourth actor, on the crowded scene,
A broken, tedious dialogue maintain.
The Chorus must support an actor's part;
Defend the virtuous, and advise with art; 280
Govern the choleric, the proud appease,
And the short feasts of frugal tables praise;
Applaud the justice of well-govern'd states,
And peace triumphant with her open gates.
Intrusted secrets let them ne'er betray,
But to the righteous gods with ardour pray,
That fortune with returning smiles may bless
Afflicted worth, and impious pride depress;
Yet let their songs with apt coherence join,
Promote the plot, and aid the main design. 290
Nor was the flute at first with silver bound,
Nor rival'd emulous the trumpet's sound:
Few were its notes, its form was simply plain,
Yet not unuseful was its feeble strain

the cruelty of the spectacle, that Horace objects to. In Euripides Medea kills her children behind the scenes, and the chief person of the Chorus naturally exclaims,

> 'The house I'll enter, and attempt to save
> The children from destruction.'

Seneca, who perhaps copied some other poet that Horace means to censure, makes Medea kill her children in the presence of the Chorus, who take no notice of it.

To aid the chorus, and their songs to raise;
Filling the little theatre with ease,
To which a thin and pious audience came,
Of frugal manners and unsullied fame.
  But when victorious Rome enlarg'd her state,
And broader walls inclos'd the' imperial seat, 300
Soon as with wine grown dissolutely gay,
Without restraint she cheer'd the festal day,
Then poësy in looser numbers mov'd,
And music in licentious tones improv'd;
Such ever is the taste, when clown and wit,
Rustic and critic, fill the crowded pit.
  He, who before with modest art had play'd,
Now call'd in wanton movements to his aid;
Fill'd with luxurious tones the pleasing strain,
And drew along the stage a length of train: 310
And thus the lyre, once awfully severe,
Increas'd the strings, and sweeter charm'd the ear:
Thus poetry precipitately flow'd,
And with unwonted elocution glow'd;
Pour'd forth prophetic truths in awful strain,
Dark as the language of the Delphic fane.
  The tragic bard, who for a worthless prize
Bid naked satyrs in his chorus rise,
Though rude his mirth, yet labour'd to maintain
The solemn grandeur of the tragic scene; 320
For novelty alone he knew could charm
A lawless crowd, with wine and feasting warm.
  And yet this laughing, prating tribe may raise
Our mirth, nor shall their ridicule displease;
But let the hero, or the power divine,
Whom late we saw with gold and purple shine,
Stoop not in vulgar phrase; nor yet despise
The words of earth, and soar into the skies.

For as a matron, on our festal days
Oblig'd to dance, with modest grace obeys; 330
So should the Muse her dignity maintain,
Amidst the satyrs and their wanton train.
If e'er I write, no words too grossly vile
Shall shame my satires, and pollute my style.
Nor would I yet the tragic style forsake
So far, as not some difference to make
Between a slave, or wench, too pertly bold,
Who wipes the miser of his darling gold,
And grave Silenus, with instructive nod,
Giving wise lectures to his pupil god. 340
From well-known tales such fictions would I raise
As all might hope to imitate with ease;
Yet while they strive the same success to gain,
Should find their labour, and their hopes are vain:
Such grace can order and connection give;
Such beauties common subjects may receive.
Let not the wood-born satyr fondly sport
With amorous verses, as if bred at court;
Nor yet with wanton jests, in mirthful vein,
Debase the language and pollute the scene; 350
For what the crowd with lavish rapture praise,
In better judges cold contempt shall raise.
Rome to her poets too much license gives,
Nor the rough cadence of their verse perceives;
But shall I then with careless spirit write?
No—let me think my faults shall rise to light;
And then a kind indulgence will excuse
The less important errors of the Muse.
Thus, though perhaps I may not merit fame,
I stand secure from censure and from shame. 360
Make the Greek authors your supreme delight;
Read them by day, and study them by night.—

'And yet our sires with joy could Plautus hear;
Gay were his jests, his numbers charm'd their ear.'
Let me not say too lavishly they prais'd,
But sure their judgment was full cheaply pleas'd:
If you or I with taste are haply bless'd,
To know a clownish from a courtly jest;
If skilful to discern, when form'd with ease
The modulated sounds are taught to please. 370
Thespis, inventor of the tragic art,
Carried his vagrant players in a cart;
High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
And play'd and sung, with lees of wine besmear'd.
Then Æschylus a decent vizard us'd,
Built a low stage; the flowing robe diffus'd:
In language more sublime his actors rage,
And in the graceful buskin tread the stage.
And now the Comic Muse again appear'd,
Nor without pleasure and applause was heard; 380
But soon, her freedom rising to excess,
The laws were forc'd her boldness to suppress;
And, when no longer licens'd to defame,
She sunk to silence with contempt and shame.
No path to fame our poets left untried;
Nor small their merit, when with conscious pride
They scorn'd to take from Greece the storied theme,
And dar'd to sing their own domestic fame;
With Roman heroes fill the tragic scene,
Or sport with humour in the comic vein. 390
Nor had the mistress of the world appear'd
More fam'd for conquest, than for wit rever'd,

Ver. 389. *With Roman heroes.*] Notwithstanding the boast of Horace, no Latin comedy or tragedy now exists where the scene, the fable, and characters are not Greek.

Did we not hate the necessary toil
Of slow correction, and the painful file.
  Illustrious youths, with just contempt receive,
Nor let the hardy poem hope to live,
Where time and full correction don't refine
The finish'd work, and polish every line.
  Because Democritus in rapture cries—
'Poems of genius always bear the prize 400
From wretched works of art,' and thinks that none
But brain-sick bards can taste of Helicon;
So far his doctrine o'er the tribe prevails,
They dare not shave their heads, or pare their nails;
To dark retreats and solitude they run,
The baths avoid, and public converse shun:
A poet's fame and fortune sure to gain,
If long their beards, incurable their brain.
  Ah! luckless I! who purge in spring my spleen—
Else sure the first of bards had Horace been. 410
But shall I then, in mad pursuit of fame,
Resign my reason for a poet's name?
No; let me sharpen others, as the hone
Gives edge to razors, though itself has none.
Let me the poet's worth and office show,
And whence his true poetic riches flow;
What forms his genius, and improves his vein;
What well or ill becomes each different scene;
How high the knowledge of his art ascends,
And to what faults his ignorance extends. 420
  Good sense, that fountain of the Muse's art,
Let the strong page of Socrates impart;

Ver. 421. *Good sense*, &c.] Colman translates thus:

> 'In wisdom, moral wisdom to excel,
> Is the chief cause and spring of writing well;'

For if the mind with clear conceptions glow,
The willing words in just expressions flow.
  The poet, who with nice discernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes;
How various nature warms the human breast,
To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest;
What the great offices of judges are,
Of senators, of generals sent to war; 430
He surely knows, with nice, well-judging art,
The strokes peculiar to each different part.
  Keep nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue;
For when the sentiments and diction please,
And all the characters are wrought with ease,
Your play, though void of beauty, force, and art,
More strongly shall delight, and warm the heart,
Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,
And with sonorous trifles charms our ears. 440
  To her lov'd Greeks, the Muse indulgent gave,
To her lov'd Greeks, with greatness to conceive;
And in sublimer tone their language raise—
Her Greeks were only covetous of praise.
Our youth, proficients in a nobler art,
Divide a farthing to the hundredth part;
'Well done, my boy, (the joyful father cries)
Addition and subtraction make us wise!'

which, I think, entirely misrepresents the original. Horace, after laughing at the absurdity of Democritus, tells the Pisos, that good sense, not enthusiasm, is the foundation of excellence, in dramatic poetry at least; one of whose essential requisites is a just discrimination of character. As Socrates left no works behind him, the poet most probably alludes to his maxims and conversation recorded in the writings of his friends and pupils, Xenophon and Plato.

But when the rust of wealth pollutes the soul,
And monied cares the genius thus control; 450
How shall we dare to hope, that distant times
With honour should preserve our lifeless rhymes?
Poets would profit or delight mankind,
And with the pleasing have the' instructive join'd.
Short be the precept, which with ease is gain'd
By ductile minds, and faithfully retain'd.
If in dull length your moral is express'd,
The tedious wisdom overflows the breast.
Would you divert? the probable maintain;
Nor force us to believe the monstrous scene, 460
Which shows a child, by a fell witch devour'd,
Dragg'd from her entrails, and to life restor'd.
Grave age approves the solid and the wise;
Gay youth from too austere a drama flies;
Profit and pleasure, then, to mix with art,
To' inform the judgment, nor offend the heart,
Shall gain all votes; to booksellers shall raise
No trivial fortune, and across the seas
To distant nations spread the writer's fame,
And with immortal honours crown his name. 470
Yet there are faults that we may well excuse,
For oft the strings the' intended sound refuse;
In vain his tuneful hand the master tries,
He asks a flat, and hears a sharp arise;
Nor always will the bow, though fam'd for art,
With speed unerring wing the threatening dart.
But where the beauties more in number shine,
I am not angry when a casual line
(That with some trivial faults unequal flows)
A careless hand, or human frailty shows. 480
But as we ne'er those scribes with mercy treat,
Who, though advis'd, the same mistakes repeat;

Or as we laugh at him, who constant brings
The same rude discord from the jarring strings;
So, if strange chance a Chœrilus inspire
With some good lines, with laughter I admire;
Yet hold it for a fault I can't excuse,
If honest Homer slumber o'er his Muse;
And yet, perhaps, a kind indulgent sleep
O'er works of length allowably may creep. 490

Poems like pictures are; some charm when nigh,
Others at distance more delight your eye;
That loves the shade, this tempts a stronger light,
And challenges the critic's piercing sight;
That gives us pleasure for a single view:
And this, ten times repeated, still is new.

Although your father's precepts form your youth,
And add experience to your taste of truth,
Of this one maxim, Piso, be assur'd,—
In many things a medium is endur'd: 500
Who tries Messala's eloquence in vain,
Nor can a knotty point of law explain
Like learn'd Cascellius, yet may justly claim,
For pleading or advice, some right to fame;
But God, and man, and letter'd post denies,
That poets ever are of middling size.

As jarring music at a jovial feast,
Or muddy essence, or the' ungrateful taste
Of bitter honey, shall the guests displease,
Because they want not luxuries like these; 510
So poems, form'd alone to give delight,
Are deep disgust, or pleasure to the height.

Ver. 488. *If honest Homer slumber*, &c.] From this Pope dissents; he says in the Essay on Criticism,

'Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.'

The man, who knows not how with art to wield
The sportive weapons of the martial field,
The bounding ball, round quoit, or whirling troque;
Will not the laughter of the crowd provoke:
But every desperate blockhead dares to write—
Why not? his fortune gives equestrian right;
The man's free-born; perhaps, of gentle strain;
His character and manners pure from stain. 520
But thou, dear Piso, never tempt the Muse,
If wisdom's goddess shall her aid refuse;
And when you write, let candid Metius hear,
Or try your labours on your father's ear,
Or ev'n on mine; but let them not come forth,
Till the ninth ripening year mature their worth.
You may correct what in your closet lies;
The word, once spoke, irrevocably flies.
The wood-born race of men when Orpheus tam'd,
From acorns and from mutual blood reclaim'd, 530
This priest divine was fabled to assuage
The tiger's fierceness, and the lion's rage.
Thus rose the Theban wall; Amphion's lyre,
And soothing voice, the listening stones inspire.
Poetic wisdom mark'd, with happy mean,
Public and private; sacred and profane;
The wandering joys of lawless love suppress'd;
With equal rites the wedded couple bless'd;
Plan'd future towns, and instituted laws: 539
So verse became divine, and poets gain'd applause.
Homer, Tyrtæus, by the Muse inspir'd,
To deeds of arms the martial spirit fir'd.
In verse the oracles divine were heard,
And nature's secret laws in verse declar'd;

Monarchs were courted in Pierian strain,
And comic sports reliev'd the wearied swain;
Apollo sings, the Muses tune the lyre,
Then blush not for an art which they inspire.
'Tis long disputed, whether poets claim
From art or nature their best right to fame; 550
Yet art, if not enrich'd by nature's vein,
And a rude genius, of uncultur'd strain,
Are useless both; but when in friendship join'd,
A mutual succour in each other find.
A youth who hopes the' Olympic prize to gain,
All arts must try, and every toil sustain;
The' extremes of heat and cold must often prove,
And shun the weakening joys of wine and love.
Who sings the Pythic song, first learn'd to raise
Each note distinct, and a stern master please; 560
But now—'Since I can write the true sublime,
Curse catch the hindmost;' cries the man of rhyme.
What! in a science own myself a fool,
Because, forsooth, I learn'd it not by rule?
As artful criers, at a public fair,
Gather the passing crowd to buy their ware,
So wealthy poets, when they deign to write,
To all clear gains the flatterer invite.
But if the feast of luxury they give,
Bail a poor wretch, or from distress relieve, 570
When the black fangs of law around him bend,
How shall they know a flatterer from a friend?
If e'er you make a present, or propose
To grant a favour; while his bosom glows
With grateful sentiments of joy and praise,
Never, ah! never let him hear your lays;

Loud shall he cry, 'how elegant! how fine!'
Turn pale with wonder at some happier line;
Distil the civil dew from either eye,
And leap and beat the ground in ecstasy. 580
As hirelings, paid for their funereal tear,
Outweep the sorrows of a friend sincere;
So the false raptures of a flatterer's art
Exceed the praises of an honest heart.
Monarchs, 'tis said, with many a flowing bowl
Search through the deep recesses of his soul,
Whom for their future friendship they design,
And put him to the torture in his wine;
So try, whene'er you write, the deep disguise,
Beneath whose flattering smiles a reynard lies. 590
Read to Quinctilius, and at every line—
'Correct this passage, friend, and that refine.'
Tell him you tried it twice or thrice in vain—
'Back to the anvil with your ill-form'd strain,
Or blot it out.' But if you will defend
The favourite folly, rather than amend;
He'll say no more, no idle toil employ—
'Yourself unrival'd, and your works enjoy.'
A friendly critic, when dull lines move slow,
Or harshly rude, will his resentment show; 600
Mark every fault, and with his pen efface
What is not polish'd to its highest grace:
Will prune the' ambitious ornaments away,
And teach you on the' obscure to pour the day:
Will mark the doubtful phrase with hand severe,
Like Aristarchus candid and sincere:
Nor say, for trifles why should I displease
The man I love? for trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead the man I love,
If once the flatterer's ridicule he prove. 610

From a mad poet, whosoe'er is wise,
As from a leprosy or jaundice flies;
Religious madness in its zealous strain,
Nor the wild frenzy of a moon-struck brain,
Are half so dreadful; yet the boys pursue him,
And fools, unknowing of their danger, view him.
But heedless wandering, if our man of rhyme,
Bursting with verses of the true sublime,
Like fowler, earnest at his game, should fall
Into a well or ditch, and loudly call, 620
'Good fellow-citizens and neighbours dear,
Help a poor bard'—not one of them will hear;
Or if, perchance, a saving rope they throw,
I will be there, and—'Sirs, you do not know
But he fell in on purpose; and, I doubt,
Will hardly thank you, if you pull him out.'
Then will I tell Empedocles's story,
Who, nobly fond of more than mortal glory,
Fond to be deem'd a god, in madding fit
Plung'd in cold blood in Ætna's fiery pit. 630
Let bards be licens'd then themselves to kill;
'Tis murder to preserve them 'gainst their will.
But more than once this frolic he hath play'd,
Nor, taken out, will he be wiser made,
Content to be a man; nor will his pride
Lay such a glorious love of death aside.
Nor is it plain for what more horrid crime
The gods have plagu'd him with this curse of rhyme;
Whether his father's ashes he disdain'd,
Or hallow'd ground with sacrilege profan'd: 640
Certain he's mad, and, like a baited bear,
If he hath strength enough his den to tear,

With all the horrors of a desperate Muse
The learned and unlearned he pursues.
But if he seize you, then the torture dread,
He fastens on you till he reads you dead;
And like a leech, voracious of his food,
Quits not his cruel hold till gorg'd with blood.

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